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FANCY OR FACT?*

In town I hear, scarce wakened yet,
My neighbor's clock behind the wall
Record the day's increasing debt,
And *Cuckoo! Cuckoo!* faintly call.

Our senses run in deepening grooves,
Thrown out of which they lose their tact,
And consciousness with effort moves
From habit past to present fact.

So, in the country waked to-day,
I hear, unwitting of the change,
A cuckoo's throb from far away
Begin to strike, nor think it strange.

The sound creates its wonted frame:
My bed at home, the songster hid
Behind the wainscoting, — all came
As long association bid.

I count to learn how late it is,
Until, arrived at thirty-four,
I question, "What strange world is this
Whose lavish hours would make me poor?"

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Still on it went
With hints of mockery in its tone;
How could such hoards of time be spent
By one poor mortal's wit alone?

I have it! Grant, ye kindly Powers,
I from this spot may never stir,
If only these uncounted hours
May pass, and seem too short, with Her!

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But who She is, her form and face,
These to the world of dream belong;
She moves through fancy's visioned space,
Unbodied, like the cuckoo's song.

James Russell Lowell.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

It is certain that Théophile Gautier has taken a high place in French literature, and it seems probable that his reputation will be a permanent one. The permanency of any literary reputation is, indeed, a question as to which the oracles are dumb, or send an uncertain answer. Nothing is more melancholy than to see that authors famous in their own day are but a short time known; they heap up books and cannot tell who shall read them. First the works are forgotten, and then even the name of him who wrote them goes out of men's minds.

But it is possible that some few, at least, will still read what was written by Gautier, when a hundred years shall have passed away. Within a somewhat restricted range of literary endeavor, he attained very nearly to artistic perfection: he was the most brilliant representative of a school of thought and style; he was one of the most active and most influential leaders in a literary revolution.

It was as a lieutenant in the great contest between classicism and romanticism that Gautier first gained prominence; it was as one of the intellectual body-guard of Victor Hugo that he pledged himself to art and to the literature of the future. The battle is long over, and has gone into history as much as Nancy and Bunker Hill. All now admit that in the early part of the century French literature was held in bonds, and that the revolt was a just uprising for freedom. It was crowned with success; it is no longer called a rebellion, but is recognized as a revolution.

The romantic movement was largely one for freedom of style; but so intimate is the relation between the words in which thoughts are uttered and the thoughts that seek utterance, that a freer style brought with it the fruits of a richer imagination, a more artistic sense, a deeper insight into life and passion. The laws of the French drama had become as strict and unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians; what had been a garment of beauty was now the cerement of death. The romanticists claimed that a literature which was to life what Chinese painting was to nature could not be the ultimate expression of human thought. The conflict was between effete traditions and a fresh and vigorous school.

It is curious that amid all the havoc of the French Revolution, when thrones and governments and social classes and religious beliefs were involved in a common overthrow, the traditions of literature should have remained unquestioned. The revolution swept over France and French life, but a deviation from certain rules of prosody was still regarded as a mortal sin. The Napoleonic era was not fertile in literary genius, and at its close formalism in poetry and on the stage sought to atone for the invention which was lacking.

Châteaubriand would, perhaps, be claimed as the first apostle of romanticism in France, had not the gift of verse been denied him. But both from Ger-

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many and from England, from Goethe, Scott, and Byron, more than all from the eager study of Shakespeare, came the intoxicating breezes of a more vigorous literature. Before a body of ardent and artistic young Frenchmen there seemed to open a new world, rich in thought, passion, and expression. But to Victor Hugo belongs the chief glory of the revolt against literary methods that had become inane and dead, devoid of color or originality.

In his play of Hernani, Hugo set at defiance the established rules of the drama, and its representation became one of the great battle-grounds between the followers of the classic and those of the romantic schools. Though this piece is still represented, its glory has somewhat waned, and to us it seems hardly to have deserved the prodigious reputation which it gained. Perhaps the success of the romantic movement dulls our ears to what once were thought rare and extraordinary beauties.

Its first representation at the Français was to be on the 25th of February, 1830. There it was expected that the factions would meet: the classicists to damn the play, the romanticists to applaud it and insure its success. Among the former were found the conservatives, the middle-aged, the men of established reputation, all those who were execrated by their opponents as *bourgeois* and Philistines.

The band that formed around Victor Hugo was composed of very different material. In the army of romanticism, as in the army of Italy, all were young. Victor Hugo was but twenty-eight, and few of those who gathered to defend Hernani had reached their majority. There were among them painters, sculptors, poets, architects, dramatists, youths of every taste and every vagary, but all united by a common contempt for the rules by which ordinary men were bound, and united also by a love for poetry and art, which was always sincere, even if its manifestations sometimes seemed eccentric and excessive. Many a youth, on that first night, swore to devote himself to the fearless pursuit of the ideal in art and of truth in literature, and kept his vow well.

It would have been difficult to find another body of young men possessing so much brilliancy and so much genius, and it would have been impossible to find another body of young men so badly dressed. In length of hair and lack of shirt collar they stood unequaled. To heighten the contrast between themselves and the bald heads of self-satisfied Academicians and prosperous bourgeois, they cultivated a "Merovingian prolixity of hair." A youth upon whom no spot of linen could be seen might claim high rank in the scale of romantic elegance. Hats *à la Rubens*, doublets *à la Van Dyck*, garments such as were worn in Spain a century back, or in Hungary or Bohemia before Paris tailors had conquered the world delighted the hearts of those who, in dusky taverns, drank confusion to the bourgeois, and rejoiced to style themselves the brigands of thought. It was from such enthusiasts that the recruits were gathered who were to defend the cause of romanticism. No hired stipendiaries — the curse then, as now, of Paris theatres — were to give purchased applause to the sentiments of Don Carlos and Doña Sol. The *claqueurs*, said Gautier, like the Academicians, were all classicists.

Gautier was then a youth under twenty, and was engaged in his studies as a painter, but he received from Gérard de Nerval six tickets for the representation, with instructions to choose for his associates bold and trusty men, who would give no quarter to the Philistines. He selected five who would gladly have breakfasted on broiled Academician, and they joined their comrades of battle at the appointed time. They were admitted to the theatre some hours before the play began, and they occupied the long

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interval with singing ballads of Victor Hugo, and feasting on rolls and Bologna sausage. At last the hour drew near. The youths stationed themselves in various parts of the theatre, where danger to the cause might be apprehended. From the wildness of their dress and the ferocity of their countenances, they were easily recognized among the amiable gentlemen, in correct Parisian toilet, who thronged the house. The brigands of thought worshiped beauty, whether found in life or poetry, and when any lady entered who pleased their artistic taste she was received with tumultuous acclamation. Such manifestations were condemned as in the worst of taste, but not by those who were the objects of them. They blushed, frowned, and forgave. When she who afterwards became Madame de Girardin appeared in her box, a triple salvo of applause greeted her superb beauty.

Every eccentricity of costume marked the romantic youth, but among them all Gautier appeared preëminent and gained fame in a night. He thought the revolt against effete usages should speak in the trousers and the waistcoat, as well as in the rhythm of poetry or the construction of Alexandrines. He was arrayed in a coat richly trimmed with velvet, an overcoat of gray faced with green satin, trousers of a faded green, a ribbon about his neck answering for collar and cravat, and a red waistcoat cut after the fashion of a Milan cuirass. At that time, to appear in a red waistcoat at the Français required courage equal to that of him who seeks reputation at the cannon's mouth; but Gautier chose the color as one rich, bold, full of life and light and warmth, dear to art and hateful to Philistines. Those bourgeois bulls, he swore, should see the red flag and listen to the verses of Hugo. In later life he sadly admitted that on this dress chiefly rested his fame. If his name were pronounced before any Philistine, who had never read a line of his writings, he would at once say, with a satisfied air, "Oh, yes, the young man with the red waistcoat and the long hair." His poetry would be forgotten, but his waistcoat would go down to posterity.

At last the play began, and the battle of applause and condemnation was fought at every passage. The advocates of the rival school, were almost ready to come to blows. An early line ran: —

> . . . "C'est bien à l'escalier
> Dérobé."

The completion of the sense in the next line, in this manner, was a daring violation of the rules of dramatic verse, and the battle at once began. No ground was yielded on either side. The line, "Est-il minuit? Minuit bientôt," was contested for three days. The opponents of Hugo said it was trivial and vulgar, — a king asking the hour like a shopkeeper, and being answered in words that would be appropriate for the shopboy. His admirers found in this, as in all the play, life, nature, and lyric art.

In thirty hard-fought representations such as this Gautier won his spurs, and was thought worthy of presentation to the demi-god of romanticism. Victor Hugo was then in the first glow of fame and genius, and his followers regarded him with an idolatry which seems excessive to those for whom his great achievements are somewhat obscured by much that is unworthy of his name. But he was deemed then, and justly deemed, one who had breathed into the body of French poetry a soul of fire, who had touched the cold ashes and quickened them into life and beauty. Gautier's courage forsook him when he was to meet the great leader of a triumphant cause. Twice he mounted the stairway with tremulous step, and fled away in a panic when he had reached the door. But at the third attempt the door was open, and he saw the great poet. Gautier's speech failed him when he was presented, and the lyrical apostrophes with which he had planned to hail the chief

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remained unspoken. His mute admiration was perhaps more flattering to the great man, and the friendship thus begun was never interrupted.

Gautier soon abandoned his palette for literature. He sometimes professed to regret that he had ceased the portrayal of crimsons and yellows, the gorgeousness of Eastern palaces and fiery clouds, only to put black upon white. But the traces of his studies as a painter can be found in his writings. It is hardly a metaphor to say that his is a pictorial style. His love for color speaks on the page, as it would have done on the canvas. With his pen he has depicted all things that the eye can see, with a vividness that the brush could not excel, in words that produce upon the mind an impression of varied tints and harmonious colors, such as glow from the paintings of Correggio and Del Sarto.

Gautier's wealth of style drew attention to him from the first. One of his earliest articles was shown to Sainte-Beuve, the best judge of style in France, and the great critic was at once interested by the extraordinary variety and richness of expression appearing in a novice. Albertus, Gautier's first poem of importance, appeared when he was twenty-two, and though not a perfect nor a very pleasing production according to our tastes, it is full of power. But the publication of Mademoiselle de Maupin, three years later, was a literary sensation. It seems strange to us to read that Gautier's parents kept him at his task, and would lock him in his room until he had finished his daily ten pages. Most American parents would think a son *en route* for perdition who was engaged in the announcement of views so pernicious, and would fear lest they should accompany him, if they encouraged his labors. The romanticists of the day were not lacking in courage, but the boldness of Mademoiselle de Maupin frightened some of the long-haired applauders of Hernani. The critics indulged in vigorous reprobation; the general public was scandalized; the book ran through edition after edition, and made its author famous.

There is much in Mademoiselle de Maupin that is unpleasant, and is saved only by beauty of expression from being vulgar. Though Gautier's style reached in this novel its full perfection, it is far from his best work, and it is unfortunate that it is probably the one best known. Much of its offensiveness should be attributed to the effervescence of an exuberant and unrestrained youth, and the views which Gautier advanced with the confidence of twenty-five did not deserve the attention which his critics gave them. They were, indeed, of sufficient boldness, and lost nothing in the presentation. The young author disclaimed any hostility towards religion or virtue, but he announced that they were hardly worth much consideration; their advocates were canting Philistines, and the critics who prated and groaned about an immoral literature were themselves the *bourgeoisie* of letters and the eunuchs of thought. After a preface in which he defended these views with vigor, Gautier wrote a novel which was constructed in accordance with them.

In fact, Gautier was neither a very irreligious nor a very immoral man. Undoubtedly, he did not resemble closely either St. Augustine or St. Francis, but an amiable and æsthetic indifference as to religious questions was the extent of his revolt, and his long life was for the most part characterized by social and domestic virtues. He viewed a follower of Voltaire with quite as much aversion as he could have felt towards a disciple of Loyola, and he inclined rather to a mild and semi-contemptuous sympathy for every form of religion, with an artistic preference for the faiths which were best fitted to retard modern civilization. His friend, Gérard de Nerval, claimed that he believed in seventeen religions, and that while he was respectful towards

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Jehovah he always had a good word for Jupiter. Gautier, perhaps, had the same elasticity of faith, and clung to his beliefs with equal looseness.

His newly earned reputation soon resulted in his choosing journalism as a regular profession. For the remaining thirty-six years of his life he gained his living by constant and assiduous writing, as a critic of art and literature for the Paris journals. The work which he did for the papers far exceeds in volume that which was published in book form. He wrote with untiring industry, and poured out a copious and ever-pleasing stream of amiable though discriminating criticism. If all Gautier's writings were gathered together, it is said they would fill three hundred volumes. Life is too short to read three hundred volumes of any man, but there is buried in old Paris newspapers a vast amount of valuable and brilliant criticism on the art and the literature of almost forty years.

It would, perhaps, have been better for Gautier's fame if he had devoted his time to the production of work less in amount and less ephemeral in character. But so rich was the quality of his style that the articles which he turned off almost daily, written in haste, and sent to the journals without an interlineation or a change, without even a punctuation mark, — for the poet regarded punctuation as an ignoble detail, fit only for type setters, — were as full of imagery, as finished in their style, as marked by a varied, copious, and exquisite choice of words, as if the writer had corrected and labored with painful elaboration. He is one of many illustrations that the great masters of style can work at their best with ease and swiftness. With tedious toil, some that write poorly by nature make their labors pleasing at last, but genius has often little need to be painstaking.

Gautier is also one of the writers who prove how largely the form of expression gives literature its charm and ideas their interest. When the French say that the style is all important, they come much nearer the truth than a class of English writers who regard it as unimportant. Gautier was a critic of much delicacy and justness of feeling, but he had no new ideas to bring into the realm of art or thought. No man had less claim to be regarded as a philosopher or a sage. His views of life were often intended to be amusing, and when not so intended they usually furnish amusement from their *naïveté* and their simplicity. They please us, as the sayings of children please us, by the ignorance of life which they display. Gautier looked at life with the glance of a child, who finds in it much that is pretty, and is wholly unconcerned as to whether there is aught to existence but picking flowers and chasing butterflies.

But the style made every page that he wrote full of charm. He said of himself that his was a style of adjectives. He thought that the complications of modern life demanded a supple and complex mode of expression, that should seek words in all dictionaries, colors from all palettes, harmonies from all lyres; his should be like the light of the setting sun, that reflects through burning clouds its varied hues. Few men knew or used so many words. He had studied the contents of the dictionaries from A to Z. With an eye that saw all things, and a command of words that few could equal, he excelled in a gorgeous richness of description. The things which the eye could see, he saw more clearly, he described more vividly, than any other writer of his day. Of the things not visible to the eye, the whole world could show no one else so oblivious. His power of perception was the more intense, because he had no conception of the things which were beyond his observation. He never dealt with the thoughts of men, their inner life, their mental or moral development, with the mysteries of life or the problems of

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the future. For him such questions had no existence. But all things in life, of which the impression could strike the optic nerve, were to him things of joy. Spanish muleteers singing over the passes of the Pyrenees, Russian princes wrapped in sables amidst the snows that enveloped far-rolling steppes, the minarets of St. Sophia, the sun setting over the lagoons of the Adriatic, where the cry of the gondolier breaks upon the traveler standing in the shadow of St. Mark's, — such things he could describe with a vividness and richness which no one else could equal.

He possessed also the two qualities which are found in almost all literature that can hope to survive its author, imagination and humor. His imagination was a pictorial imagination, one that was excited by subtle resemblances of form more than of feeling; but it gave life to every line he wrote, from a poem on love to a government report. Men like to be amused, and wit, more than thought, keeps books alive. Gautier's writings have not the wit of the great works, which are read forever because they forever entertain, but he had the humor which delights in the delicate congruities and incongruities of words and things, — the humor that always pleases and never pierces.

However fierce Gautier's zeal had been to assist other red-breasted and long-haired youths in the overthrow of literary traditions, his own style showed the virtues of the new *régime*, and was little affected by its abuses. Moderation and calm came when the struggle was over, and the despotism of classicism had been succeeded by a free government. But the exuberance of a freed literature has not always been pleasing. The lurid intensity of a diseased genius like Baudelaire has been succeeded by the squalid and unlovely delineations of a diseased imagination like Zola's.

Alfred de Musset, whose genius was not controlled by the tenets of any school, has noted that while the classicists feared calling a spade a spade, their successors sometimes dwelt too fondly on the sordid and revolting phases of life. In the old school, the stately marching and remarching of words choked the struggling idea, but in the new school, a deluge of adjectives weighed down the overloaded noun with shades of meaning as mingled as the variegated hues of the rainbow.

It is in his poetry that the finish of Gautier's style and the delicacy of his imagination are best seen. In the little poems where he tells of marbles mingling under Attic suns their white dreams, or obelisks amid the pale hues of Paris weeping tears of granite for the skies and sphinxes of the Nile, there is the perfection of a certain kind of literary art.

Among Gautier's strongest passions was a love of travel. He rejoiced in strange sights and strange peoples; new visions for the eye brought new happiness to the mind. He has written of his wanderings in Spain, Russia, Italy, and the East, and his books of travel are among the most delightful of their class. In them are seen all the eccentricities of his *bizarre* character. In each country where he travelled, he sought to become one of the people; he followed the national customs, he ate of the national dishes. He watched with special interest the national millinery, when this indulged in bright colors, and eschewed broadcloth and trousers. Nothing in what he styled our pretended civilization disturbed him so much as the fact that men wore black coats and gray trousers instead of crimson cloaks and slashed yellow breeches. "Our efforts in 1830 were in vain," he wrote; "the black coat has triumphed over romanticism."

The picturesque phases of national life, the provincial customs, whatever possessed local color, he described with never failing zeal and never ceasing

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charm. But forms of government, religious beliefs, industrial development, all that constitutes the strength and greatness of a people, possessed no interest for him. He thought the skill with which the matadore planted the sword in the neck of an infuriated bull more important than the decay of the Spanish monarchy; the contortions of a dervish excited his attention more than the fate of Constantinople or the destinies of Greece; he was moved by the new decorations at the opera house, but not by the question of Italian unity. Few men are more unlike than the author of the Stones of Venice and the author of Mademoiselle de Maupin, but they show a common dislike towards the phases of modern life, and from a similar feeling that these are lacking in picturesqueness. Ruskin, indeed, bewails the fate of the operative, who has become a soulless machine in some factory with starry-pointing chimneys, while Gautier would have been indifferent to his lot, if only his rags had been yellow and red instead of grimy and gray.

All feelings of scorn and hatred were for Gautier embodied in the word "bourgeois;" yet no Parisian shop-keeper gave less heed to the deep problems of life, to the fate of nations or the growth of ideas, than this apostle of romanticism. The bourgeois cared for his shop and his money chest, and Gautier cared for picturesque bull-fighters and Russian palaces with traces of Cossack taste. The bourgeois liked his wife and children, and Gautier liked the ballet dancer who could accomplish the most rhythmical *pas*.

In the long lifetime which he devoted to literature and art criticism, he was always brilliant, always pleasing, and always hovering about the surface of things. Perhaps, indeed, we who are absorbed in material advancement need not look down upon one whose existence was given to the study of what was beautiful and artistic in the work of the brush, the chisel, and the pen. There are so many who are interested in the question of suffrage, the condition of the laborer, and the extension of railroads, that it is well that there should be some who care only for the development of new schools of painting and the establishment of new rules of rhythm. While democrats talked of progress and Saint Simonians planned new social contracts, Gautier listened only to the murmur of art. He said that he lived with a constant homesickness for another age; that his lot should have been cast in Venice in the sixteenth century, or in the remote East in its days of splendor.

The merit of his novels lies in the exhibition of the literary qualities of which we have spoken, rather than in any interest they excite in the characters or their development. His women have beauty, which is so portrayed that they stand before us like the Venuses of the Tribune. His heroes are blessed with unlimited wealth and strength; they live in palaces such as are not made with hands, they are clad in clothes such as are not made by tailors. Everything is bizarre, picturesque, and delicious, and through the varied descriptions the story meanders in its little rivulet.

Gautier began his literary life as one of the youngest in the revolutionary school, but he came to be regarded as a patriarch and a sage by a later generation of enthusiastic young Frenchmen. He maintained his influence among them by his talk, as well as by his writings. His conversation was brilliant, and every phase of life was discussed from the standpoint of dogmatic paradox. In some peculiarities there is a certain resemblance between him and the great English talker. Not in their talk, for Gautier's was as full of whimsey and fantasy as Johnson's was of pith and common sense. But the famous believer in the Cock Lane Ghost was surpassed in credulity by the leader of the romanticists. Gautier claimed to believe in

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every religion; he certainly believed in every superstition. He attached importance to lots, and spells, and omens; he had faith in magic and in dreams; he avoided crossed knives; he fled from an overturned salt-cellar; he grew pale with terror before three lighted candles. He greatly admired Offenbach, but he would not speak his name nor even put it on paper, for Offenbach was possessed of the evil eye. Another journalist had to write for the Moniteur the criticisms on the Grande Duchesse and Belle Hélène. Gautier broke his arm during his journey in Egypt, and he said that was because he must needs play the *esprit fort*, and begin his trip on a Friday. He thrilled his auditors as he told of his listening in Paris to the fateful croaking of a mysterious crow, and how the same bird met his friend Gérard de Nerval on the plains of Syria, and cast a terrible enchantment over his mind.

Superstition is out of vogue among sound modern thinkers, and that fact, perhaps, strengthened the superstitious beliefs of one who regarded rational views as bourgeois modes of thought. Voltaire had sneered at superstitions, and though the romanticists discarded Christianity they disdained Voltairism, and Gautier himself regarded its disciples as mere imbeciles.

Gautier's appetite, like that of Dr. Johnson, was a thing long to be remembered. He traveled in Spain, where the people practice the abstinence common among southern nations. His gastronomic feats were viewed there, he tells us, with wonder mingled with respectful admiration. His appetite was prodigious and even gigantic, ever fresh and never weary. The quality as well as the amount of his fare was to him a subject of careful thought. He invented rare and curious dishes, and pointed with pride to his spinach flavored with pounded apricot stones. Bread he declared to be a stupid and dangerous invention, unfit for a carnivorous animal, and which served only as a rallying word for rioters and communists.

His talents for æsthetic gourmandizing commanded the respect of the greatest masters in Europe. The *chef* of the Emperor of Russia was among his admirers, and was conquered by a stroke of genius. A favorite dish of the Czar, which was usually flavored with pounded almonds, was served at the imperial table. The other guests were loud in their admiration, but Gautier remained stern and silent. The *chef* at last asked for his opinion. "My friend," said the great poet to the great cook, "I looked for a flavor of almonds, and I find a flavor of macaroons. Sir, you abuse the confidence of the Czar."

The fear of death haunted Gautier as it did Dr. Johnson. There was always about him, he said, an odor of dissolution, and death, and nothingness. But Johnson's fear was largely a religious fear, a shrinking from the dreadful problems of the future life, from the mystery that lies beyond the grave. Gautier's dread was that of the child who plays in the sunlight, and is afraid to be taken away to a dark chamber. He dreaded the hour when he should no longer walk the Boulevard des Italiens, when the door of the Français should no longer open to him, when the pages of the Moniteur should no longer be filled with his wit. He clung to the sensuous things of life, and beyond them there was nothing that he desired. He lived for the day that was. In literature and the theatre, in the sculptures of the Louvre and the paintings of the Salon, in the familiar sights of Paris streets and the strange sights of foreign lands, in light and color, in beauty of face and form, by pyramids and sphinxes resting forever under a cloudless sky, or by mediæval towers and cathedrals rich in the endless variety of the Middle Ages, he found the bliss of life. He wished for no other existence, he sighed for no mysterious future, he harbored no spiritual longings for

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something that could not be found in French boulevards or Spanish piazzas.

The ugliness of death, also, offended him. He had for beauty in the human form a love which exceeded that of the Greeks. It was horrible to think of himself as an object hideous to the eye and revolting to his fellow-men, and the terror of this idea clung about his mind.

We have suggested that, with all the eccentricities of Gautier's character and the artistic devotion of his nature, he had many qualities which might have been found in a disciple of Philistinism. Among these, perhaps, should be classed his great desire to be chosen a member of the Academy. If that body wished to include the chief names of literature, Gautier would certainly have been numbered among the Immortals. But he was left, with Dumas and Balzac, outside of the sacred circle. It is said that Mademoiselle de Maupin was the cause of his rejection, and that, though the French are not prudish, the Academicians would not admit its author into their midst. Its youthful faults might well have been overlooked in one who had so enriched French prose and verse, and who ranked among the great masters of style in this century.

Many of the immortal names of French literature are not found on the official list, but Gautier lamented his rejection in a manner one would expect in a bourgeois, rather than in a romanticist. He sought consolation in attributing his misfortune to the decrees of fate. Men were predestined to be Academicians, he said; they were born Academicians, as they were born poets, archbishops, or cooks. Thirty-nine ballots, he felt certain, bore his name when they were dropped into the box, but when they were opened his rival was found to have been unanimously elected.

It is not strange that one so devoid of political beliefs should have been well content with the era of imperialism. If the government was corrupt, it did not concern him. The end of government was to furnish plenty of money for the encouragement of art, the support of authors, and the building of opera houses, and in these respects Napoleon III. did much better than could be expected from a republic controlled by bourgeois.

Gautier's private life was tranquil and free from incident. He lived in Paris, writing industriously, and surrounded by a circle whose tastes were like his, and whom he delighted by his brilliant and exuberant conversation. His little house at Neuilly was furnished with the objects which appealed to his sensibilities, and every phase of luxury was felt by him as are the chemical rays of light by a plant. His beauty as a young man, of which he delighted to boast, was not wholly destroyed by years. He lived with his sisters and daughters, and guests at his table found also the black cat, who had her chair at dinner, like any other member of the family. He delighted in cats, and praised their tender, silent, feminine caresses, their phosphorescent eyes, and their mysterious and cabalistic manners, which suggested meetings with phantoms and sorcerers, and companionship with Mephistopheles and the Evil One.

The siege of Paris made a terrible inroad into Gautier's peaceful life, and swept away much of the moderate property which he had slowly acquired; but he bore his misfortunes with philosophic equanimity, and displayed his powers of description in his vivid Pictures of the Siege. He did not long survive its calamities. His superstitious dread of death and its cold unloveliness haunted him to the last, and he was almost frightened out of a life which could not, however, have been long continued. His family wished to conceal from him the existence of a disease of the heart, and sought to remove the newspapers in which he might see any reference to his condition. But he stumbled upon one which told the nature of his malady, and from that day he resigned himself to

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death. On the 23d of October, 1872, he died, at the age of sixty-one. His individuality was such that, though he had many disciples, he could have few imitators; and while this century in France has been rich in literary genius, Gautier will be remembered as one of its rarest products.

James Breck Perkins.

THE LADY FROM MAINE.

IN TWO PARTS.

II.

THE four-in-hand party returned only in time to dress for dinner. A hop was in order that night, and it was the custom on such occasions to dine in evening dress. Amy came down, cloud-like in white, wearing her diamonds, which were hardly more brilliant than her eyes. There was a wonderful radiance about her, altogether; she seemed moved by some strong excitement, which betrayed itself only in that mantling color and bright glance.

Balfour did not appear at dinner, but not long after nine o'clock (for our hops were unfashionably early affairs) I saw him enter the ball-room with Amy on his arm. The first waltz was in progress, and they made their way very slowly through the moving crowd to my side.

"I wished to sit by you, because you are so nice and comfortable, and will console me for not being able to waltz," she said gayly, dropping down beside me on the sofa.

"And do you not waltz?" said I.

"Oh, yes, indeed; but Mr. Balfour does not. He belongs to the Aw-I-Don't-Dawnce set. Have you ever heard of it? It is very, very elegant and exclusive."

As she spoke she looked up at him, and there was a laughing witchery in her face that would have taken the edge off the sharpest speech.

"No more such taunts, or I shall break the cherished habit of years," said Balfour.

"But bad habits are best broken."

"And the spirit of reform is on me to-night." He left the mantel, where he had been leaning, and offered her his arm. His face was not festal, and I should have thought some spirit other than that of reform possessed him.

I noticed that he did not waltz again, but throughout the evening his devotion to Amy was very marked. There was no lack of comment on his departure from a custom hitherto supposed to be invariable with him. It had been believed that the waltz was not numbered among his accomplishments. When it was found that he waltzed as well as he rode, there was a disposition to resent the discovery, as revealing also some ulterior motive for not having exhibited his proficiency before.

Had he followed up the first break by making another in favor of, say, Miss Bixbee, Miss De Land, or indeed any one of the many charming young ladies present, no exceptions might have been taken, but he had waltzed only once, and then with Miss Roberts. The offense was unpardonable. But it was Miss Roberts, not Mr. Balfour, who remained unpardoned.

To a casual observer — let us say to any observer less keenly alive than I to the "true inwardness" of the scene — the occasion must have seemed one of triumph to Amy. She herself evidently

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considered it so, for her eyes and cheeks glowed still brighter, and her manner grew sprightlier yet, as the hours wore on to midnight.

The train had brought down that day a large accession to our number. Noticeable among the new faces was that of a fast stock-broker, well if not favorably known in Wall Street. He had not been five minutes in the room when I saw him being presented by Mrs. Banks to Amy, who was smiling graciously as she looked up at him. No one but a Banks would have thought of introducing him to her. He was altogether outside the pale: respectable people knew of him, — they did not know him; and the distinction was significant. Amy waltzed with him three times. After the third waltz I missed her, and some one told me, with a disagreeable smile, that she had probably gone to show Mr. Dacres the pavilion. When they appeared again in the ball-room people were going out to supper, and I hoped to see her claimed by some prëengaged admirer; but no! it was with Mr. Dacres she went away. Balfour was folding Mrs. Vincent's light wrap about her. I saw Amy only once in the dining-room: that was just as I was leaving. She was standing up, laughing gayly. Gerald Banks was wiping off with a napkin something that had fallen on the front of her dress. Several gentlemen surrounded her, and Mr. Dacres was taking from her hand an empty wineglass.

Dancing was resumed. I saw Balfour moving through a quadrille with Mrs. Vincent in his usual impassive manner, and again I had a glimpse of Amy, archly holding out her hands to Dacres in some change of the cotillon, and with a more hilarious buoyance than I liked.

By and by some words of a conversation going on near me riveted my attention.

"They say she is a little the worse for champagne."

"Is it possible?"

"Oh, yes. Anything is possible with her. I have an idea she will not be tolerated much longer. She is running her course a little too fast. Mrs. De Land has her eye on her. You know her precious Jack is among the slain."

There was a pause in the music; the dance was ended, the voices ceased. Not long after, I was sitting with Balfour, when Amy approached, leaning on Dacres' arm. He seated her near us, and withdrew. The first notes of *Die Tausend und Eine Nächte* were sounding.

"Amy," said I, speaking quickly, as she turned toward us, "I am going to the dressing-room. Will you come with me? Mr. Balfour will take us."

"Oh, certainly. I shall miss this waltz, but it does n't much matter. I 'm engaged to Mr. Banks, with whom out of sight is out of mind."

"What 's that you 're saying?" said the gentleman in question, coming up. In truth, the remark had been designed for him; she was looking at him with a saucy smile.

"I said out of sight was out of mind with you."

"You 're a little wretch," replied Mr. Banks chastely. "If I did n't know you knew better than that, I 'd make a fuss about it."

"I am going to ask you to excuse me from waltzing. I am very tired."

"Tired, are you? Then come and sit on the piazza."

"By and by. I am going up-stairs with Miss Lecky to rest a little."

Mr. Banks glanced at me an instant with a pair of bold blue eyes, which unlimited potations had made even bolder and bluer than usual.

"It is always 'by and by' with you," he said, looking back to Amy. "You 're always putting me off. By Jove! if I was n't the best natured fellah in the world" —

"I should n't like you half so well," she interpolated, with a little laugh.

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There was more in this style. Then Mr. Banks walked away in assumed anger, taking her fan with him as hostage, he said, for her return; and we went upstairs. It happened that we did not go down again. I pleaded a headache as an excuse for remaining in my room, and Amy said she would stay with me. Her own head ached, and then it would be quite as well to disappoint Mr. Banks; he would only think the more of her.

"No sacrifice is too great, so that it deepens his regard; is that it?" said Balfour, with an unpleasant smile.

"*Mr. Balfour!*" said Amy; whereupon he bade us good-night, and went away.

"You see he is jealous," she said, as soon as we were alone.

"Who?" said I, stupidly.

"Why, Mr. Balfour! Did you not notice?"

"Oh!"

"Now don't be dense, or you will provoke me," she said, kissing both my cheeks, and making a wry face at me which was, if possible, more bewitching than the same face as nature had made it. "You 're such an old precious when you 're not dense. Now did n't you notice?"

"I noticed that he was a little disagreeable."

"Of course! And when a man is disagreeable he 's jealous, nine times out of ten."

"Mr. Balfour may be the exception that proves the rule."

"Yes, he may be." With this she sank into an easy-chair, and began taking off her diamonds. All the while her lips and eyes were smiling.

"Do you consider Miss Bixbee pretty?" she said, after a little.

"Rather. Her figure is good."

"Do you think so?" A pause. Then, carelessly, "Do you think Mr. Balfour is in love with her?"

"No."

"He is certainly devoted to her."

I felt quite sure that I was expected to combat this statement, which was obviously untrue, but I did nothing of the kind. "Mr. Balfour is devoted to a great many ladies," I said. "It is hardly possible that he should be in love with them all."

"Nor any *one* of them?" She jumped up, laughing, and kissed me again. "Good-night, dear old wet-blanket! I 'm sure I hope he is n't in love with anybody. It would be too bad."

The next day an ominous thing happened. Mrs. De Land turned her back upon Amy Roberts. It was a direct cut, and so every one present understood it. Those who were not present soon heard of it. Amy Roberts had said, "Mrs. De Land, won't you testify in my behalf? Your son says I did not play that ball fairly." Then the elder lady had turned her back without speaking. This was before lunch. Before dinner there was a report that Jack and his mother had quarreled. When the august lady entered the dining-room, she entered it unescorted, save by her daughter. Her son came in a little later, attending Miss Roberts, who was smiling and waving a large feather fan.

In the evening some tableaux were arranged impromptu. I was draping Balfour, who was to be a bandit, corsair, or something of the kind, with my red cashmere shawl, when Amy came up, saying breathlessly, "Oh, Miss Lecky, you 're so good, supplying every one! Can I have your white mantle? Of course it 's dreadfully hackneyed, but we 're going to have the Sleeping Beauty, and I 'm the Beauty."

"That will make a new thing of it," said Balfour, smiling down at her over my two hands, three pins, and a knot of cashmere, all of which were under his chin at that moment.

The tableaux were a great success. Balfour, who had just emerged from an overwhelming triumph, which he shared with Mrs. Vincent, came into the audi-

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ence, leading her by the hand. Both were bowing and smiling in response to prolonged applause.

"I 'm glad to settle down to private life," said he, seating Mrs. Vincent next me. "Now comes the Sleeping Beauty."

There was a hush; the curtain rose, and we beheld Amy lying, still and white, on a right royal couch (the bed-lounge skillfully disguised). Over her, with rapt gaze and clasped hands, bent Jack De Land, contriving to look truly prince-like in a white flannel tennis-suit, elaborately trimmed with odds and ends of blue satin; silk stockings of the same hue, displaying a shapely pair of legs; lace ruffles, a plumed hat (Miss Bixbee's Rembrandt), and patent-leather pumps. Some one was playing softly on the piano, accompanying the low ecstatic plaint of a violin. Jack bent nearer and nearer the sleeping figure (I saw a curious expression on Balfour's face), nearer, nearer yet. Had he kissed the Princess? At all events, she awoke as in the old romance, and the curtain went down on a great clapping of hands. Being worldly-wise after my kind, however, I was not surprised to hear it whispered on all sides, when the clapping had ceased, that Miss Roberts had crowned her bad taste and impudence by this exhibition. I heard that Mrs. De Land had sat quite pale and rigid throughout the scene. She was not a person to be defied with impunity, and was this not the contrived defiance of an unfilial son and a designing woman? It was felt that the end was not yet. What evil spirit possessed the girl? She was always with Jack now. One saw them playing tennis together, swimming in the tanks, knocking the billiard balls about, driving about in Jack's dog-cart, and strolling in the garden. One day I remonstrated with her. Indignation nerved me. I had just been an unwilling listener to some very dark insinuations and not a few sad truths. These I did not repeat, but I managed to speak plainly, and, as I thought, with kindness. She turned upon me like a young tigress. If I had not been very much in earnest, I should have felt an inclination to laugh when she said, drawing herself up to her full height which was nothing majestic, "Miss Lecky! You forget your position!"

Fancy the child addressing *me* with that Siddons stare and tone!

"My dear," said I (do not people usually say "my dear" when they are going to be disagreeable?), "if I have forgotten the respect due one of your age and position from one of mine, I beg you will forgive me."

Instantly her tone changed.

"That was a foolish speech," she said. "I know the respect is due from me to you, but I was angry. Let us forget it all, and not speak of it again."

"I will not speak of it again," said I, more gently, "but I can never forget that I have warned you, and entreated you to listen to me."

She did not answer, but turned away with a proud, hard face.

Balfour in these days was neither less nor more attentive than he had been before. It is true, he did not play tennis with Amy so often, nor was the four-in-hand drive repeated, but he was sufficiently alive to her pleasure to refute any idea that may have been entertained of his resenting Jack's devotion. There was in his manner none of the eagerness of a rival, none of the sulkiness of a man who feels himself ill-used.

My view of Balfour in affairs of a sentimental nature was colored by some knowledge of his past life. For this reason I often found myself dissenting from the opinion of others in regard to him. At one time it occurred to me that I might be serving a good end by telling Amy something of his earlier years. But I had been withheld by a feeling of loyalty to him. Need I feel it my duty to tell to a strange girl from Maine what he did not care to speak of?

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After dwelling a little upon this question it took an absurd light. After all, of what vital interest was it to her? But there came a day when I would have given worlds she should not know it, or that she had known it earlier from me.

Balfour had run up to town, and stayed over night on some matter of business. He returned in the morning. Amy and I, basking on a huge pile of rocks overlooking the sea, heard the whistle of the train as it entered the village. Half an hour later a tweed-clad figure was seen ascending the stony path to our perch. Amy sprang up, dropping sketch-book and pencil, and ran off down the slope with a simplicity of welcome which might have overpowered a less assured man than Balfour.

"Did you bring me my candy?" was her greeting, uttered before she had reached him. They were at some distance from me, and I did not hear his reply, but I saw him catch her sailor hat, which had flown away and was scudding along in front of her. When they met he restored it to its former jaunty poise, and tied the broad strings under her chin. Then I saw him produce a white packet, which she fell upon eagerly and opened as they came on up the hill.

"See! he has brought me these lovely marsh-mallows," she cried to me.

"I have brought Miss Lecky some, too," he said, handing out another box. I fancied the value of the gift was not enhanced in her eyes by this kind impartiality.

"Now," said Amy, when he had picked up the sketch-book and pencil, and had seated himself beside her, "tell me all about what you did yesterday."

"All about it? Well, in the first place, I spent an hour or two at my office" —

"Have you an office?" she interrupted. "Are you a lawyer, or — anything?"

"Not a thing," said he, gravely. "I have an office because it affords me a convenient retreat from my house when that grows monotonous, and I keep the house as a retreat from the office. Besides, to have a den down town gives one a reputation for industry."

"And you have a house!" said Amy. "It seems so funny to me that a bachelor should care to keep house. Isn't it lonely? Do you really *stay* there?"

"Well, I roam around in it once or twice a day."

"What a forlorn picture! I don't believe you like your house."

"Not very much now," said he, with a half sigh. There was no attempt at effect in his words. He looked seaward, as though unconscious of Amy's large-eyed gaze, and speaking rather to himself than her.

"My dear Amy," said I, hurrying to break the pause, "you have asked Mr. Balfour so many questions in the course of his narrative that he has been unable to make any headway. We have not got further than the first hour."

"That is true. Now, where did you go at night?"

"I dined at my club, and spent the evening there."

"How stupid! I think it's a shame to dine at a club when one has a house of one's own. Do you know, Mr. Balfour" — She hesitated a little, looking at him with laughing eyes over the marsh-mallow in her uplifted hand.

"Well?"

"I think — well, I think it is a wonder you have not married."

I felt myself grow cold. I was not conscious of sky, or sea, or air, and it was as though in a dream I heard my own voice saying, in a sprightly sort of way, "Excuse me, but what time is it, Mr. Balfour?"

He turned a trifle on his elbow, and brought out his watch, which he just glanced at as it opened noiselessly in the hollow of his hand. But there was time

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for Amy's bright eyes to catch a glimpse of color.

"Oh, a picture!" she cried. "May I see it?"

Without a word, without looking at her, he held out the watch, in whose case was the delicately painted head of a young and beautiful woman.

"How pretty!" said Amy; but her voice had changed. "May I ask who it is?"

"It is a picture of my wife." Then there was the shortest possible pause before he said, turning carelessly to me, "Half past eleven, Miss Lecky. You are not thinking of going down now?"

Some reply was on my lips, I know not what. I presume I should have said that I must go down immediately, but the words never found utterance. An inarticulate sound from Amy drew our eyes to her. She still held the watch in her hand, the chain was in Balfour's; her eyes were not bent on the pictured face, but on his, and as he looked at her she burst out, stammering, "Why did n't you tell me? I would not have spoken so. You should tell people you are married — I am sorry" —

Then, with a wild look at him, she dropped the watch, and hid her face on the rocks. Directly Balfour, who was nearest her, put an arm about her, and with his other hand grasped one of her own, which pressed against her face.

"Amy," said he, in a quick, low tone, "you have said nothing that you need feel sorry for. It is all right."

She did not speak, and he went on, bending his head nearer to hers, and speaking lower still: "She is dead. That is the reason I have found it hard to speak of her. I am to blame for the awkwardness of such a disclosure at this late day. My dear little girl, it is nothing to cry for. Look up and laugh at it."

I knew quite well that it was only to spare her that he made so light of it all. The scene had been painful, and was so yet. I felt *de trop*, and should have run away if the sole avenue of escape had not been blocked by their recumbent figures. To step over them would have been undignified and rather marked. So I stayed and suffered. I do not know how long it was I sat there. I tried to interest myself in the sea-view and the gulls, but my mind wandered hopelessly.

The thought of what despair and mortification must be in her heart made my own bleed for her. It was a scene that could never be explained away. Kindly and lightly as he spoke of it, one knew that it could not but make a curious impression on him; and the misery of it was, the impression was quite likely to be a correct one. I need not tell how this scene concluded. It came to an end somehow, and we found ourselves walking back to the hotel, talking and laughing, as though the sky had not fallen.

I expected an attack from Amy as soon as we should be alone together, and was actually preparing my defense when she entered my rooms before luncheon. But all she said was, "I think you might have told me before. There is certainly nothing disgraceful in losing one's wife, and I don't see any reason for concealing it, as though one had murdered her. You know he did n't say she was dead, at first; and I was forced into the unpleasant reflection that I had been flirting with a married man!" Then she added, sinking into a low chair, and crossing her wrists with a mock-virtuous expression, "Something I never do!"

I was not deceived by this airy nonsense. If I had seen her groveling at my feet, I could not have been more certain that the memory of the scene on the rocks was torture to her. It was not long after this that she took occasion to say to me, when we found ourselves alone a moment on the croquet-ground, — and her tone was wonderfully cold, — "I suppose I need not ask why you never told me that Mrs. Vincent was a widow or a *divorcée* rather. I have had it on

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the tip of my tongue several times to ask her why her husband never ran down for a day or two."

The picture presented to my mental vision by these words was so irresistibly droll that I burst out laughing, and, after pouting a little, Amy laughed too.

She avoided Balfour now, and was more than ever with Jack De Land. There was an added recklessness in her imprudence.

One night, as she was sitting with me in my parlor, Balfour dropped in. He had been driving all the afternoon with Mrs. Vincent, and had but just come up from a late dinner. It was a sultry evening. The long windows were open, and not a breath stirred the curtains. Faint, sweet odors came up from the garden; the very stars seemed too languid to blink.

"This still weather bodes a storm," he remarked, descending into my easiest chair with the air of one at peace with the world and indifferent to the elements.

"I hope not," said Amy. There was something — what shall I say? — electric in her level voice and motionless figure. Like the still atmosphere, it suggested the possibility of a flash.

"Why? Are you timid?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I have promised Mr. Banks to go over to the skating-rink to-night; that is all."

"The *skating-rink?*" exclaimed Balfour; and his accent implied, "What the devil *is* the skating-rink?"

"Yes. Have you never seen it?"

A new expression was gathering on his face, and it deepened as she spoke. "No," he answered, "but I have heard of such a place."

"Amy!" said I. "It is over at Ross's Hotel, and I don't believe — I don't believe it is very nice."

"That will account for Mr. Balfour's never having been there," she replied, in the same level tone.

The girl horrified me. I knew not what to say. But after an instant's pause Balfour observed quietly, "I hope it does not also account for Miss Roberts's desire to go there."

Looking closely at Amy in the dusky light, I saw that she was trembling from head to foot. After a moment she rose, and, moving toward the door, said to me, not to Balfour, — and her voice was quite gentle, — "Good-night. *Schlaf wohl!*"

And so she went with Gerald Banks to that miserable two-penny rink at Ross's Hotel. The story was all over the house next day.

"What sort of place *is* Ross's Hotel?" I inquired, moved by a faint hope to sound the depths of Dicky Brown's unholy lore.

"Why, a regular gin-hole," responded the remorseless Dicky, with a happy laugh. "I don't suppose *she* drank gin, nor perhaps saw any, but it 's that sort of place, you understand. The *élite* don't go there." Then he laughed again, and added in his neat vernacular, "*Scarcely.*"

All that morning Amy had been driving with Jack De Land. When she came in to luncheon she wore a jaunty boating suit which I had not seen before.

"What now?" I asked.

"Mr. De Land is going to take me for a row."

All that afternoon they rowed.

By night there were signs of a storm other than that portended by Balfour. Half an hour before dinner Dick Brown said to me, "Have you heard the latest from the seat of war?"

"Is your evening edition out so early?" I inquired, savagely; but Dicky was an obtuse youth.

"Why, Mrs. De Land has told Walker that he must take his choice between her and Roberts. If Roberts stays, *she* goes. That 's rather hard on Walker. The De Lands have six rooms, besides three servants and a lot of horses. But you can stake your last red on Jack's

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curling under to his mamma. He 'll have to do it. She 's a perfect cyclone."

While he was still talking, Balfour came up. He did not appear to hear what was said, nor did he once glance at the offending Dicky, who, after a few moments, as though conscious of a cold audience, withdrew.

"What do you suppose it will all come to? Can we do anything to help her?" I asked in despair.

"If she can be induced to leave before she is obliged to, it might improve matters," said he. There was not the faintest echo of sympathy or concern in his voice. A moment after, seeing my melancholy look, he said more gently, "That Latin proverb about the grain of salt applies to all of Dicky's stories. Don't let them worry you too much."

Amy was radiant at dinner. It was evident that the evil rumor had not yet reached her. Never before had she seemed to me so thoroughly bewitching. Her smile and pretty talk were to-night the perfection of good form; no suggestion of too high spirits, nor conscious graces, nor switching of hideous rainbow draperies, spoiled the natural charm of her face and figure. She was all in white; not a bit of color but the wonderful pink of her cheeks and lips, the gold of her short curling hair, and the lumi nous blue of her eyes. "Amy," said I, smiling across at her, "I can't refrain from telling you that you are lovely."

"But must *I* refrain?" asked Balfour.

Amy laughed. My own spirits rose. After all, might not everything come right in time? How often a smile, a cheerful word, a glimpse of the sun after a rainy day, any trifle, so it be a pleasant one, will make us suddenly and unreasonably joyous! The troubles of an hour ago seem a figment of the imagination.

When I left the dining-room I had put aside Dicky Brown's tale of horror and my own dim forebodings, and was in the best of spirits. There was to be a little hop that night; something quite informal. The preliminary squeaking of a violin drew us to the ball-room, though it was still much too early for dancing to begin.

"Oh, delicious!" said Amy, making a little gliding run over the canvased floor. The immense room was empty save for the three musicians about the piano, who looked up, smiling, at the beautiful girl gyrating so airily all by herself.

"Shall I give you a tune to dance by?" said the head man good-naturedly. And in a moment the trio of instruments burst forth in one of Schulhoff's melting waltzes.

"Oh, thank you!" said Amy. "That is lovely."

Balfour held out his arms to her, and they went circling down the long room, under the gas-light and flowers.

"We have opened the ball and have had it all to ourselves," he said, as he brought her to me after a turn or two. "I am going to be bold and designing enough to ask if I may have the first waltz at the ball proper."

"Yes, I think you may," said Amy. She thanked the fat pianist again, who protested that he had been only too happy, and we wandered away through the rooms beyond.

"I must go up-stairs for a little while," said Amy.

"May I come and take you both down by and by?" Balfour asked.

We were approaching the staircase as he spoke. Amy's face was turned toward him, and she was uttering some words of reply, when a sound of scuffling and loud voices in the bar-room, just before us, arrested them.

There was an oath, the noise of an overturning chair. Then, as we stood in amazement, a struggling body was thrown violently against the door.

"I hope he won't come through," said Amy, trying to laugh. At that mo-

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ment our host, Mr. Walker, rushed by, and, with his shoulder against the panels, forced an entrance. We heard him say, "For God's sake, gentlemen" — The lock clicked behind him, but there had been time for us to see two men battling, and one had blood on his face. It was Jack De Land, and the powerful figure with which he struggled was that of Gerald Banks.

Hardly had the door closed, when quick and sharp above the din came the single report of a pistol.

A shrill scream burst from Amy. She started impetuously towards the door, but was caught back by Balfour.

"Be quiet! This is no place for you," he said, under his breath. "Go up-stairs with Miss Lecky. I will come by and by and tell you everything."

Fortunate it was that his voice controlled her, for no sooner had we reached the first landing than the hall was swarming with curious faces. I was surprised at the rapidity with which she recovered herself. When, on reaching my room, I asked her to come in and stay with me, it was in quite an even tone that she replied, "Thank you, I must go first and get my gloves and fan. I will join you in a few minutes."

But the minutes slipped into hours before I saw her again. Balfour came up and gave me the particulars of the affray. Of course a woman was at the bottom of it, and Amy was the woman, — small doubt of that. De Land had assaulted Banks; the latter grappled with him, and was getting decidedly the best of it when Jack managed to whip out a pistol. Banks struck it out of his hand, and the bullet lodged in the ceiling.

"They are trying to hush it up," said Balfour. "Walker is very much cut up about it."

"And Amy?" said I.

"Ay, there 's the rub! It is she who will suffer."

We had talked for some time before it occurred to me to wonder why Amy did not appear; and then, it occurring to me also that she might not wish to be disturbed, I decided to let her consult her own pleasure in returning to me.

"She will hardly care to dance, after what has happened," I said.

"I hope not, — I hope not," said Balfour. "But she has done so many things one had thought she would not care to do."

"Morris," said I, impulsively, and with more of the confidence of our old *bon camaraderie* than I had shown for months, "I have thought, sometimes — that you might marry again."

"Well, in temporary aberration of mind I once cherished the same thought."

"And was the derangement only temporary?"

"Quite so. I think it might have been classed under the head of emotional insanity. That is a rather prevalent complaint nowadays, and harmless — to the person affected."

"Yes," said I, with meaning, "but it may do a great deal of harm to others." Then, curiosity getting the better of me, "Have I seen the destroyer of your reason? Did it happen recently, — quite recently?"

Balfour threw back his handsome head with a laugh of genuine enjoyment. "Bless your heart!" said he. "The little girl from Maine? No, no! I was never mad enough for that!"

At this point in the conversation my maid — one of those dear, good souls whose conscientiousness is a positive affliction to every one around them — beckoned me into my chamber, the door of which I left ajar as I followed her. Would I excuse the interruption, but she had given Pocahontas (the cockatoo) her soaked bread, and had shrouded the cage in gauze, as I directed; had I any further orders? None for the present; she might amuse herself as she liked till twelve. She departed,

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radiant (being not too conscientious for a mild flirtation with Mrs. Bixbee's man, Thomas), and I was turning down the gas preparatory to rejoining Balfour, when suddenly — so suddenly that I stood like one who wakes from a dream to he knows not what of horror — there came a rushing sound, inarticulate cries, the quick roll of a chair on casters, a man's voice, low and rapid, Balfour's voice; and yes! the other was Amy's. The first shock over, my senses restored, as it were, I heard every word plainly, or as plainly as one might hear what was strangled and broken with agitation. The girl seemed beside herself, past all reach of reason or entreaty. I made out that she had encountered Mrs. De Land since leaving me, — where I never learned, nor did Balfour, — and that there had been a terrible scene, in which the distracted mother had freely emptied the vials of her wrath.

"She said I must go away — that I killed him — that even you would n't help me, or care for me any more" —

"Amy! For God's sake" — broke in Balfour, but she went on, more wildly yet: —

"You *will* help me, won't you? You will tell her that you will? I did n't kill him! Say that you don't think I killed him!"

"He 's not dead. Amy, listen to me; he 's not even hurt."

"She said I killed him, and one might better be dead who would look at me, or even touch me — even touch me!" Her voice broke, and spent itself in a convulsive shuddering more terrible than tears.

"My dearest child! You are excited. Now hear me. No one has been killed, or in the least injured."

"*I* am killed!" she burst out frantically.

"My darling — my darling," he remonstrated; but there was nothing impassioned in the phrase.

"They said I must go away. What can I do when I have gone away like that? I will never go — never!"

"It is better that you should go. You would n't care to stay here?" She did not answer him, or could not, and he urged her gently, "Would you?"

"Oh, no! no!" she cried then, sobbing. "I will go away, I will do anything you tell me, but I will not go to grandfather. He shall never know that I have been a disgrace to him."

"My child! Don't use that word. I am sure he is not such a terrible grandfather that he won't forgive a little indiscretion. See! that is quite a different thing from disgrace. You are exaggerating everything."

"But you told me to go away! you told me!" — always that passionate, despairing strain answering the man's smooth kindliness. "If I — if there was no disgrace, you would not tell me I must go. . . . You said dreadful things to me — that I liked things that were not nice — but you were not kind enough to tell me — to tell me the truth!"

"Amy! listen, dear. If I have said anything unkind, let it all go now. I dare say I was very disagreeable."

"No! no! you were always good! Don't mind what I say — I will be quiet. . . . I will do what you tell me . . . but let me stay with you. . . . I can't go back to grandfather. . . . You said — you said you could never see me suffer. . . . If you leave me I shall die . . . you — you help — you . . . Morris! . . . Oh, please . . . Oh, God!" —

My heart seemed turning to ice where I stood. I had not known what to do at first. To escape my unfortunate position I should have to pass, as my maid had done, through a small apartment which had an archway communicating with the parlor. I should be in as full view from that room as though I had stalked directly into it. So, in distress and confusion, I had stayed where I was, and now retreat was impossible. Were I to go at this crisis it would be

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more awkward than ever. I had the consolation of knowing that Balfour was aware of my proximity, and, understanding my predicament, would not think me a willful eavesdropper.

"Amy! Amy!" I heard him say, still in that low voice, but it was a shocked and pitiful one as well. "You must n't give way like this. Don't talk any more."

There followed murmured words of soothing, and even of endearment, — much may be pardoned a man in a moment like that, — words that I need not repeat, that I should feel it a sort of sacrilege to repeat.

The pity of it was more than I could endure. As though it were before my bodily eyes, I saw the whole scene. She was clinging to him; he was trying to be kind, yet not too kind.

What depths of misery, what despair, must she not have reached before such words could have been wrung from her! I buried my head in the window-curtains, in a vain endeavor to shut it all out. By and by he was saying (and she was quite still now; deathly still, it would have seemed to me, but for the quick breath that came at intervals), —

"You have said you would do as I told you. This is what I would have you do. Go to Miss Lecky, and be advised by her."

"I can't! — you — you" — She was unable to go on, but there was a piteous emphasis on the *you* which could not be misunderstood.

"You are better guided by some one else than me," he resumed, with a gentle firmness for which I admired him. "Whatever she tells you will be sure to be right. Promise me that you will listen to her." Silence. "Amy, promise me." There was still no word from her, and he continued with added gentleness, "I must be leaving you very soon. Won't you promise me before I go?"

"Go?" said she in a dazed way.

"Yes. You must rest to-night. You are all worn out. Don't you know that you are?"

But she was as silent as before. She seemed, indeed, half dead, or like a poor mad soul with only one idea.

"Amy, promise me that you will be directed by her. I thought you loved her." At this she began moaning in such distress that he hastened to say, "Well, well, we won't speak of it any more. To-morrow it will all look much brighter to you. You are very nervous to-night. I can't undertake to waltz with a little girl who trembles like this. Now I want to say a parting word. No one is shot, no one is hurt; not even you. You will be all right and quite a heroine in a day or two, and I shall see you laughing many times again. Now good-night."

The good-night was not responded to in words. There was a moment, several moments, of silence. Then Balfour's voice said, with a new tenderness, "Don't! little one, don't! It will all come right."

In a few minutes I heard the outer door close softly behind him. I went in, and saw her kneeling, with her arms flung across the chair where he had sat. She did not stir, nor speak, and I noiselessly withdrew. When I went in to her again she was still kneeling there, as motionless as before. I spoke to her, once, twice, and then she looked up. Such a face! It was like nothing I had ever seen, — so wild and stricken.

"My dear child," said I, "stay with me; you are half sick. Let me pet you and take care of you to-night."

"No! no!" she said, staggering up on her feet, and she actually laughed. "I don't want to be petted. I — you are so kind and good — always so kind and good; and I have been ungrateful. Let me alone to-night. To-morrow you can pet me. I thank you just the same."

Her suffering seemed to plead for a refuge where no one should see it. I pitied her too much to wish to retain her

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against her will, and so we kissed each other and parted, but it was only at her own door that I left her.

The long-gathering storm broke at midnight. All through the small hours of the morning I lay awake, listening to the rain against my windows and the thunderous roll of the sea.

When I came down to breakfast every one was discussing the weather. The De Land-Banks affray, though so recent and startling, was spoken of only *sub rosa*.

"Have you seen the swell?" said Dicky, speaking across to me from his table.

"*The swell?*" I repeated, vague visions of another Dicky floating through my mind.

"Oh, ho! Not a fellah, not a *man!*" said he, laughing, and showing his handsome teeth; "the ocean swell. It's tremendous! They say there 's a steamer ashore ten miles below here."

"Dear! dear!" I exclaimed. "The old story of those who go down to the sea in ships. I suppose every one will be wanting to drive over and see it."

But the day was too inclement for that. Though it had ceased raining, there was a sullen look in the sky; the wet roads glistened; at intervals heavy tremors ran through the house.

"It's the sea breaking," observed Dicky, with a cheerful air, as he finished his last egg. "Every one is going down to see it. Won't you let me pilot you?"

Donning my water-proof and hood, I placed myself under Dicky's manly wing. Many others were wending their way to the beach, and there was much laughing and struggling with skirts and scarfs. As we neared the shore a brisk wind struck us, — a zephyr compared with the demon that had howled all night. Hats flew away, draperies fluttered. The feminine part of the line presented the curious appearance of being very trim indeed on one side, and very much inflated on the other. We were all in high spirits. The leaping, heaving waste before us was a superb joke, gotten up expressly for our diversion. Ten miles away, on this same shore, was a laboring ship, drifting to destruction. If we thought of it at all, it was with curiosity, some vague commiseration. A wreck was a hideous thing, — how much we should like to see one!

"I tell you," said Dicky, "this is grand! It makes a fellah feel small, now, does n't it?"

"And well it may!" I returned, profoundly. Poor, prating fools! I have thought of it often since.

I don't know how long we had been there, — some time undoubtedly, for we had wandered far along the wet sands in search of adventure, signs of the storm in battered fishing-boats, flotsam, and clinging weeds, — when Miss Bixbee, who was gazing through an ivory and gold opera-glass, cried out in delight, "Oh, I see something!" A moment after she said, in a slightly shocked tone, "How queer! Can it be? Mr. Brown, will you look?"

She handed him her glass, and Dicky arranged the focus to suit his germander eye.

"Why, 'pon my soul!" said he. "Will you look, Mr. Walker?"

Then Mr. Walker looked; and now every one was looking, and there was a strange hush. At the farther end of the pier something was rising and falling with the water, as it dashed against the huge piles.

"It is a body," said Mr. Walker.

"Of *what?*" asked Miss Bixbee.

"Can it be from the steamer?" inquired another.

But Mr. Walker, whose woes sat heavily upon him, and who was, moreover, at all times a man of few words, deigned no reply.

"Hale," said he to the bath superintendent, who was standing near, "we

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must recover it. Can it be done in this sea?"

Hale had seen many drowned people, and many high seas. While we stood in awe and fear, he said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "Manage that easy enough, sir. I can go out with a rope around me, or we might try fishing for it from above. But I guess that won't work. It 's a woman; don't you see the dress? She must have been killed when she struck the water, or something hit her. More 'n likely she was hit; there 's things floating around to-day that 'ud knock the breath out of a whale. I 've known 'em that way when they jumped from a spring-board and struck on their head. Perhaps she missed it there; though it don't seem likely a woman would be for taking a swim in a gale like this."

Sober enough we all were now. Miss Bixbee was standing, quite pale, with the lorgnette in her hand, when Balfour came up. She did not greet him, but said, with a simple eloquence of horror, handing him the glass, "It 's a woman!"

Balfour looked long and steadily. "Ugh!" he exclaimed, with a little shudder. "How she strikes the piles! Don't look any more; we shall have to be giving you wine." There was this protecting fondness in Balfour's manner to all women. I thought with a pang of certain accents I had heard not long ago. "Where is Miss Roberts?" he inquired then, addressing me. "I wonder she is not here. She is so fond of the sea. And this is a sight to remember a lifetime."

"Yes," replied I, feeling dull and cold. I knew Balfour's lightness covered a real concern for the poor little girl who had clung to him last night, and in piteous shamelessness revealed to him that she loved him. I knew that there was no moral reason why he should look like an image of grief, or speak with the voice of one from the tomb; yet the well-bred composure of his face, the elegant ease of his person, his fine raiment, the very cat's-eye on his finger, irritated me. I was impressed momentarily by an absurd idea (not uncommon with weak human kind) that no one had a right to be gracious or elegant while I was suffering from lofty meditations on the infinite. "I have not seen Amy," I said, with an effort. "I sent to inquire, but she had not come down when I left the house. We are keeping too early hours for her."

Having played our little part, we turned our attention once more to that sad figure, rising and falling with the water. As we talked we had strolled along the beach, and were now quite near the pier. Hale, partially stripped, was fixing a rope under his arms. A bare-legged fisherman or two stood about, waiting to lend assistance; there were groups of rough men, groups of round-eyed children, groups of dainty ladies and fine gentlemen, with more of simple gravity in their faces than perhaps was often seen there.

All the while the great waves were beating against the piles, and the limp body went with them, striking and falling back, pitching and rising. Sometimes, with a horrible inertness, it turned slowly over, and tilted for a moment to and fro, before it was borne down again and dashed upon the reeking wood-work.

The sight was too terrible. I turned away, and wandered along the shore. When I had walked some distance I looked back. Hale was just laying his burden on the beach. A knot of gentlemen had gathered about him; the ladies stood apart. I returned rapidly, and spoke to Miss Bixbee: —

"Who is it? What is it? Do they know?"

She looked at me, speechless.

Balfour was handing a white handkerchief to Hale, which the latter quickly laid on the dead face.

"Let us ask," I said.

We went forward hand in hand, and

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were quite near before any of the group about the still figure noticed our approach. Balfour was the first to see us. There was a sudden closing in of the circle as he left it and came to us.

"You must go away," he said, in such a strange, harsh tone that something — we hardly knew what — leaped to our minds on the instant.

"Morris, what is it?" I asked, in a half whisper.

"It is no sight for you!" he answered, brokenly, almost savagely. "Don't ask me! You must go away."

It was only as we turned, trembling, to obey him, that he said, —

"It is Amy!"

Dead years ago! The sun is shining into my balcony, where I write. Pocahontas, the cockatoo, grown old and more than ever irascible, is screaming hoarsely in her cage. Perhaps she, too, has memories which stir in their dim chamber, and after long silence importune her, — as mine do me.

It is not often that I give myself up to retrospection. Here in this foreign city which I have made my home, where new faces, new friends, new interests, engross me, there has been little to recall that far-away time of which I have written. But a month ago, at Nice, I saw Morris Balfour, and how it all rushed back!

I was no longer surrounded by a babble of polyglot tongues. The band had ceased playing. We were lying in the tall grass on the summit of Stoke Hill; knocking the croquet balls about in the Castle garden. It was a moonlight night; horses were trampling before the piazza steps; there were gay voices, and capped and habited figures. Other memories there were: a time of darkness and hushed tones, when there was no croquet, and the children played quietly on the gravel walks. They had been told not to disturb the poor old man, who had white hair, and was in such great grief for his granddaughter. They were vaguely sorry for the old man, but they were glad to play unmolested with the dog Gyp, whose mistress had gone away. She would not come back to scold them for pulling his ears. . . .

"You are looking very well," Balfour was saying. "I saw the Browns in Paris not long ago. They were hoping they might run across you somewhere, but it seems that pleasure has been reserved for me. Dicky is married, you know, and the father of a family."

"*Dicky* — a father? a husband?"

"Yes, indeed. Upon my word, it made me feel quite shabby."

"So you are still" — I paused.

"Yes, *still*," he said, laughing. "It's a selfish life. Have I grown old?"

I looked at him, smiling a little. He had certainly grown older; a trifle stouter, too. There was even a suggestion of high living in the deepened color of his face and neck, — a suggestion of walnuts and wine; but he was as handsome as ever.

"Seven years do not count with men," I said, gayly, "but they *do* with women — and cockatoos."

"Ah, Pocahontas! tuneful bird! How it recalls those old days!" He was lounging easily in his chair; one hand trifled with his watch-chain, the other was thrust between his crossed knees; his eyes rested pleasantly on a pretty waitress in a cap. "That was a happy time, was it not?"

"Very happy," I answered. "And — very unhappy, too."

"Ah, yes! yes! Will you have an ice? Poor Amy!"

"Poor Amy, indeed! Hers is the one figure of them all which is clear in my memory to-day. So sweet! so young! I shall never forget her."

"Nor I. She was wonderfully pretty. (Will you really take nothing?) Do you know, it has occurred to me since that I — upon my soul! — if she had lived" —

Lawrence Saxe.

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LOW TIDE ON GRAND-PRÉ.

THE sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide.

And yet I know that not for us,
By any ecstasy of dream,
He lingers to keep luminous
A little while the grievous stream,
Which frets, uncomforted of dream, —

A grievous stream, that to and fro
Athrough the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering, as if to know
Why one beloved face should be
So long from home and Acadie!

Was it a year or lives ago
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow lands,
And held it there between our hands?

The while the river at our feet —
A drowsy inland meadow stream —
At set of sun the after-heat
Made running gold, and in the gleam
We freed our birch upon the stream.

There down along the elms at dusk
We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
Where night and gloom a while uplift,
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

And that we took into our hands —
Spirit of life or subtler thing —
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secret of some wonder-thing.

Then all your face grew light, and seemed
To hold the shadow of the sun;
The evening faltered, and I deemed
That time was ripe, and years had done
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

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So all desire and all regret,
And fear and memory, were naught;
One to remember or forget
The keen delight our hands had caught:
Morrow and yesterday were naught!

The night has fallen, and the tide . . .
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam:
In grief the flood is bursting home!

Bliss Carman.

CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

THERE is a growing tendency on the part of literary men to resent what they are pleased to consider the unwarrantable interference of the critic. His ministrations have probably never been sincerely gratifying to their recipients; Marsyas could hardly have enjoyed being flayed by Apollo, even though he knew his music was bad; and worse, far worse, than the most caustic severity are the few careless words that dismiss our cherished aspirations as not even worthy the rueful dignity of punishment. But in former days the victim, if he resented such treatment at all, resented it in the spirit of Lord Byron, who, roused to a healthy and vigorous wrath,

> "expressed his royal views
> In language such as gentlemen are seldom known to use,"

and by a comprehensive and impartial attack on all the writers of his time proved himself both able and willing to handle the weapons that had wounded him. On the other side, those authors whose defensive powers were of a less prompt and efficient character ventured no nearer to a quarrel than — to borrow a simile of George Eliot's — a waterfowl that puts out its leg in a deprecating manner can be said to quarrel with a boy who throws stones. Southey, who of all men entertained the most comfortable opinion of his own merits, must have been deeply angered by the treatment Thalaba and Madoc received from the Edinburgh Review; yet we cannot see that either he or his admirers looked upon Jeffrey in any other light than that of a tyrannical but perfectly legitimate authority. Far nobler victims suffered from the same bitter sting, and they too nursed their wounds in a decorous silence.

But it is very different to-day, when every injured aspirant to the Temple of Fame assures himself and a sympathizing public, not that a particular critic is mistaken in his particular case, which we may safely take for granted, but that all critics are necessarily wrong in all cases, through an abnormal development of what the catechism terms "darkness of the understanding and a propensity to evil." This amiable theory was, I think, first advanced by Lord Beaconsfield, who sorely needed some such emollient for his bruises. In Lothair, when that truly remarkable artist Mr. Gaston Phœbus, accompanied by his sister-in-law Miss Euphrosyne Cantacuzene, — Heaven help their unhappy sponsors! — reveals to his assembled guests the picture he has just

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completed, we are told that his air "was elate, and was redeemed from arrogance only by the intellect of his brow. 'To-morrow,' he said, 'the critics will commence. You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art.'" If Lord Beaconsfield thought to disarm his foes by this ingenious device, he was most signally mistaken; for while several of the reviews were deferentially hinting that perhaps the book might not be so very bad as it seemed, Blackwood stepped alertly to the front, and in a criticism unsurpassed for caustic wit and merciless raillery held up each feeble extravagance to the inextinguishable laughter of the world. Even now, when few people venture upon the palatial dreariness of the novel itself, there is no better way of insuring a mirthful hour than by rereading this vigorous and trenchant satire.

Quite recently two writers, one on either side of the Atlantic, have echoed with superfluous bitterness their conviction of the total depravity of the critic. Mr. Edgar Fawcett, in The House on High Bridge, and Mr. J. R. Rees, in The Pleasures of a Book-Worm, seem to find the English language painfully inadequate for the forcible expression of their displeasure. Mr. Fawcett considers all critics "inconsistent when they are not regrettably ignorant," and fails to see any use for them in an enlightened world. "It is marvelous," he reflects, "how long we tolerate an absurdity of injustice before suddenly waking up to it. And what can be a more clear absurdity than that some one individual caprice, animus, or even honest judgment should be made to influence the public regarding any new book?" Moreover, he has discovered that the men and women who write the reviews are mere "underpaid vendors of opinions," who earn their breakfasts and dinners by saying disagreeable things about authors, "their superiors beyond expression." But it is only fair to remind Mr. Fawcett that no particular disgrace is involved in earning one's breakfasts and dinners. On the contrary, hunger is a perfectly legitimate and very valuable incentive to industry. "God help the bear, if, having little else to eat, he must not even suck his own paws!" wrote Sir Walter Scott, with good-humored contempt, when Lord Byron accused him of being a mercenary poet; and we probably owe The Vicar of Wakefield, The Library, and Venice Preserved to their authors' natural and unavoidable craving for food. Besides, if the reviewers are underpaid, it is not so much their fault as that of their employers, and their breakfasts and dinners must be proportionately light. When Milton received five pounds for Paradise Lost, he was probably the most underpaid writer in the whole history of literature, yet Mr. Mark Pattison seems to think that this fact redounds to his especial honor.

But there are even worse things to be learned about the critic than that he sells his opinions for food. According to Mr. Fawcett, he is distinguished for "real, hysterical, vigilant, unhealthy sensitiveness," and nurses this unpleasant feeling to such a degree that, should an author object to being ill-treated at his hands, the critic is immediately offended into saying something more abominable still. In fact, like an uncompromising mother I once knew, who always punished her children till they looked pleasant, he requires his smarting victims to smile beneath the rod. Happily there is a cure, and a very radical one too, for this painful state of affairs. Mr. Fawcett proposes that all such offenders should be obliged to buy the works which they dissect, rightly judging that the book notices would grow beautifully less under such stringent treatment. Indeed, were it extended a little further, and all readers obliged to buy the books they read, the publishers, the sellers, and the reviewers might spare the time to take a holiday together.

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Mr. Rees is quite as severe and much more ungrateful in his strictures; for, after stating that the misbehavior of the critic is a source of great amusement to the thoughtful student, he proceeds to chastise that misbehavior, as though it had never entertained him at all. In his opinion, the reviewer, being guided exclusively by a set of obsolete and worthless rules, is necessarily incapable of recognizing genius under any new development: "He usually is as little fitted to deal with the tasks he sets himself as a manikin is to growl about the anatomy of a star, setting forth at the same time his own thoughts as to how it should be formed." Vanity is the mainspring of his actions: "He fears to be thought beneath his author, and so doles out a limited number of praises and an unlimited quantity of slur." Like the Welshman, he strikes in the dark, thus escaping just retribution; and in his stupid ignorance he seeks to "rein in the wingèd steed," from having no conception of its aerial powers.

Now this is a formidable indictment, and some of the charges may be not without foundation; but if, as too often happens, the "wingèd steed" is merely a donkey standing ambitiously on its hind legs, who but the critic can compel it to resume its quadrupedal attitude? If, as Mr. Walter Bagehot warned us some years ago, "reading is about to become a series of collisions against aggravated breakers, of beatings with imaginary surf," who but the critic can steer us safely through the storm? Never, in fact, were his duties more sharply defined or more sorely needed than at present, when the average reader, like the unfortunate Mr. Boffin, stands bewildered by the Scarers in Print, and finds life all too short for their elucidation. The self-satisfied who "know what they prefer," and read accordingly, are like the enthusiasts who follow their own consciences without first accurately ascertaining whither they are being taken. It has been well said that the object of criticism is simply to clear the air about great work for the benefit of ordinary people. We only waste our powers when we refuse a guide, and by forcing our minds hither and thither, like navigators exploring each new stream while ignorant of its course and current, we squander in idle researches the time and thought which should send us steadily forward on our road. Worse still, we vitiate our judgments by perverse and presumptuous conclusions, and weaken our untrained faculties by the very methods we hoped would speed their growth. If Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Matthew Arnold resemble each other in nothing else, they have both taught earnestly and persistently, through long and useful lives, the supreme necessity of law, the supreme merit of obedience. Mr. Arnold has preached it with logical coldness, after his fashion, and Mr. Ruskin with illogical impetuosity, after his; but the lesson remains practically the same. "All freedom is error," writes the author of Queen of the Air, who is at least blessed with the courage of his convictions. "Every line you lay down is either right or wrong: it may be timidly and awkwardly wrong, or fearlessly and impudently wrong; the aspect of the impudent wrongness is pleasurable to vulgar persons, and is what they commonly call 'free' execution. . . . I have hardly patience to hold my pen and go on writing, as I remember the infinite follies of modern thought in this matter, centred in the notion that liberty is good for a man, irrespectively of the use he is likely to make of it."

But he does go on writing, nevertheless, long after this slender stock of patience is exhausted, and in his capacity of critic he lays down Draconian laws which his disciples seem bound to wear as a heavy yoke around their necks. "Who made Mr. Ruskin a judge or a nursery governess over us?" asks an irreverent contributor to Macmillan; and

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why, after all, should we abstain from reading Darwin, and Grote, and Coleridge, and Kingsley, and Thackeray, and a host of other writers, who may or may not be gratifying to our own tastes, because Mr. Ruskin has tried and found them wanting? It is not the province of a critic to bar us in a wholesale manner from all authors he does not chance to like, but to aid us, by his practiced judgment, to extract what is good from every field, and to trace, as far as in us lies, those varying degrees of excellence which it is to our advantage to discern. In this way Mr. Arnold, working with conscientious and dispassionate serenity, has opened our eyes to new beauty, and has strengthened us against vicious influences; he has added to our sources of pleasure, he has helped us to enjoy them, and not to recognize his kind aid would be an ungracious form of self-deception. If he is occasionally a little puzzling, as in some parts of Celtic Literature, where the qualities he detects fall meaningless on our ears, it is a wholesome lesson in humility to acknowledge our bewilderment. Why should the lines

> "What little town by river or sea-shore,
> Or mountain-built with quiet citadel,
> Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?"

be the expression of a purely Greek form of thought, "as Greek as a thing from Homer or Theocritus;" and

> "In such a night
> Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
> Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
> To come again to Carthage,"

be as purely Celtic? Why should

> "I know a bank where the wild thyme blows"

be Greek, and

> "Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves"

be Celtic? That harmless nondescript, the general reader, be he ever so anxious for enlightenment, is forced to confess he really does not know; and if his ignorance be of the complacent order, he adds an impatient doubt as to whether Mr. Arnold knows either, just as when he "comes up gasping" from a sudden plunge into Browning, he is prompt to declare his firm conviction that the poet never had the faintest idea what he was writing about.

But there is another style of enigma with which critics are wont to harry and perplex us, and one has need of a "complication-proof mind," like Sir George Cornewall Lewis, to see clearly through the tangle. Mr. Churton Collins, in his bitter attack on Mr. Gosse in the Quarterly Review, objects vehemently to ever-varying descriptions of a single theme. He does not think that if Drayton's Barons' Wars be a "serene and lovely poem," it can well have a "passionate music running through it," or possess "irregular force and sudden brilliance of style." Perhaps he is right; but there are few critics who can help us to know and feel a poem like Mr. Gosse, and fewer still who write with such consummate grace and charm. It is only when we pass from one reviewer to another that the shifting lights thrown upon an author dazzle and confuse us. Like the fifty-six different readings of the first line of the Orlando Furioso, there are countless standpoints from which we are invited to inspect each and every subject; and unless we follow the admirable example of Mr. Courthope, who solves a difficulty by gently saying, "The matter is one not for argument, but for perception," we are lost in the mazes of indecision. Thus Mr. Ruskin demonstrates most beautifully the great superiority of Sir Walter Scott's heroines over his heroes, and by the time we settle our minds to this conviction we find that Mr. Bagehot, that most acute and exhausting of critics, thinks the heroines inferior in every way, and that Sir Walter was truly felicitous only in his male characters.

Happily, this is a point on which we should be able to decide for ourselves without much prompting; but all dis-

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puted topics are not equally intelligible. There is the vexed and vexing question of romantic and classical, conservative and liberal poetry, about which Mr. Courthope and Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Myers have had so much to say of late, and which is, at best, but a dimly lighted path for the uninitiated to travel. There is that perpetual problem Mr. Walt Whitman, the despair and the stumbling-block of critics, to whose extraordinary effusions, as the Quarterly Review neatly puts it, "existing standards cannot be applied with exactness." There is Emily Brontë, whose verses we were permitted for years to ignore, and in whom we are now peremptorily commanded to recognize a true poet. Miss Mary Robinson, who, in common with most female biographers, is an enthusiast rather than a critic, never wearies of praising the "splendid and vigorous movement" of Emily Brontë's poems, "with their surplus imagination, their sweeping impressiveness, their instinctive music and irregular rightness of form." On the other hand, Mr. Gosse, while acknowledging in them a very high order of merit, laments that such burning thoughts should be "concealed for the most part in the tame and ambling measures dedicated to female verse by the practice of Felicia Hemans and Letitia Landon." So far, indeed, from recognizing the "vigorous movement" and "irregular rightness of form" which Miss Robinson so much admires, he describes A Death Scene, one of the finest in point of conception, as "clothed in a measure that is like the livery of a charitable institution." "There 's allays two 'pinions," says Mr. Macey, in Silas Marner; but we cannot help sometimes wishing, in the cause of perspicuity, that they were not so radically different.

As for the pure absurdities of criticism, they may be culled like flowers from every branch, and are pleasing curiosities for those who have a liking for such relics. Were human nature less complacent in its self-sufficiency, they might even serve as useful warnings to the impetuous young reviewers of to-day, and so be not without their salutary influence on literature. Whether the result of ignorance, or dullness, or bad temper, of national or religious prejudices, or of mere personal pique, they have boldly challenged the ridicule of the world, and its amused contempt has pilloried them for all time. When Voltaire sneered at the Inferno, and thought Hamlet the work of a drunken savage, he at least made a bid for the approbation of his countrymen, who, as Schlegel wittily observes, were in the habit of speaking as though Louis XIV. had put an end to cannibalism in Europe. But what did Englishmen think when Hume informed them that Shakespeare was "born in a rude age, and educated in the lowest manner, without instruction from the world or from books;" and that he could not uphold for any time "a reasonable propriety of thought"? How did they feel when William Maginn brutally declared that Keats

> "the doubly dead
> In that he died so young,"

was but a cockney poet, who wrote vulgar indecorums, "probably in the indulgence of his social propensities"? How did they feel when the same Maginn called the Adonais "dreary nonsense" and "a wild waste of words," and devoted bitter pages to proving that Shelley was not only undeserving, but "hopeless of poetic reputation"? Yet surely indignation must have melted into laughter, when this notable reviewer — who has been recently reprinted as a shining light for the new generation — added serenely that "a hundred or a hundred thousand verses might be made, equal to the best in Adonais, without taking the pen off the paper." This species of sweeping assertion has been repeated by critics more than once, to the annoyance of their friends and the malicious delight of their enemies. Ruskin, who, with all

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his gifts, seems cursed with what Mr. Bagehot calls "a mind of contrary flexure, whose particular bent it is to contradict what those around them say," has ventured to tell the world that any head clerk of a bank could write a better history of Greece than Mr. Grote, if he would have the vanity to waste his time over it; and I have heard a man of fair attainments and of sound scholarship contend that there were twenty living authors who could write plays as fine as Shakespeare's.

Jeffrey's extraordinary blunders are too well known to need repetition, and Christopher North was not without his share of similar mishaps; Walpole cheerfully sentenced Scandinavian poetry in the bulk as the horrors of a Runic savage; Madame de Staël objected to the "commonness" of Miss Austen's novels; Wordsworth thought Voltaire dull, and Southey complained that Lamb's essays lacked "sound religious feeling;" George Borrow, whose literary tastes were at least as erratic as they were pronounced, condemned Sir Walter Scott's Woodstock as "tiresome, trashy, and unprincipled," and ranked Shakespeare, Pope, Addison, and the Welsh bard Huw Morris together as "great poets," apparently without recognizing any marked difference in their respective claims. Then there is Taine, who finds Pendennis and Vanity Fair too full of sermons; Mr. Dudley Warner, who compares the mild and genial humor of Washington Irving to the acrid vigor of Swift; and Mr. Howells, who, perhaps in pity for our sense of loss, would fain persuade us that we could no longer endure either the "mannerisms" of Dickens or the "confidential attitude" of Thackeray, were we happy enough to see these great men still in our midst.

Imagine, ye who can, the fiery Hazlitt's wrath, if he but knew that in punishment for his youthful admiration of the Nouvelle Héloïse a close resemblance has been traced by friendly hands between himself and its author. Think of Lord Byron's feelings, if he could hear Mr. Swinburne saying that it was greatly to his — Byron's — credit that he knew himself for a third-rate poet! Even though it be the only thing to his credit that Swinburne has so far discovered, one doubts whether it would greatly mollify his lordship, or reconcile him to being classed as a "Bernesque poet," and the companion of those two widely different creatures, Southey and Offenbach. Perhaps, indeed, his lively sense of humor would derive a more positive gratification from watching his angry critic run amuck through adjectives with frenzied agility. Such sentences as "the blundering, floundering, lumbering, and stumbling stanzas of Childe Harold, . . . the gasping, ranting, wheezing, broken-winded verse, . . . the hideous absurdities and jolter-headed jargon," must surely be less deeply offensive to Lord Byron's admirers than to Mr. Swinburne's. They come as near to describing the noble beauty of Childe Harold as does Southey's senseless collection of words to describing the cataract of Lodore, or any other cataract in existence; and, since the days when Milton and Salmasius hurled "Latin billingsgate" at each other's heads, we have had no stronger argument in favor of the comeliness of moderation.

"The most part of Mr. Swinburne's criticism," hints a recent reviewer, "is surely very much of a personal matter, — personal, one may say, in expression as well as in sensation." He has always a "neat hand at an epithet," and the "jolter-headed jargon" of Byron is no finer in its way than the "fanfaronade and falsetto of Gray." But even the charms of alliteration, joined to the fish-wife's slang which has recently so tickled the fancy of Punch,[1] cannot wholly re-

[1] "But when poet Swinburne steps into the fray,
And slangs like a fish-wife, what, *what* can one say?"

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place that clear-headed serenity which is the true test of a critic's worth and the most pleasing expression of his genius. He should have no visible inclination to praise or blame; it is not his business, as Mr. Bagehot puts it, to be thankful, and neither is he the queen's attorney pleading for conviction. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who considers that Byron was "the greatest natural force, the greatest elementary power, which has appeared in our literature since Shakespeare," presents his arguments plainly and without the faintest show of enthusiasm. He does not feel the need of reviling somebody else in order to emphasize his views, and he does not care to advance opinions without some satisfactory explanation of their existence. Mr. Courthope may content himself with saying that a matter is one not for argument, but for perception; but Mr. Arnold can always give a reason for the faith that is in him. Mere preference on the part of a critic is not a sufficient sanction for his verdicts, or at least it does not warrant his imparting them to the public. Swinburne may honestly think four lines of Wordsworth to be of more value than the whole of Byron, but that is no reason why we should think so too. When Mr. George Saintsbury avows a strong personal liking for some favorite authors, — Borrow and Peacock, for instance, — he modestly states that this fact is not of itself a convincing proof of their merit; but when Mr. Ernest Myers says that he would sacrifice the whole of Childe Harold to preserve one of Macaulay's Lays, he seems to be offering a really impressive piece of evidence. The tendency of critics to rush into print with whatever they chance to think has resulted in readers who naturally believe that what they think is every bit as good. Macaulay and Walter Savage Landor are both instances of men whose unusual powers of discernment were too often dimmed by their prejudices. Macaulay knew that Montgomery's poetry was bad, but he failed to see that Fouqué's prose was good; and Landor hit right and left, amid friends and foes, like the blinded Ajax scourging the harmless flocks.

It is quite as amusing and far less painful to turn from the critics' indiscriminate abuse to their equally indiscriminate praise, and to read the glowing tributes heaped upon authors whose mediocrity has barely saved them from oblivion. Compare the universal rapture which greeted "the majestick numbers of Mr. Cowley" to the indifference which gave scant welcome to the Hesperides. Mr. Gosse tells us that for half a century Katherine Philips, the matchless Orinda, was an unquestioned light in English song. "Her name was mentioned with those of Sappho and Corinna, and language was used without reproach which would have seemed a little fulsome if addressed to the Muse herself."

> "For, as in angels, we
> Do in thy verses see
> Both improved sexes eminently meet;
> They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet."

So sang Cowley to this much-admired lady; and the Earl of Roscommon, in some more extravagant and amusing stanzas, asserted it to be his unique experience that, on meeting a pack of angry wolves in Scythia,

> "The magic of Orinda's name
> Not only can their fierceness tame,
> But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
> They seem submissively to roar in verse."

"It is easier to flatter than to praise," says Jean Paul, but even flattery is not always the facile work it seems.

Sir Walter Scott, who was strangely disposed to undervalue his own merit as a poet, preserved the most genuine enthusiasm for the work of others. When his little daughter was asked by James Ballantyne what she thought of The Lady of the Lake, she answered with perfect simplicity that she had not read it. "Papa says there is nothing so

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bad for young people as reading bad poetry." Yet Sir Walter always spoke of Madoc and Thalaba with a reverence that would seem ludicrous were it not so frankly sincere. Southey himself could not have admired them more; and when Jeffrey criticised Madoc with flippant severity in the Edinburgh Review, we find Scott hastening to the rescue in a letter full of earnest and soothing praise. "A poem whose merits are of that higher tone," he argues, "does not immediately take with the public at large. It is even possible that during your own life you must be contented with the applause of the few whom nature has gifted with the rare taste for discriminating in poetry. But the mere readers of verse must one day come in, and then Madoc will assume his real place, at the feet of Milton." The mere readers of verse, being in no wise responsible for Milton's position in literature, have so far put no one at his feet; nor have they even verified Sir Walter's judgment when, writing again to Southey, he says with astonishing candor, "I am not such an ass as not to know that you are my better in poetry, though I have had, probably but for a time, the tide of popularity in my favor." The same spirit of self-depreciation, rare enough to be attractive, made him write to Joanna Baillie that, after reading some of her songs, he had thrust by his own in despair.

But if Sir Walter was an uncertain critic, his views on criticism were marked by sound and kindly discretion, and his patience under attack was the result of an evenly balanced mind, conscious of its own strength, yet too sane to believe itself infallible. He had a singular fancy for showing his manuscripts to his friends, and it is quite delicious to see how doubtful and discouraging were their first comments. Gray, when hard pressed by the "light and genteel" verses of his companion, Richard West, was not more frugal of his doled-out praises. But Scott exacted homage neither from his acquaintances nor from the public. When it came — and it did come very soon in generous abundance — he basked willingly in the sunshine; but he had no uneasy vanity to be frightened by the shade. He would have been as sincerely amused to hear Mr. Borrow call Woodstock "tiresome, trashy, and unprincipled" as Matthew Arnold seems to be when pelted with strong language by the London newspapers. "I have made a study of the Corinthian or leading-article style," writes the great critic, with exasperating urbanity; "and I know its exigencies, and that they are no more to be quarreled with than the law of gravitation." In fact, the most hopeless barrier to strife is the steady indifference of a man who knows he has work to do, and who goes on doing it irrespective of anybody's opinion. Lady Harriet Ashburton, who dearly loved the war of words, in which she was sure to be a victor, was forced to confess that where no friction was excited, even her barbed shafts fell harmless. "It is like talking into a soft surface," she sighed, with whimsical despondency; "there is no rebound."

American critics have the reputation of being more kind-hearted than discriminating. The struggling young author, unless overweeningly foolish, has little to fear from their hands; and, if his reputation be once fairly established, all he chooses to write is received with a gratitude which seems excessive to the more exacting readers of France and England. If he be a humorist, we are always alert and straining to see the fun; if a story-teller, we politely smother our yawns, and say something about a keen analysis of character, a marked originality of treatment, or a purely unconventional theme; if a scholar, no pitfalls are dug for his unwary feet by reviewers like Mr. Collins. Such virulent and personal attacks we consider very uncomfortable reading, as in truth they

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are, and we have small appetite at any time for a sound kernel beneath a bitter rind. Yet surely in these days, when young students turn impatiently from the very fountain-heads of learning, too much stress cannot be laid on the continuity of literature, and on the absolute importance of the classics to those who would intelligently explore the treasure-house of English verse. Moreover, Mr. Collins has aimed a few well-directed shafts against the ingenious system of mutual admiration, by which a little coterie of writers, modern Della Cruscans, help each other into prominence, while an unsuspecting public is made "the willing dupe of puffers." This delicate game, which is now conducted with such well-rewarded skill by a few enterprising players, consists, not so much in open flattery, though there is plenty of that too, as in the minute chronicling of every insignificant circumstance of each other's daily lives, from the hour at which they breakfast to the amount of exercise they find conducive to appetite, and the shape and size of their dining-room tables. We are stifled by the literary gossip which fills the newspapers and periodicals. Nothing is too trivial, nothing too irrelevant, to be told; and when, in the midst of an article on any subject, from grand-dukes to gypsies, a writer gravely stops to explain that a perfectly valueless remark was made to him on such an occasion by his friend such a one, whose interesting papers on such a topic will be well remembered by the readers of such a magazine, we are forcibly reminded of the late Master of Trinity's sarcasm as to the many things that are too unimportant to be forgotten.

People fed on sugared praises cannot be expected to feel an appetite for the black broth of honest criticism. There was a time, now happily past, when the reviewer's skill lay simply in the clever detection of flaws; it was his business in life to find out whatever was weak or absurd in an author, and to hold it up for the amusement of those who were not quick enough to see such things for themselves. Now his functions are of a totally different order, and a great many writers seem to think it his sole duty to bring them before the public in an agreeable light, to say something about their books which will be pleasant for them to read and to pass over in turn to their friends. If he cannot do this, it is plain he has no sanction to say anything at all. That the critic has a duty to the public itself is seldom remembered; that his work is of the utmost importance, and second in value only to the original conception he analyzes, is a truth few people take the pains to grasp. Coleridge thought him a mere maggot, battening upon authors' brains; yet how often has he helped us to gain some clear insight into this most shapeless and shadowy of great men! Wordsworth underrated his utility, yet Wordsworth's criticisms are among the finest we can read; and, to argue after the fashion of Mr. Myers, the average student would gladly exchange The Idiot Boy, or Goody Blake and Harry Gill, for another letter upon Dryden. As a matter of fact, the labors of the true critic are more essential to the author, even, than to the reader. It is natural that poets and novelists should devoutly believe that the creative faculty alone is of any true service to the world, and that it cannot rightly be put to trial by those to whom this higher gift is rigorously denied. But the critical power, though on a distinctly lower level than the creative, is of inestimable help in its development. Great work thrives best in a critical atmosphere, and the clear light thrown upon the past is the surest of guides to the future. When the standard of criticism is high, when the influence of classical and foreign literature is understood and appreciated, when slovenly and ill-digested work is promptly recognized as such, then, and then

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only, may we look for the full expansion of a country's genius. To be satisfied with less is an amiable weakness rather than an invigorating stimulant to perfection.

Matthew Arnold's definition of true criticism is familiar to all his readers; it is simply "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." But by disinterestedness he does not mean merely that a critic must have no distinct design of flattering either his subject or his audience. He means that in order to recognize what is really the best a man must free himself from every form of passion or prejudice, from every fixed opinion, from every practical consideration. He must not look at things from an English, or a French, or an American, standpoint. He has no business with politics or patriotism. These things are excellent in themselves, and may be allowed to control his actions in other matters; but when the question at issue is the abstract beauty of a poem, a painting, a statue, or a piece of architecture, he is expected to stand apart from his every-day self, and to judge of it by some higher and universal law. This is a difficult task for most men, who do not respire easily in such exceedingly rarefied air, and who have no especial taste for blotting out their individuality. With Macaulay, for instance, political considerations frankly outweigh all others; he gives us the good Whig and the wicked Tory on every page, after the fashion of Hogarth's idle and industrious apprentices. Mr. Bagehot, while a far less transparent writer, manifests himself indirectly in his literary preferences. When we have read his essay on Shakespeare, we feel pretty sure we know his views on universal suffrage. Mr. Andrew Lang has indeed objected vehemently to the intrusion of politics into literature, perhaps because of a squeamish distaste for the harsh wranglings of the political field. But Mr. Arnold is incapable of confusing the two ideas. His taste for Celtic poetry and his attitude towards home rule are both perfectly defined and perfectly isolated sentiments; just as his intelligent admiration and merciless condemnation of Heinrich Heine stand side by side, living witnesses of a mind that holds its own balance, losing nothing that is good, condoning nothing that is evil, as far removed from weak enthusiasm on the one hand as from frightened depreciation on the other.

It is folly to rail at the critic until we have learned his value; it is folly to ignore a help which we are not too wise to need. "The best that is known and thought in the world" does not stand waiting for admission on our doorsteps. Like the happiness of Hesiod, it "abides very far hence, and the way to it is long and steep and rough." It is hard to seek, hard to find, and not easily understood when discovered. Criticism does not mean a random opinion on the last new novel, though even the most dismal of light literature comes fairly within its scope. It means a disinterested endeavor to learn and to teach whatever wisdom or beauty has been added by every age and every nation to the great inheritance of mankind.

Agnes Repplier.

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THE SECOND SON.

IX.

MOUNT TRAVERS.

MOUNT TRAVERS, which was the name of the place which Elizabeth's uncle had built when he became a rich man, was of a very different description from the older houses of the district. It stood out barely on the top of a hill, surmounting everything within range of half a dozen miles, with a few half-grown plantations round it. It was constructed in the style of what was supposed to be in those dark days an English manor-house; that is, in red brick, to which dignity, it had been fondly hoped, was given by the introduction of large bays and great windows in hewn stone. No redder or whiter house ever existed outside of a nursery book. At the foot of the height on which it stood the natural foliage of the leafy country rose in waves of varying green, but near the house itself, to give it shelter or shade, were nothing but shrubs and neatly planted trees, which were not tall enough to hide a single corner of the brilliant walls. Mr. Travers had thought all this very fine, and a proof of the superiority of the nineteenth century; for there was no other plate-glass in all the parish, and the conveniences in every way were innumerable. His horses and even his cows were better lodged by far than the servants at Melcombe, who were all huddled together in old attics at the top of the house, whereas Mr. Travers's butler had a large and airy room, lighted with plate-glass, like his master's. It had been the great pleasure of the last year of old Travers's life to make a striking thing of that new and resplendent dwelling. You stepped into the hall upon tiles of the most elaborate and costly description, and found yourself surrounded with inlaid panels and carvings in oak, which did not pretend to look old, as most things of the kind do, but boldly showed in every leaf and twig an art manufacture fresh from the workshop. The staircases were all ornamented in the same way; the rooms were gorgeous from the hands of the upholsterer; everything was the newest, brightest, and most highly improved of its kind.

Mrs. Travers sat in the great window of the drawing-room, a huge, broad, and lofty bay, where the plate-glass extended from the roof to the floor, and all was as light and naked as the noonday, indeed much more so; for Nature at her most unadorned never takes that air of nakedness which a great, open, unabashed window, making everything more distinct with its vast film of clear glass, throws upon the landscape. Mrs. Travers in her black gown, a speck in that broad stream of light, appeared like a small black image in the intense but doleful whiteness of the prospect beyond. It was a rainy day, the clouds all careering about the skies, throwing occasionally a spiteful dash of rain straight at the window, and the country looking dull yet shrewish, like one who would fain scold, but dared not under the circumstances. The successive waves of the trees, here old, there more recent, the faint tinge of green upon some, the half-opened leaves of others; the undulating country, here a common, there a park, here a piece of rich upland, there a ridge of trees, with villages here and there, and the roof or turrets of a rural mansion appearing out of a thick cluster of wood, — everything was visible from that big window. It seemed like an inquisitive watcher, and in the midst of its staring whiteness sat Mrs. Travers, all black save for the widow's cap and cuffs and collar, which were everything

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that is suggested by the dictates of unmitigated woe.

She was a little, spare woman, with a small, worn face, very gentle to outward semblance, yet with certain lines in it that denoted a querulous soul. She had her work in her hand, a large piece of white knitting, upon which she generally kept her eyes fixed, talking softly on with her face thus rendered opaque, save when she would suddenly and quietly drop her hands in her lap and lift the said eyes, which were of a somewhat muddy blue. This happened at periodical intervals, and was apt to rouse in the interlocutor, if at all sensitive, a certain nervous expectation which was not comfortable. Elizabeth had been used to her aunt's "ways" all her life, and she did not so much mind.

"I hear you were at Melcombe yesterday, Elizabeth."

"Yes, aunt. I went to see Pax."

"You have grown very fond of Pax, as you call her. It was not much of an object for such a long ride."

"Perhaps the ride itself was the chief object," said Elizabeth with a smile. "I have always been fond of Pax, but I did want a ride, a good long ride, after being shut up so long."

"You call it long? Your poor uncle would have been surprised if he had known that, after making you his heiress and everything, you should think six months' mourning too long."

"Dear aunt!" said Elizabeth, with a little sigh of impatience; then she added, "My uncle would understand; he would know that one might long for a little fresh air, and yet mourn him as truly — as truly as" —

She paused. She was a very honest young woman, above all treachery. She began to feel with self-reproach that there was little mourning in her thoughts. Some natural tears she had dropped; nay, she had dropped many. But it cannot be denied that she had begun to wipe them soon. It is the course of nature; because an old man dies, it is impossible that a young woman should shut herself forever out of the world.

Mrs. Travers put down her knitting, and looked at her niece with those little pale blue eyes. Elizabeth thought they looked through her, but this was not the case. Mrs. Travers had not yielded to any violence of grief, and Elizabeth's mourning was quite respectfully "deep," which was almost all that she felt to be required.

"Many people would have thought it necessary, for an uncle who had done so much for them, not to be seen at all for the first year," remarked Mrs. Travers.

"If that were all. I am not in the least anxious to be seen."

"Then, what were you doing at Melcombe You know as well as I do that now you are known to be your uncle's heiress all the young men from far and near will be after you, like flies round a pot of honey."

"Indeed, aunt" —

"Oh, don't tell me you don't know. That is one of the reasons that ought to have made your poor dear uncle leave things more in my hands; for if it had been understood that you were to have the money only at my pleasure, it would have been a refuge for you from fortune-hunters. What he has done, though he meant it well, is really a very bad thing for you," Mrs. Travers said, ending off a row abruptly, with a little tug to bring it straight. "*I* know what fortune-hunters are."

To this Elizabeth made no reply, and after a while her aunt continued. "You saw some of the Mitfords, of course; and of course the old man, whom I never liked, has marked you down for one of his sons. Oh, don't tell me; I know it well enough. The eldest, perhaps, because Mount Travers would be such a nice addition to the property; or the second, because he has not very much of his own, and it would be nice to have him so near home; or the youngest. Now,

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if it had to be one of them," said Mrs. Travers, suddenly lifting her dull but very observant eyes, "the youngest would be my choice."

"I wish you would understand," replied Elizabeth with some vexation, "that there is no question of anything of the kind. I saw the Mitfords pass, all three together, on their way to the station. That was the nearest communication I had with them. I saw young Randolph Tredgold and his father, if you feel interested about them."

"Oh, yes, fortune-hunting too. Of course I am interested about them all, but I will tell you this, Lizzy, if you make any ridiculous marriage like that, taking up with a boy ever so many years younger than yourself, I can't take anything from you in the end, but you sha'n't bring a baby-husband to live in my house."

Elizabeth had gone to the window, and stood close to that great expanse of light, leaning her head against one of the divisions. Had she been, as Mrs. Travers supposed, dependent, no doubt all this would have wounded her deeply. But as there was not the slightest vestige of right in the matter, and the poor lady was as homeless, though she did not know it, as the chair on which she was seated, the poor little ineffectual injury was easier to bear. Elizabeth stood looking out, a little vexed but more sorry, with nothing but compassion slightly tinctured with shame in her face. She was a little mortified that her aunt, her nearest relative, who had known her for so long, should speak to her so.

"I don't think you will be tried," she remarked, with a faint sigh of impatience. And then she added, "Mr. Gavelkind is coming to luncheon to-day. I hope you won't mind. I heard from him this morning that there was something he wanted to speak to — about."

She stopped short at the pronoun, in spite of herself. She would not say "to you," and would not say "to me." Her path was very thorny. The lawyer had to be received somehow, and must have the way prepared for him. Poor Elizabeth, in her impulse of generosity, had found a thousand reasons to answer all arguments, when she was told that her uncle's widow ought to be informed exactly what was the state of affairs. But she had not foreseen such a very ordinary little practical dilemma as this.

"Mr. Gavelkind!" cried Mrs. Travers. "I must say I think it is very strange that he should write to you about coming, and not to me, Elizabeth. I don't like to say so, but I can't hide it from myself. You take a great deal too much upon you, my dear. Though my husband did leave you his heiress, I don't suppose he ever intended to make you mistress of my house."

"Dear aunt!" cried Elizabeth in despair. "You know you never did take any interest in business. He wrote to me, thinking — that he ought not to trouble you about such matters; thinking it would worry you, and that you would not like it, and that I — In short," added Elizabeth, with a sudden inspiration, "it is something about my own little bit of money, after all, and nothing of yours."

"Why did not you say so at once?" asked her aunt. "I shall not wish ever to interfere with your own money. I have always regretted that I was not allowed to manage mine from the beginning. I am sure there would have been more of it now; and as that is all I have to dispose of, to give any little keepsakes to my own relatives — Well, we need n't talk of that any more. If you want any advice I shall be pleased to give you my opinion, Lizzy, but you young people think you know everything better than we do."

"No, indeed, aunt, but I shall not exercise any judgment of my own; I shall do just what Mr. Gavelkind advises. What do I know about stocks and investments?"

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"You ought to know about them, if you don't. You ought to look at the city article every morning, and improve your mind. My father was a stock-broker, and that is what *he* said. 'Read the city article, and then you 'll know as much as any of us do,' — that is what he always said. Of course it does not matter just now with your own thousand or two. But when you have all the Travers money to manage" —

"I hope," said Elizabeth, faltering, turning her head still more away, oppressed by the weight of the untruth which she had meant to be only a tacit one, "that it may be long before."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Travers, in a subdued and softened tone, "I believe you do. I am sure that you don't want to get rid of me for the sake of the money. I may be a little nasty about the will sometimes. It is n't that I ever would have alienated his money, — you should have had it all the same, Lizzy, every penny, — only it would have seemed more trustful-like. But any way, my dear, I am certain you never would grudge me a day's enjoyment of it, — of that I am quite sure."

Elizabeth stole like a culprit behind her aunt's chair and gave her a kiss, at the risk of receiving a stab in return from the knitting-pins. She felt guilty but glad this time, her own heart melting too. "We don't need to say these things between you and me, do we?" she whispered, feeling very tenderly towards the guardian of her youth.

"But, my dear," remarked Mrs. Travers, going on with her knitting after a little emphatic nod of assent, "by that time you will have a husband, who will rule the money and you too."

"I am not so sure of that. At all events, there is no appearance of him as yet upon the horizon," replied Elizabeth returning to her seat, this little episode being over. The worst of it was that such little episodes occurred almost every day.

"And you nearly five and twenty!" said Mrs. Travers. "To a woman who was married at nineteen, as I was, that seems quite old for a girl."

"I don't consider myself a girl," returned Elizabeth, with a smile. "I am like Pax. I have outgrown those vanities."

"Nonsense, my dear. Pax is five and forty if she is a day, and a clergyman's daughter without a penny. Oh, yes, I know all the Melcombe young men were in love with her — once — except the youngest. The youngest is the one I would choose. He is a fine-looking sort of fellow; he is not one of the calculating sort. Roger is as proud as Lucifer, and would snuff and sniff at good honest money, and think a great deal more of his mouldy old lands, and Edmund is a sentimental dawdle; but the third one, Lizzy, he would be the man for me. He has always something to say to a woman. He 'd run off with you, whether you would or not; he 'd give you no peace; he would n't take no for an answer. That is the sort of young fellow I like to see."

"Why, you are like Lydia Languish aunt! I did not know you were so romantic."

"I never was for myself," said the little woman, who had sparkled up out of her widow's weeds for a moment with a flash of spirit and fire which tempted the listener to laugh, "married at nineteen to a stock-broker in the city! I never had any time to be romantic, but I confess I have always been so for you, Lizzy. You are a handsome woman, and you were a very pretty girl. I used always to expect some one to come riding up out of the distance for you. When we first came here I always thought some carriage would break down at the gates, or a gentleman be thrown off his horse, or something. But it never happened. I was dreadfully disappointed when you got to twenty-one, and nobody had ever come for you. Some girls have

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these things happen by the dozen. I never could understand why they did n't happen to you."

"Poor auntie, how I must have disappointed you!" cried Elizabeth, laughing. "I feel quite sorry that Prince Charming has never appeared, for your sake."

"But you have him under your hand now, or I am much mistaken. Next time he comes home on leave, you will just see if he is n't over here on some pretext or other before he has been two days at home, Lizzy" —

"Because he has heard that — I am my uncle's heiress, aunt?"

"Well," observed Mrs. Travers, "you can never leave money out of account in affairs of this sort. A man like that would n't dare to propose to you unless you had money, for he has none: and how could the pair of you live? I don't call that fortune-hunting. He has a very good position, he belongs to an old family, he 's a soldier, which always counts for something, and I am quite sure that he admires you very much. The money 's not his object; it only makes his object possible."

"What a clever woman you are, auntie! You are a casuist as well as a romancer. I never should have seen it in that light."

"Would n't you, now?" said Mrs. Travers, with gratification. "Oh, I am not such a fool as I look. My father always said so. And, my dear, in such a case as that, I need scarcely say — a man whom I liked, and who would cheer us all up, and throw a little *éclat* upon the place — there would be no need of thinking of another establishment, Elizabeth. You would be welcome, and more than welcome, like my son and daughter in my house."

The tears trembled in Elizabeth's eyes, a hot color came over her face. She felt guilty and ashamed, and yet she could hardly restrain the laugh in which alone sometimes a perplexed soul can express itself. "You are always the kindest of the kind, dear aunt," she said.

"You should have your own set of rooms," the old lady went on, quite pleased with her plan, — "sitting-rooms and everything. You should choose them yourselves, and have them furnished to your own taste. I should do everything I could to make you feel — I mean to make *him* feel quite at his ease, and of course you would succeed to everything at my death. Now, Lizzy, if this does happen, as I hope it will, and I am almost sure it will, don't you take any notion into your head that he should have spoken before; for how could he speak before, having no money of his own, and not knowing whether there might be anything more than that thousand or two of your mother's, on your side?"

"My dear aunt, Stephen Mitford has never spoken a dozen words to me in my life," cried Elizabeth, a little vexed. "He has not the remotest idea of anything of the kind, nor of me, at all, I am sure."

"Well," returned Mrs. Travers, "we shall see, we shall see; and certainly he is the one that would be my choice."

X.

THE LAWYER.

Elizabeth received the lawyer, when he arrived, in the room which had been her uncle's business-room, a plain, dark-complexioned little place, with a large writing-table and a few comfortable chairs, but no paraphernalia in the way of books to distract the attention. The charms of business by itself were sufficiently great to make other pleasantnesses unnecessary, Mr. Travers had thought, and accordingly, though the window was quite large and of plate-glass, it looked out upon no panorama

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of varied landscape, but upon a close little corner of shrubbery which rose to a climax in a large larch, very feathery and fine in its way, but which certainly did not add to the light or even cheerfulness of the small, square, brown, uncompromising room. The spring sunshine did not get near this place, nor even the blue of the sky. It was all larch and laurel, and a very modified dull light. And it cannot be said that Elizabeth's companion was an entertaining one. He was a spare man, with a lock of hair growing upon his forehead as if it had somehow strayed there, leaving the crown of his head ungarnished, of a sallow gray color, not unlike parchment, and features that seemed too small for his face; his nose appeared to have remained the size it was in childhood, and the mouth to have grown into a little round aperture by some spell or freak of nature, but the extraordinarily bright little twinkling eyes which completed the countenance seemed to promise that Mr. Gavelkind's intellect had not been arrested in its growth. They dwelt upon Elizabeth with a very kind, paternal look as he shoveled away into a bag the papers he had been placing before her. She had not much more knowledge than she had professed to have, and did in reality prove her confidence very completely in the adviser who had managed all her uncle's affairs; but Elizabeth's ignorance was very intelligent, and he had been explaining a great many things to her, which gave her a certain interest in the large transactions which were now carried on in her name.

"And now," he said, shutting his bag with a snap, "tell me, Miss Elizabeth, what face am I to put on before the poor lady, whom you are deceiving for her good?"

"Oh, don't say deceiving, Mr. Gavelkind."

"What shall I call it, then? Give me your name for the business, and I shall use it. I know no other, according to my own lights."

"Then you must not use your own lights. Fancy not allowing her to believe that she is mistress in her own house. I would rather lose it altogether, and be dependent upon her bounty, as she thinks would have been more just."

"You would not have liked that."

"No, perhaps I should n't, but that is not the question. I have told her — I hope it is not too dreadful a fib, but what can I do? — that it is my own little bit of money you have come to me about."

"Well, it is your own money, so far as that is concerned, but you will have to tell a great fib before you are done, which is what I warned you; and if she should once get a clue, and begin to suspect, you will be very easily found out."

"Oh, please don't say so, Mr. Gavelkind. I admit it is n't so easy as I thought. Little things occur which I had not foreseen, and I am quite frightened when I see how clever I get in explaining. Do you think it will give me the habit of telling fibs?"

"Very likely indeed. But I hope you can trust your memory, for that is the worst of it that when we step beyond the truth we are so apt to forget what the last l— fib, I mean, was."

"You are dreadfully severe," said Elizabeth, half laughing, not without a little inclination to cry. "That *is* exactly what I feel; and sometimes I contradict myself, and can't remember what I said last."

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive," quoted the lawyer. "The thing I fear is that you will not be able to keep it up."

"Oh, yes, I shall be able to keep it up," she cried hurriedly, and led the way out of the room. At times this deception, at which everybody who knew of it shook their heads, got too much for poor Elizabeth. She took Mr. Gavelkind to

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the cold lightness of the drawing-room, and ran up to her own room, to bathe her forehead and refresh herself. The situation occasionally got upon her nerves, as people say. She felt disposed to laugh and cry, with a sobbing mixture of sounds, and could not stop herself for a minute; but Elizabeth was not at all a hysterical subject, and good sense and cold water soon got the better of this.

"Well, Mr. Gavelkind," observed Mrs. Travers, "I hear you have come to see my niece about her investments. Have you got some new chance for that little money of hers? I expect to hear it has quite doubled its value, since you take so much interest in it."

"I take an interest in the money of all my clients," said the lawyer, "and I am glad to see that Miss Travers begins to understand business, which is what a great many ladies can never be taught to do."

"Yes, indeed," assented the old lady. "I was of that kind myself, so long as I had my husband to think for me. But now if you were to give me the benefit of your instructions, as you do Elizabeth, — you know I am a stock-broker's daughter, I ought to have a little aptitude, — I think I might begin to understand too."

"There is no occasion, my dear lady, no occasion," said the lawyer hastily; "everything is as comfortable as possible. If there is any need, then it will be time enough. Your niece is getting back her color, Mrs. Travers, I am glad to see. For some time after your great loss, whether it was altogether distress or something to do with the deep mourning, I quite feared that Miss Elizabeth" —

"She is always very well, thank you," interrupted the widow rather sharply. "Elizabeth's health need give nobody any trouble. What should be the matter with her, at her age? At mine these great shocks are a very different matter." It was indeed a little hard upon Mrs. Travers to have her attention called to the depth of her niece's sorrow, when no notice was taken of any paleness or changed looks of her own.

Elizabeth came in at this moment with something of a flush upon her face, owing to the large application of fresh cold water with which she had been driving away the momentary hysterical sensation produced by all the contrarieties of feeling in which she was involved.

"She is red enough just now, certainly," her aunt remarked, choosing, as elderly relatives not unfrequently do, the least complimentary expressions possible. "Is luncheon ready, Elizabeth? Mr. Gavelkind has begun to think already about catching his train."

This anxiety, though, perhaps, it really existed in the lawyer's mind, had not been expressed, but he only smiled, and owned that he was anxious to get back to town as soon as possible; and Mrs. Travers, taking his arm, led him into the dining-room, which was on the opposite side of the hall, and commanded the same extended prospect through the clear sheets of plate-glass.

"What a view, to be sure!" Mr. Gavelkind exclaimed. "I suppose you are higher up than anybody in the county. Why, some of the trees are quite green already; and I like that sort of purply down over them that shows spring's coming. Why, you have the air quite fresh from the sea."

"Nine hundred feet above the sea level," observed Mrs. Travers, with a touch of pride; "and nothing so high between us and the Channel. You can smell the air quite salt sometimes, and even see it, they say, on fine days; but I can't say that I put very much faith in that."

"And that's Whitelocks common just underneath. Such a sweep of land as that is quite good enough without any sea. And that's Whitelocks itself among the trees. I used to know it very well in the late lord's time. I knew all the country about pretty well. What's that

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brown house to the west, with the little square tower? Oh, it 's Melbury, I remember. Are the Mitfords still there? I suppose you know everybody as far as you can see."

"We know the Mitfords, at all events," replied Mrs. Travers, significantly, with a glance at Elizabeth. "There are three young men in the house; and that is a fact which can't be without interest where there is a girl and an heiress."

"It amuses you, at any rate, to think so, auntie."

"Amuses me! Oh, no; on the contrary, it makes me very anxious. Three young men, all marriageable, planted at my very door! And I think a young woman in Elizabeth's position, or, rather, in what her position will be, ought to have a husband. It is all very well for her to understand her investments under your instructions, Mr. Gavelkind; but a woman never is very bright on such matters, you may say what you like, and her husband would understand them much better."

"That is sometimes the case, I must allow," said Mr. Gavelkind, "but Miss Elizabeth" —

"I hope you don't want to turn Elizabeth's head with your compliments. She is just a girl like other girls. She will take up that sort of thing if she has nothing else in her head, and she will make you think she understands it. You will imagine that she takes quite an interest, and cares more for it than anything else. But the moment other things come in which are more congenial, you will find it is like the seed sown on thin soil, where there is, as the Bible says, no deepness of earth, and that it has all withered away."

"That 's very natural, I believe," returned the lawyer.

"You talk over me very much at your ease," remarked Elizabeth, with a laugh; but she was a little nervous, and slightly excited still. "I am quite capable of taking care of myself and of everything I may have, without asking other assistance than Mr. Gavelkind's, I assure you, aunt."

"You need not assure me anything of the kind, for I will not believe it," Mrs. Travers answered, and then turning to the lawyer she said, "What I am afraid of is that Elizabeth will choose the least suitable, if she is left to herself, which is what girls generally do. But, fortunately, she has not very much to think of in the way of money as yet."

"Fortunately!" assented the lawyer. He had shot one glance out of his keen eyes at Elizabeth, who had not replied with any sign or look from hers. Then he directed the conversation into another channel by commending the dish from which Mrs. Travers had helped him. She was very ambitious on the point of cookery, and delighted to hear that Mr. Gavelkind's cook had never been able to reach the perfection of these chicken cutlets. "And she came to me from Lord Youngham's," the lawyer said, "where a great deal of attention was paid to the kitchen. There was a French man cook, and this woman of mine was the first kitchen-maid, but we never have anything on our table that can come up to this."

"Perhaps Mrs. Gavelkind does not take great interest in it herself," said Mrs. Travers, well pleased. "They all know I do, not for the sake of eating, — though I think that even in the way of eating we should all know what we are about, — but I love to see a nice dish, looking well and tasting well. I take a great deal of trouble about it altogether. I 'm fond of seeing a nice luncheon and a nice dinner on the table. And my cook knows that. Has Mrs. Gavelkind ever tried" — And here the old lady entered into domestic particulars such as her listener did not disdain. Elizabeth sat and listened vaguely, hearing the voices run on, though without any very clear perception of what they said. She was not interested in all the ingredients

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of the sauce, and the elaboration of the process by which that perfection was reached, but she knew it interested her aunt, and that there was no such good way of withdrawing her attention from much more important matters. Elizabeth sat at the foot of the smaller square table, drawn near the window now that the weather was milder, and commanding the whole wide landscape, miles upon miles, in all the softness of the spring tints, stretching away into the horizon. In the midst of this wide scene her eyes instinctively caught the low square tower of Melbury amid its trees. When the foliage was out the house was almost hid, but at the present moment the range of those windows along the south front, which made every one a little chamber of its own, projecting from the long line of the sitting-rooms, showed all the way, and reminded Elizabeth, in spite of herself, of various little scenes. She had sat there on summer evenings, last year, with Nina and her chatter, with "the boys," as Pax called them, one after another. Her aunt's remarks brought those recollections back. Last summer had been the only one in which the Travers household had been fully received into the life of the county. There had been a certain amount of curiosity about them and their reported wealth, and their great new blazing house, and then there had been a certain hesitation before the neighbors "took them up;" but that period of doubt had ended in a general advance, and during the last summer before her uncle died they had "gone everywhere," as people say. It was a good thing he had tasted such sweetness as there was in that, Elizabeth thought to herself, as her aunt discoursed and enlightened her appreciative listener. Poor old uncle! he had got as much good as the circumstances allowed out of the situation. It had been a great pleasure to him to build that wonderful house, with all the latest improvements in it, and to overtop everybody, looking down upon the lower-lying houses of the gentry, and upon the villages that peeped at various corners. And at the last he had been very well received in the country; he had been asked to all the best houses, he had felt himself to be acknowledged by all the constituted authorities: no doubt that had given him pleasure. But now that he was dead, and had left so many complications and perplexities behind him, Elizabeth could not but ask herself whether it was an unmingled good to be thus uplifted, like a city on a hill, to be stared at, perhaps laughed at. The situation of the house and her own situation seemed to run into each other, so that she could scarcely keep them apart. She was the heiress, known far and wide, held out to public competition, as it were, just as her house was held out in a blaze of color and reflection, so that all the country would see it. If they had stayed in town, Elizabeth would have been but one of many, and she would have lived in the unobtrusive level of a street, in the midst of other houses like her own. What a pity that it had ever occurred to him to plunge into this new way of living, to begin afresh for so short a time in this new world!

Presently, however, the conversation in which she took no part came to an end, and Mr. Gavelkind began to fidget and to talk of his train. He had time to walk, but no more than time, and the walk would be more pleasant, he declared, than the dog-cart which was at his service. "Perhaps Miss Elizabeth will walk down the hill with me," he said. And Elizabeth took him through the new plantations, still so straggling and unfinished in their youthfulness, by the short cut to the railway, which was another thing Mr. Travers had prided himself upon. "Poor uncle liked to think he had so short a way to the station. He used to say that though we were so much higher up than anybody, we had still the nearest access to the world."

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"Poor old gentleman," remarked Mr. Gavelkind. "What a pity, what a pity! Just when he had got everything ready for his own enjoyment, to go and leave it all! He must have regretted it so; and who can tell whether there will be all the modern improvements where he has gone?"

"You must not laugh," said Elizabeth. "He was very good to me. I can't bear laughing on such a subject."

"My dear young lady! Laugh! No, you need not fear, there was no laughing in my mind. It is a curious question, though, and one I often think of: What will happen to us, with all our artificial wants, in what I may call Another Place? Don't you know what I mean? It should be primitive there, if it 's anything; like Eden, don't you know? — quite pastoral or agricultural at the most; and an old gentleman accustomed to a town life and all sorts of conveniences — If you think I am laughing you are very much mistaken. I often think of it, and how much at a loss we shall probably be," Mr. Gavelkind said, with a sigh.

Elizabeth felt, with a humorous suggestion at which she was shocked, the ruefulness in her companion's tone, — an old city man, full of his little habits, in the garden of Eden! It was not possible to exclude a sense of the ludicrous from that image.

"I should think," she said, with a little trembling of her lip, which, to tell the truth, was caused more by a struggle to preserve her gravity than to repress her feelings, "that all good people would be at home there."

"Yes, yes, oh, yes!" cried Mr. Gavelkind; and then he changed the subject abruptly, pausing upon a knoll to take breath, and pointing with a wave of his hand toward Melbury. "My dear Miss Elizabeth, I 've known you all your life, and I am one of your trustees: tell me, is there any truth in what Mrs. Travers said?"

XI.

THE SQUIRE.

Elizabeth came quickly up the slope, having parted with the lawyer at the gate. Perhaps the color on her face was partly from the climb, but it was no doubt a little from the cross-examination to which she had been subjected. Something in it! She had answered quickly, "Nothing whatever!" with a little start almost of offense. Then she had laughed, and said it was silly of her to feel annoyed. "My aunt is not a match-maker," she said, "but she likes to speculate on possibilities, which are possibilities only in her own mind."

"Many ladies do," assented Mr. Gavelkind. "It is like making up a novel. It seems to give them a great deal of amusement."

"To be sure," said Elizabeth. "It is too silly to object to what amuses her, only she ought not to speak of it as if it were, or might be, true."

The lawyer gave a sidelong glance at the young lady by his side, whose color had risen though she laughed. "No, that 's imprudent," he said. "It sometimes spoils sport."

They had reached the gate as he said this, and Elizabeth had not time to object or protest. But she was red with indignation as well as other sentiments, as she hastened up the ascending path. The air was very fresh in her face, coming from the west, the rainy quarter, and charged with moisture. The gravel glistened, and so did the polished leaves of the evergreens, with the occasional showers. It was not a cheerful day, on the whole, for the ordinary pedestrian, but Elizabeth, in the revulsion of feeling after six months of partial seclusion, and with the consciousness of the spring in her veins, found a certain excitement, if not exhilaration, even in the hostile weather, the dash of rain in her face,

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and the capricious puffs of the changeable wind. After that quiet period her mind had sprung up afresh. She felt a tumult of life in it, pushing forward to new efforts. She walked briskly up and down the broad walk in front of the house. Mrs. Travers had left her usual place in the great window of the drawing-room, and retired to her bedroom for her equally usual doze, so that there was no one to disturb or to be disturbed by Elizabeth as she paced up and down, keeping the confusion of her thoughts in restraint rather than actively producing them. There was too much rain in the sky to justify a long walk, even in the close-fitting dark-gray ulster and cloth hat, which were things which could take no harm, and nowhere could she have got more air or a more extended prospect. There is little doubt that Mr. Gavelkind had given a fresh start and impetus to her thoughts with his questions. They hurried on far more quickly than her steps, which scattered the gravel; they went as quick as the clouds careering over the sky. Now and then when she came to the end of her promenade, as she turned quickly, the immense landscape below suddenly attracted her, and made her stand still for a moment. What a breadth of undulating country, what ridges of trees, what soft down of the new corn upon the fields! Everything was full of promise and new life; the very sap showing as it coursed in the veins of every tree.

But there was one spot which above all others attracted Elizabeth's look. Her eyes turned there instinctively, she did not know why. Seriously she did not know why, unless because the recent talk had directed her that way in spite of herself. For, she said to herself, she had no connection with Melcombe to turn her face that way,—none whatever! There was nothing in it; neither in her aunt's foolish talk, nor in the questions which Mr. Gavelkind had put, and to which Elizabeth believed she had been very decisive and even peremptory in her reply.

Nothing in it? After all, was that quite seriously and sincerely true? Or if so, why, in all that landscape, did her eyes light continually upon the little square tower of Melbury among the trees?

Elizabeth was disturbed by the interposition of the question put against her will by herself to herself. One can answer a lawyer, though he may put his question very cleverly, much better than one can answer one's self. When one's self chooses to be inquisitive, there is nothing for it but sophistry and a wrapping up of the question in evasions, which, however, do not conceal the truth from that all-scrutinizing judge. Was there nothing in it? There was this in it: that there were two young men at Melbury (Elizabeth characteristically replied to her aunt's imaginations on the subject by forgetting that there was a third), about her own age, in her own position, likely enough either of them. She turned abruptly round and gave her head a shake, to throw off any irrelevant thoughts. Well, what about those two young men? They were nothing to Elizabeth. They were well looking enough, well mannered, well educated, on the whole nice enough. You could not better them in a summer's day. A woman could not complain if either of them fell to her lot. At Whitelocks the eldest son was a shambling boy, but the Mitfords were excellent representations of manhood. That was all that there was to say, and the reader will perceive that it was nothing. There was nothing in it; and Elizabeth Travers, so far as these young men were concerned, was fancy-free.

She laughed softly to herself, after she had got over the little shock with which she had been conscious that herself to herself was putting that question. There is safety in numbers, she thought; one does not fall in love with

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two. But both were interesting to her, she could not venture to deny. Nay, she would admit it, proclaim it, holding her head high. In all the county she had not become acquainted with any other two human creatures so interesting. They had both been in love with Pax, in their day, — dear Pax, who called them "the boys," and was so fond of them, and their most faithful friend. There was something in all this which pleased Elizabeth's imagination. It was quite a beautiful point in the moral landscape, as in the scene before her it was pretty to see the tower of Melbury rising homely and brown among the trees. If there were anything in it, that was all, and what was that? Nothing whatever, as she had said.

At this point Elizabeth became aware of a figure on the road below, walking briskly in the direction of the lodge, which lay almost at her feet. There was something in his air which made it apparent to her that he was coming to call. How it is that this is always so unmistakable it would be hard to say, and yet it is so. You can tell even by the pace of the horses when a carriage is aiming for your own door; how much more by the attitude of a man! He was coming to call. Who was he? A large, imposing presence of a man; holding his head high, walking as if the place belonged to him. That was how the lodge-keeper's wife described him afterwards. "Mr. Mitford 's a fine man," she said; "he 's like a nobleman. He walks as if the ground was n't good enough to set his whole foot upon, kind of starting off from it, like he scorned it."

Elizabeth looked at him for some time, with his springy step, not making out who he was. When it suddenly dawned upon her that it was Mr. Mitford of Melbury, not the son but the father, the blood flashed again with double power to her face, and she hurried in-doors, feeling as though she were escaping; and yet she had no wish to avoid the visitor. She ran up-stairs to her aunt's room, and tapped at the door. "Dear aunt, I don't want to disturb you, but here is Mr. Mitford coming to call," she said. Then she went to her own room, and threw off her ulster and her cloth hat, in which she looked very pretty, though she was horrified at the idea of being found in them, and smoothed her ruffled locks. Her hair, thus blown about by the wind and sprinkled with diamond drops by the rain, was extremely becoming in its untidy condition. Perhaps Elizabeth, as she glanced into the glass, was not unconscious of this, but she brushed it all flat and smooth with a remorseless hand.

Then slowly, decorously, she went down-stairs and took up her place in the drawing-room, in front of the great window, to prepare for the visit, — which after all was no more than any other visit, if there were nothing whatever in what her aunt had said to the lawyer. Elizabeth's heart beat a little, all the same, she could not have told why, and she had more color than usual and a brighter reflection in her eyes.

"I understood that Mrs. Travers was seeing her friends at last," Mr. Mitford said. "I am glad of it, heartily glad of it. It is not good to shut one's self up with one's grief, if you will let me say so."

"It was scarcely that. My aunt has not been well. She is always delicate, and it was a great shock."

Elizabeth did not like to take the sacred name of grief in vain. She felt with a moment of shame that even in the case of Mrs. Travers the sorrow which had followed her uncle's death had not been of that sublime and majestic kind, devoid of consolation, in which youth hopes and believes.

"No doubt, no doubt," assented the Squire, "but we must not let our emotions swallow us up. Something is due, my dear Miss Travers, to our friends and to society. Because one is absent,

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however dear, we must not shut out all the world."

Elizabeth was silent, not knowing how to reply to such a broad statement, and Mr. Mitford went on to make various inquiries about her own tastes and habits. He had heard that she had been at the Rectory, with that noble mare of hers. It would have been very pleasant to him if she had come as far as Melbury; but he was aware that his little Nina was too much of a child to be any attraction, and that he and a parcel of sons could scarcely expect such a visitor, "though we should all have felt it a great honor," he added. He had always been civil to Elizabeth, being the kind of man who is never unaffected by the presence of a woman with any pretensions to good looks; but he had never before paid his court in this deferential way. The effort was somewhat bewildering, slightly amusing, half oppressive; and Elizabeth was glad when Mrs. Travers appeared, to whom he made some of these pretty speeches over again.

"I have no one to pay visits for me," he said; "my little daughter 's too young. You must accept me as the representative of my family, Mrs. Travers, and let me express my pleasure in the thought that we shall have you in the midst of us again."

"You are very obliging, Mr. Mitford," returned Mrs. Travers. The little lady was much surprised and slightly excited by this unexpected *empressement*. It looked as if he must mean something, but what to a six months' widow of her respectable standing could the man mean?

"My sons have just left me," said the Squire. "One can't easily keep young men out of London at this time of the year. Roger, indeed, is not at all a man for town; but it takes some time to get out of the engagements which a young fellow plunges into without thought. He 'll make a good family man one of these days."

"He ought to marry," declared Mrs. Travers. "That is the best thing to steady a young man."

"The very best my dear lady, — the foundation of all real happiness, as you and I, alas, have good reason to know."

Mrs. Travers eyed her visitor with some curiosity. "I don't see why you should say 'alas.' It has been the very best thing for me that ever happened in my life, and I am sure my poor dear would have said so too. He has left me only a life interest in the property," she added abruptly, fixing her eyes coldly upon the visitor, in whom, with all directness and a good deal of the pleasure of being acute enough to see through and through him, she saw a possible candidate for the reversion of Mr. Travers's possessions. The widow felt that there should be no deception practiced upon him in that respect.

"A life interest," Mr. Mitford said. He knew all about the will, much better than she herself did. "I thought that Miss Travers — I thought that" —

Elizabeth looked quickly up at him with a keen glance of meaning, which he did not understand, though it startled him. "I am sure, aunt, that Mr. Mitford does not care to examine into our private affairs," she said.

"I have no secrets, Elizabeth; everything has always been quite clear and above-board with me. So near a neighbor might easily be interested. Yes, the property is all locked up hard and fast. It was his own, to do what he liked with it, and I never should have gone against him. The only thing that I feel a little is that he might have known me better, and had more confidence; but no doubt everything is for the best."

"That is always a satisfaction," remarked the Squire piously, "whatever our circumstances may be."

"So it is," said Mrs. Travers, "but no doubt you have noticed that people seldom say so when they are pleased with their circumstances. I care noth

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ing about the property, for in any case of course Elizabeth should have had it after me, all the same. It is only the want of confidence that is a little vexing. But you great proprietors, I have always heard say, have just as little freedom with your entails."

"Not I," replied Mr. Mitford briskly. "There is no entail to speak of in my property. I can leave it to whom I like, the youngest as easily as the eldest, — or away from them altogether, if I please."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Travers; then, after a pause, "It must give you a great deal of hold on them to have that in your power."

"It does," he said, with a satisfied expression, shutting his mouth after the words were said, as if he had closed and locked the door of his treasures. Elizabeth sat and looked on with a curious terror and repugnance growing upon her. These two old people (as she thought them, though neither was very old), comparing notes with a certain eagerness of fellow-feeling over their power to influence the generations after them, sent a chill into her blood. One of them, at least, might be impotent to do anything, but there was a gleam in Mrs. Travers's eyes which told how much she also would like to have the power of posthumous revenge or injury in her hands.

"Well, it is a great thing to be able to do what one pleases," Mrs. Travers observed, with a long-drawn breath. "It must make you feel that what you have is really your own. But that can never be in a woman's case unless she is an heiress in her own right, as Elizabeth will be when I am gone. She will be like you, quite free to leave it to whom she likes."

"We must tie her down in her marriage settlements," said the Squire, with a laugh.

"If I were she, I should not let myself be tied down. I should keep it in my own hands. Money is power, don't you know? I never was in that position. My husband's money was almost all of his own making, and I never questioned his right to dispose of it. Lizzy is his natural heir, as we never had any children of our own, his natural-born heir, being his brother's daughter, while I," she continued with an irony which gave her a certain enjoyment, "was only his wife."

Mr. Mitford was completely puzzled. He could not but ask himself whether there was not some codicil, some rider to the will which he had seen, which made her a more important person than he had thought. If it were only after her death that Elizabeth inherited! — and she was not an old woman from his point of view. He continued the conversation with unabated cordiality, and took his leave with many pretty speeches, but he carried with him subject for thought. If after all there should be nothing to be got by it till after her death!

"Dear aunt," Elizabeth said when he was gone, "since you care so much for it, I wish the money had been yours, and yours only; but may we not keep that grievance to ourselves?"

"I don't see why I should n't speak of it, Lizzy. It is no grievance. I should have done the same whatever had happened; but these circumstances in which everybody, and a gentleman particularly, ought to know the exact truth" —

"A gentleman particularly!" Elizabeth repeated in consternation; but the meaning of the phrase entirely escaped her, though it seemed to mean more than reached the ear.

XII.

MR. MITFORD'S INVESTIGATIONS.

Mr. Mitford, it is needless to say, had no such ideas in his mind as those which had been suggested by his remarks to his widowed neighbor. As a general rule he disliked women, having found

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them in his way all his life. His daughters had happily gone off, and had not troubled him, — all but Nina, who was not a disagreeable plaything in her way, and for whom one of her married sisters would probably provide before long. He did not contemplate with any pleasure the introduction into his house of even a Mrs. Roger, though he was aware that a certain additional respectability, a greater claim upon the regard of your neighbors, follows the presence of a mistress in the house. He scorned, indeed, the notion that a house could be better ordered, or its expenses regulated better, under feminine supervision than under his own. Nay, he knew that he was a better housekeeper than any woman, as a man when he gives his mind to it is sure to be, the Squire believed. But he was a little disturbed in his mind by Mrs. Travers's statements. He had looked up the will in Doctors' Commons without making any fuss about it, and he was aware exactly how things stood. The idea of a codicil was impossible, since that must have been registered and in evidence also. But nobody could say what a romantic young woman might do. Elizabeth might personally have executed some deed to put herself in subjection. She might have signed some instrument which she could not annul, to please her aunt, or in accordance with some whim of her own. Women are full of whims. There is nothing they are so fond of doing as rushing into all sorts of muddles with lawyers; it gives them importance, it gives them occupation, and an adroit man, probably an old ally of Mrs. Travers, could persuade the girl into anything. These were the troublesome thoughts with which Mr. Mitford went down the hill, not any idea of proposing himself to the widow to fill the old stock-broker's place.

He had a great many things to disturb him, it must be allowed. Roger had gone away, refusing or postponing the execution of his father's wishes, and Mr. Mitford, who was not without sense, began to see that it was a mistaken policy to urge upon a young man a marriage which there was any hope of bringing about in a more natural way. He felt that he had taken a wrong step, and that the probable effect would be to drive his son further off from Elizabeth, not to make her seem more desirable. This consciousness of wrong on his own side neither made his reflections more pleasant, nor softened his anger. When, indeed, should a man be angry, if it is not when he has made a mistake? Roger's abrupt departure, though he was aware that in itself it was no bad thing, had left him in that impotence of displeasure which is one of the greatest burdens of the choleric man. For there was nobody to find fault with, nobody to express his wrath to or pour out its vials upon. The servants had all felt it, — but there is comparatively little satisfaction in wasting your rage upon servants, — and Nina had fled in tears from the breakfast-table, which, instead of affording relief, had only made the Squire ashamed of himself. The two fellows had gone away together, mutually siding with and abetting each other, forming a sort of conspiracy against their father's lawful power. Words could not express the indignation of the father thus driven to silence. He had taken a walk to Mount Travers, partly to get the better of his wrath, partly to make up for the shortcomings of those "cubs," as he called them to himself, and keep the way open in case of after-ameliorations of the situation. But he came away much sobered, wondering if, after all, it was so much worth the while. Perhaps he had been a little hasty; perhaps it might be just as well to wait and see how things would turn out. After slowly revolving this in his mind, Mr. Mitford returned to his original way of thinking. If any silly thing had been done by Elizabeth, she must be made to alter it; or if she had been so much more silly as to

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commit herself by a deed-poll, or any of those confounded legal instruments which are popularly considered irrevocable, why then — at the worst the old woman could not live forever. Mr. Mitford thought remarks upon his own age were in the very worst taste, and Mrs. Travers was not by several years so old as he was; but he did not hesitate to characterize her as the "old woman," and to conclude that she could not live very long, even had her niece been silly enough to make any effort to put back the "life interest," as she called it, into her hands. No, there could not surely be any great harm done, then; if that confounded boy had not run away just at the least desirable moment. Mr. Mitford had a consciousness that it was he who had driven Roger away, which made him more angry still at the "confounded boy."

The nearest way from Mount Travers was by the West Lodge, which, as it was out of the way for most ordinary purposes, seldom attracted the Squire's attention. When he perceived it in the distance, however, there came back to his mind something that he had heard of Roger's visits there. Mr. Mitford was not strait-laced; he thought the presence of a pretty daughter in the keeper's lodge was a likely enough explanation of a young man's visits; and though he considered it right to put a stop to such things, which always eventually do a man harm, yet he was at the same time of the opinion that among such people, as in other classes, it was their own business to take care of their girls. He might have launched a thunderbolt at his son for mixing himself up in any discreditable story, but at the same time he would have felt that if Blowsabella thrust herself into the way she must take the consequences. It occurred to him at the moment that he would look in, as he passed, and see what Blowsabella was like, and perhaps give her mother a word; for the last thing that was to be desired was any scandal, so long as there was even a chance of Elizabeth Travers and her wealth.

He marched into the little house with the ease of a man to whom it belonged, and took Mrs. Ford's frightened welcome without paying much attention to it. "Ford out?" he inquired. "I dare say you 'll do as well. All right about the house, eh? No leakages? drains in order? I like these things to be seen to in the spring, if anything 's wrong. It used to be thought rather marshy about here."

"Oh, no, sir," replied Mrs. Ford, with another curtsy, "it 's as dry as a bone, sir. We 've never had no floods here."

"Well, that 's a good thing," said the Squire, glancing round. He was looking for the girl, but he could not say so. "You have made the little place look very comfortable," he added, approvingly, "and I hear you 've got a nice little garden. What, another sitting room, too! I never knew these lodges were so large."

Mrs. Ford's mind was sadly divided between pride and alarm. When a poor woman has a daughter like Lily, it is hard not to want to show her, especially when there is a parlor like Lily's parlor in addition to be shown off. But she had an instinctive feeling that the Squire meant no good by his visit, and that it might be wise to keep these glories of her life to herself. She had no time, however, to think; for while Mr. Mitford directed his keen eyes to the little dark passage evidently leading to that best room which is the ideal of such homely housekeepers, there suddenly appeared in the doorway before him, floating in with all the ease of one at home, such a radiant apparition as took away the Squire's breath. Her mother said afterward, in awe-stricken tones, that never before had Lily looked so beautiful. The western sun came in at the cottage window, and just reached her, touching her hair till it glittered as if it were all mixed

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with threads of gold. In color, in bloom, in everything that goes toward that first dazzle of physical perfection which the French call the *beauté de diable*, Lily was at her best. She did not know there was any one there, therefore she was free of any of the little affectations of self-consciousness; and when she did perceive that there was some one, and who it was, Lily's first thoughts were not of her own appearance, nor of the impression she would like to make. She had a sense of fright, a sort of suspended animation till she should know what the object of this visit was. The Squire stood before her, astounded, not knowing what to think. He plucked off his hat, which he had (naturally, according to his ideas) kept on his head when he went into the keeper's cottage, a remarkable evidence not only of the effect produced upon him, but of the bewilderment of his mind under this sudden impression. He thought for the first moment that it was some young lady of the district, who had come to give Mrs. Ford orders about needlework, or to visit her in a benign and angelic way, as ladies are in the habit of visiting poor women; but when he had taken a rapid note of the circumstances, of the young lady's uncovered head and in-door dress, and her evident air of being at home, Mr. Mitford could not but gasp with astonishment and consternation. "I — don't think I have met this — young lady before," he said.

"Oh, sir, it 's no young lady," cried Mrs. Ford, tremulously enveloping her arms in her apron, and making an unnecessary curtsy, which brought shame to Lily's face; "it 's my little girl, as madam was so kind to. You 've not seen her, sir, for years and years, and she 's grown up, and had a fine eddication; but bless you, sir, it 's only Lily, it 's my little girl."

"Lily!" exclaimed the Squire, with a sort of roar. He did not put his hat on again, as might have been expected, but held it behind him, ashamed of the politeness to which he had been driven.

"Make your curtsy to the Squire, child," said her mother, in a loud whisper; and then she added, once more trembling, and smiling with deprecating civility, "Will you step into the parlor, sir? This ain't a place for the likes of you."

"Oh, there 's a parlor, too!" muttered the Squire, stupefied. He felt that he must at least follow the adventure to the end, though some confused association with the words "walk into my parlor" came across him, bewildering and confusing his mind still more. The bright vision melted away, leaving the entrance free, and the Squire stamped through it, making a great noise with his heavy boots and blundering tread; for the little angle of a passage was dark, and he not adroit enough to find his way, as young eyes can do. Mrs. Ford followed humbly, scarcely knowing, between fright and pride, what she was doing. She felt that the sight of Lily's bower would complete the evident effect made upon the master by the sudden appearance of that unexpected figure; but whether he might look with favor upon these strange adjuncts to a keeper's cottage, or whether he might roar out an order to somebody to cast all such unsuitable accessories away, she could not tell. He might condemn the furniture, but he could not pronounce any decree of separation from Lily, the mother in her panic thought.

"Hallo!" Mr. Mitford cried. He was not much impressed by the room. He considered it rather a poor thing in the way of a flytrap. "Will you walk into my parlor?" By the time he got there the Squire had recovered himself, and felt like pulling all the delicate cobwebs to pieces, and tearing to the ground the machinery of conquest. Lily had gone before him; she had made no curtsy. She turned round with a little gesture of welcome, putting a chair

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for the visitor as a young lady might have done, not like the keeper's little girl. Mr. Mitford drew the offered chair out into the middle of the room, and sat down upon it facing the two women, without the least suggestion that they also should seat themselves. Had Mrs. Ford the keeper's wife sat down in his presence without a special invitation, he would have thought the world was coming to an end.

"So this is your little girl," he said. He cast a careless glance at Lily, scanning her over from her beautiful head to the neat little shoes which she was so careful about, noting all her little ladylike pretensions, and the faint astonishment at himself which began to show in her eyes. "She is a well-grown girl," he said calmly, "and I see you keep her very nicely. What do you mean to do with her, Mrs. Ford?"

"To do with her, sir?" The keeper's wife was choking with mortification and humbled pride. A well-grown girl! — was that all the praise that was to be awarded to her Lily? In her outraged devotion she could have struck the man before whom she trembled, the master upon whom everything depended, whom she dared not offend. Her voice died away in her throat.

"What kind of a place do you want for her, — a lady's maid, or in the nursery? I suppose of course at that age she 's been out. You can't afford to keep great girls like that idle at home, Mrs. Ford."

"Oh, sir!" the mother began. It was difficult to form any words. And Lily, who had stood first in consternation, then in wrath, hearing herself so discussed, here felt that she could bear no more.

"Mother," said the girl, "if you want me, you will find me in my room. I am going up-stairs."

"Oh, Lily!" exclaimed Mrs. Ford. It was a double trouble. She did not know which was the more difficult to deal with, the terrible master sitting there in the middle of her beautiful room, discussing her beautiful daughter as if she had been a mere village girl, or Lily, who could not bear to be so looked at, who dared the Squire and all that he could do. The mother's heart was torn in two; she did not know to which she should make her appeal.

"Does n't like to be interfered with, I suppose; prefers to set up for a lady at home. Mrs. Ford, I fear that you are preparing trouble for yourself, and that you have given her a great deal too much of her own way."

"Oh, no, sir," protested the keeper's wife, almost sobbing. "You are in a mistake, sir, — indeed, you are in a mistake."

"Ah, that 's possible enough," said the merciless Squire. "I am sure I hope it is a mistake. I have been taking some dressed-up milliner's girl for your daughter? I am quite glad to hear it. I could not think how anything like that should belong to my honest Ford and you."

"Sir," cried Mrs. Ford, in a tone which indignation and horror made steady, but which came out with a rush like the sound of a trumpet, "Ford and me we have served you honest for many a year, but our Lily, sir, as madam was so good to, she 's more to us nor master and service and all. It 's not her fault if she 's more like the quality than she is like her father and me."

"Do you call that being like the quality, you silly woman?" asked the Squire with a laugh. "Take my advice, Mrs. Ford, send her to service. I dare say Mrs. Simmons will help you to hear of something; but don't spoil your girl, if that is your girl, by keeping her at home. She will only get into mischief. There 's a number of young fellows about, and this parlor of yours is deucedly like the spider's parlor, when she invited the fly, don't you remember? 'Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the

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fly.' By Jove! I 'd send her off before the week was out, if I were you."

With this he rose abruptly, shook himself, put on his hat, and with a slight wave of his hand by way of good-by strode again through the narrow passage, and emerged into the open air with a "Pouff!" of restrained breath. He had made himself as disagreeable and offensive as it was in his power to be, and he had a certain satisfaction in the certainty of having done so. But even this did not neutralize the shock which he had himself received. This was the house which Roger had been in the habit of visiting, and this the keeper's daughter who was said to be the attraction. Mr. Mitford was not brutal by nature, though he had done his best to appear so. He knew his son well enough to know that Roger was no libertine, but yet he had felt that if Blowsabella put herself in the young man's way the consequences must be on her own silly head. He had no exaggerated sympathy for the rustic flirt, however tragical might be the circumstances into which her folly might betray her. But all his ideas about Blowsabella had died out when that radiant young figure suddenly walked into the doorway of Mrs. Ford's kitchen. He had plucked off his hat in his surprise, and all the courage had gone out of him. This was no Blowsabella, this was no buxom, forward, romping girl, to meet with a reward for her folly. The consequences, if any followed, so far as Roger was concerned, would be disastrous for the young man and the family, not for the young woman. This was what had given a sting to his tongue and brutality to his look. If it had only been Blowsabella, he would have been kind and sorry for her. But this was something that must be crushed in the bud.

Curious to think that from Elizabeth he should have walked direct into this adverse camp, into the heart of the other influence which made Roger insensible to Elizabeth! These two images withdrew themselves from the rest, and came and walked with him as he hurried across his own park, striking with his cane at any taller growth, angry and anxious, turning over in his mind the strange combinations of which he had been unconscious before. The Squire knew, the conviction flashing across his mind like an arrow, that in Roger's place it would not have been the high-toned and serious Elizabeth, in the maturity of twenty-five, that he would have chosen, but the other, in that dazzling early bloom of hers, that apparition of light in the dimness of the cottage. Good heavens! Ford the keeper's daughter! To see her seated at the head of the table at Melbury would be a revolution indeed.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

BLINDFOLD.

WHAT do we know of the world, as we grow so old and wise?
Do the years, that still the heart-beats, quicken the drowsy eyes?
At twenty we thought we knew it, — the world there, at our feet;
We thought we had found its bitter, we knew we had found its sweet.
Now at forty and fifty, what do we make of the world?
There in her sand she crouches, the Sphinx with her gray wings furled.
Soul of a man I know not; who knoweth, can foretell,
And what can I read of fate, even of self I have learned so well?

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Heart of a woman I know not: how should I hope to know,
I that am foiled by a flower, or the stars of the silent snow;
I that have never guessed the mind of the bright-eyed bird,
Whom even the dull rocks cheat, and the whirlwind's awful word?
Let me loosen the fillet of clay from the shut and darkened lid,
For life is a blindfold game, and the Voice from view is hid.
I face him as best I can, still groping, here and there,
For the hand that has touched me lightly, the lips that have said, "Declare!"
Well, I declare him my friend, — the friend of the whole sad race;
And oh, that the game were over, and I might see his face!
But 't is much, though I grope in blindness, the Voice that is hid from view
May be heard, may be even loved, in a dream that may come true.

Andrew Hedbrooke.

OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE.*

I.

I BEGIN this record with the columnar, self-reliant capital letter to signify that there is no disguise in its egoisms. If it were a chapter of autobiography, this is what the reader would look for as a matter of course. Let him consider it as being such a chapter, and its egoisms will require no apology.

I have called the record *our* hundred days, because I was accompanied by my daughter, without the aid of whose younger eyes and livelier memory, and especially of her faithful diary, which no fatigue or indisposition was allowed to interrupt, the whole experience would have remained in my memory as a photograph out of focus.

We left Boston on the 29th of April, and reached New York on the 29th of August, four months of absence in all, of which nearly three weeks were taken up by the two passages, one week was spent in Paris, and the rest of the time in England.

No one was so much surprised as myself at my undertaking this visit. Mr. Gladstone, a strong man for his years, is reported as saying that he is too old to travel, at least to cross the ocean, and he is younger than I am, — just four months, to a day, younger. It is true that Sir Henry Holland came to this country, and travelled freely about the world, after he was eighty years old; but his pitcher went to the well once too often, and met the usual doom of fragile articles. When my friends asked me why I did not go to Europe, I reminded them of the fate of Thomas Parr. He was only twice my age, and was getting on finely towards his two hundredth year, when the Earl of Arundel carried him up to London, and, being feasted and made a lion of, he found there a premature and early grave at the age of only one hundred and fifty-two years. He lies in Westminster Abbey, it is true, but he would probably have preferred the upper side of his own hearth-stone to the under side of the slab which covers him.

I should never have thought of such an expedition if it had not been suggested by another member of my family that I should accompany my daughter, who was meditating a trip to Europe. I remem-

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bered how many friends had told me I ought to go; among the rest, Mr. Emerson, who had spoken to me repeatedly about it. I had not seen Europe for more than half a century, and I had a certain longing for one more sight of the places I remembered, and others it would be a delight to look upon. There were a few living persons whom I wished to meet. I was assured that I should be kindly received in England. All this was tempting enough, but there was an obstacle in the way which I feared, and, as it proved, not without good reason. I doubted whether I could possibly breathe in a narrow state-room. In certain localities I have found myself liable to attacks of asthma, and, though I had not had one for years, I felt sure that I could not escape it if I tried to sleep in a state-room. I did not escape it, and I am glad to tell my story about it, because it excuses some of my involuntary social shortcomings, and enables me to thank collectively all those kind members of the profession who trained all the artillery of the pharmacopœia upon my troublesome enemy, from bicarbonate of soda and Vichy water to arsenic and dynamite. One costly contrivance, sent me by the Reverend Mr. H——, whom I have never duly thanked for it, looked more like an angelic trump for me to blow in a better world than what I believe it is, an inhaling tube intended to prolong my mortal respiration. The best thing in my experience was recommended to me by an old friend in London. It was Himrod's asthma cure, one of the many powders, the smoke of which when burning is inhaled. It is made in Providence, Rhode Island, and I had to go to London to find it. It never failed to give at least temporary relief, but nothing enabled me to sleep in my state-room, though I had it all to myself, the upper bed being removed. After the first night and part of the second, I never lay down at all while at sea. The captain allowed me to have a candle and sit up in the saloon, where I worried through the night as I best might. How could I be in a fitting condition to accept the attention of my friends in Liverpool, after sitting up every night for more than a week; and how could I be in a mood for the catechizing of interviewers, without having once lain down during the whole return passage? I hope the reader will see why I mention these facts. They explain and excuse many things; they have been alluded to, sometimes with exaggeration, in the newspapers, and I could not tell my story fairly without mentioning them. I got along well enough as soon as I landed, and have had no return of the trouble since I have been back in my own home. I will not advertise an assortment of asthma remedies for sale, but I assure my kind friends I have had no use for any one of them since I have walked the Boston pavements, drank, not the Cochituate, but the Belmont spring water, and breathed the lusty air of my native northeasters.

My companion and myself required an attendant, and we found one of those useful androgynous personages known as *courier-maids*, who had travelled with friends of ours, and who was ready to start with us at a moment's warning. She was of English birth, lively, short-gaited, serviceable, more especially in the first of her dual capacities. So far as my wants were concerned, I found her zealous and active in providing for my comfort.

It was no sooner announced in the papers that I was going to England than I began to hear of preparations to welcome me. An invitation to a club meeting was cabled across the Atlantic. One of my countrywomen who has a house in London made an engagement for me to meet friends at her residence. A reverend friend, who thought I had certain projects in my head, wrote to me about lecturing: where I should appear, what fees I should obtain, and such business matters. I replied that I was going to

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England to spend money, not to make it: to hear speeches, very possibly, but not to make them; to revisit scenes I had known in my younger days; to get a little change of my routine, which I certainly did; and to enjoy a little rest, which I as certainly did not in London. In a word, I wished a short vacation, and had no thought of doing anything more important than rubbing a little rust off and enjoying myself, while at the same time I could make my companion's visit somewhat pleasanter than it would be if she went without me. The visit has answered most of its purposes for both of us, and if we have saved a few recollections which our friends can take any pleasure in reading, this slight record may be considered a work of supererogation.

The Cephalonia was to sail at half past six in the morning, and at that early hour a company of well-wishers was gathered on the wharf at East Boston to bid us good-by. We took with us many tokens of their thoughtful kindness; flowers and fruits from Boston and Cambridge, and a basket of champagne from a Concord friend whose company is as exhilarating as the sparkling wine he sent us. With the other gifts came a small tin box, about as big as a common round wooden match box. I supposed it to hold some pretty gimcrack, sent as a pleasant parting token of remembrance. It proved to be a most valued daily companion, useful at all times, never more so than when the winds were blowing hard and the ship was struggling with the waves. There must have been some magic secret in it, for I am sure that I looked five years younger after closing that little box than when I opened it. Time will explain its mysterious power.

All the usual provisions for comfort made by sea-going experts we had attended to. Impermeable rugs and fleecy shawls, head-gear to defy the rudest northeasters, sea-chairs of ample dimensions, which we took care to place in as sheltered situations as we could find, — all these were a matter of course. Everybody stays on deck as much as possible, and lies wrapped up and spread out at full length on his or her sea-chair, so that the deck looks as if it had a row of mummies on exhibition. Nothing is more comfortable, nothing, I should say, more indispensable, than a hot-water bag, — or rather, *two* hot-water bags; for they will burst sometimes, as we found out, and a passenger who has become intimate with one of these warm bosom friends feels its loss almost as if it were human.

Passengers carry all sorts of luxuries on board, in the firm faith that they shall be able to profit by them all. Friends send them various indigestibles. To many all these well-meant preparations soon become a mockery, almost an insult. It is a clear case of *Sic(k) vos non vobis.* The tougher neighbor is the gainer by these acts of kindness; the generosity of a sea-sick sufferer in giving away the delicacies which seemed so desirable on starting is not ranked very high on the books of the recording angel. With us three things were best: grapes, oranges, and especially oysters, of which we had provided a half barrel in the shell. The "butcher" of the ship opened them fresh for us every day, and they were more acceptable than anything else.

Among our ship's company were a number of family relatives and acquaintances. We formed a natural group at one of the tables, where we met in more or less complete numbers. I myself never missed; my companion, rarely. Others were sometimes absent, and sometimes came to time when they were in a very doubtful state, looking as if they were saying to themselves, with Lear, —

> "Down, thou climbing sorrow,
> Thy element 's below."

As for the intellectual condition of the

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passengers, I should say that faces were prevailingly vacuous, their owners half hypnotized, as it seemed, by the monotonous throb and tremor of the great sea-monster on whose back we were riding. I myself had few thoughts, fancies, emotions. One thing above all struck me as never before, — the terrible solitude of the ocean.

"So lonely 't was that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be."

Whole days passed without our seeing a single sail. The creatures of the deep which gather around sailing vessels are perhaps frightened off by the noise and stir of the steamship. At any rate, we saw nothing more than a few porpoises, so far as I remember.

No man can find himself over the abysses, the floor of which is paved with wrecks and white with the bones of the shrieking myriads whom the waves have swallowed up, without some thought of the dread possibilities hanging over his fate. There is only one way to get rid of them; that which an old sea-captain mentioned to me, namely, to keep one's self under opiates until he wakes up in the harbor where he is bound. I did not take this as serious advice, but its meaning is that one who has all his senses about him cannot help being anxious. My old friend, whose beard had been shaken in many a tempest, knew too well that there is cause enough for anxiety.

What does the reader suppose was the source of the most ominous thought which forced itself upon my mind, as I walked the decks of the mighty vessel? Not the sound of the rushing winds, nor the sight of the foam-crested billows; not the sense of the awful imprisoned force which was wrestling in the depths below me. The ship is made to struggle with the elements, and the giant has been tamed to obedience, and is manacled in bonds which an earthquake would hardly rend asunder. No! It was the sight of the *boats* hanging along at the sides of the deck, — the boats, always suggesting the fearful possibility that before another day dawns one may be tossing about in the watery Sahara, shelterless, fireless, almost foodless, with a fate before him he dares not contemplate. No doubt we should feel worse without the boats; still they are dreadful tell-tales. To all who remember Géricault's Wreck of the Medusa, — and those who have seen it do not forget it, — the picture the mind draws is one it shudders at. To be sure, the poor wretches in the picture were on a raft, but to think of fifty people in one of these open boats! Let us go down into the cabin, where at least we shall not see them.

The first morning at sea revealed the mystery of the little round tin box. The process of *shaving*, never a delightful one, is a very unpleasant and awkward piece of business when the floor on which one stands, the glass in which he looks, and he himself are all describing those complex curves which make cycles and epicycles seem like simplicity itself. The little box contained a reaping machine, which gathered the capillary harvest of the past twenty-four hours with a thoroughness, a rapidity, a security, and a facility which were a surprise, almost a revelation. The idea of a guarded cutting edge is an old one; I remember the "Plantagenet" razor, so called, with the comb-like row of blunt teeth, leaving just enough of the edge free to do its work. But this little affair had a blade only an inch and a half long by three quarters of an inch wide. It had a long slender handle, which took apart for packing, and was put together with the greatest ease. It was, in short, a lawn-mower for the masculine growth of which the proprietor wishes to rid his countenance. The mowing operation required no glass, could be performed with almost reckless boldness, as one cannot cut himself, and in fact had become a pleasant amusement instead of an irksome task. I have never used

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any other means of shaving from that day to this. I was so pleased with it that I exhibited it to the distinguished tonsors of Burlington Arcade, half afraid they would assassinate me for bringing in an innovation which bid fair to destroy their business. They probably took me for an agent of the manufacturers; and so I was, but not in their pay nor with their knowledge. I determined to let other persons know what a convenience I had found the "Star Razor" of Messrs. Kampf, of Brooklyn, New York, without fear of reproach for so doing. I know my danger, — does not Lord Byron say, "I have even been accused of writing puffs for Warren's blacking"? I was once offered pay for a poem in praise of a certain stove-polish, but I declined. It is pure good-will to my race which leads me to commend the Star Razor to all who travel by land or by sea, as well as to all who stay at home.

With the first sight of land many a passenger draws a long sigh of relief. Yet everybody knows that the worst dangers begin after we have got near enough to see the shore, for there are several ways of landing, not all of which are equally desirable. On Saturday, May 8th, we first caught a glimpse of the Irish coast, and at half past four in the afternoon we reached the harbor of Queenstown. A tug came off, bringing newspapers, letters, and so forth, among the rest some thirty letters and telegrams for me. This did not look much like rest, but this was only a slight prelude to what was to follow. I was in no condition to go on shore for sight-seeing, as some of the passengers did.

We made our way through the fog towards Liverpool, and arrived at 1.30 on Sunday, May 9th. A special tug came to take us off: on it were the American consul, Mr. Russell, the vice-consul, Mr. Sewall, Dr. N——, and Mr. R——, who came on behalf of our as yet unseen friend, Mr. W——, of Brighton, England. Our Liverpool friends were meditating more hospitalities to us than, in our fatigued condition, we were equal to supporting. They very kindly, however, acquiesced in our wishes, which were for as much rest as we could possibly get before any attempt to busy ourselves with social engagements. So they convoyed us to the Grand Hotel for a short time, and then saw us safely off to the station to take the train for Chester, where we arrived in due season, and soon found ourselves comfortably established at the Grosvenor Arms Hotel. A large basket of Surrey primroses was brought by Mr. R—— to my companion. I had set before me at the hotel a very handsome floral harp, which my friend's friend had offered me as a tribute. It made melody in my ears as sweet as those hyacinths of Shelley's, the music of whose bells was so

> "delicate, soft, and intense,
> It was felt like an odor within the sense."

At Chester we had the blissful security of being unknown, and were left to ourselves. Americans know Chester better than most other old towns in England, because they so frequently stop there awhile on their way from Liverpool to London. It has a mouldy old cathedral, an old wall, partly Roman, strange old houses with overhanging upper floors, which make sheltered sidewalks and dark basements. When one sees an old house in New England with the second floor projecting a foot or two beyond the wall of the ground floor, the country boy will tell him that "them haouses was built so th't th' folks up-stairs could shoot the Injins when they was tryin to git threew th' door or int' th' winder." There are plenty of such houses all over England, where there are no "Injins" to shoot. But the story adds interest to the lean traditions of our somewhat dreary past, and it is hardly worth while to disturb it. I always heard it in my boyhood. Perhaps it is true; certainly it was a very convenient arrangement for discouraging

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an untimely visit. The porches with oval lookouts, common in Essex County, have been said to answer a similar purpose. The walk round the old wall of Chester is wonderfully interesting and beautiful. At one part it overlooks a wide level field, over which the annual races are run. I noticed that here as elsewhere the short grass was starred with daisies. They are not considered in place in a well-kept lawn. But remembering the cuckoo song in Love's Labour Lost, "When daisies pied . . . do paint the meadows with delight," it was hard to look at them as intruders.

The old cathedral seemed to me particularly mouldy, and in fact too high-flavored with antiquity. I could not help comparing some of the ancient cathedrals and abbey churches to so many old cheeses. They have a tough gray rind and a rich interior, which find food and lodging for numerous tenants, who live and die under their shelter or their shadow, — lowly servitors some of them, portly dignitaries others, humble, holy ministers of religion many, I doubt not, — larvæ of angels, who will get their wings by and by. It is a shame to carry the comparison so far, but I cannot help it; for Cheshire cheeses are among the first things we think of as we enter that section of the country, and this venerable cathedral is the first that greets the eyes of great numbers of Americans.

We drove out to Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, the many-millioned lord of a good part of London. It is a palace, high-roofed, marble-columned, vast, magnificent, everything but homelike, and perhaps homelike to persons born and bred in such edifices. A painter like Paul Veronese finds a palace like this not too grand for his banqueting scenes. But to those who live, as most of us do, in houses of moderate dimensions, snug, comfortable, which the owner's presence fills sufficiently, leaving room for a few visitors, a vast marble palace is disheartening and uninviting. I never get into a very large and lofty saloon without feeling as if I were a weak solution of myself, — my personality almost drowned out in the flood of space about me. The wigwam is more homelike than the cavern. Our wooden houses are a better kind of wigwam; the marble palaces are artificial caverns, vast, resonant, chilling, good to visit, not desirable to live in, for most of us. One's individuality should betray itself in all that surrounds him; he should *secrete* his shell, like a mollusk; if he can sprinkle a few pearls through it, so much the better. The moral is that one should avoid being a duke and living in a palace, unless he is born to it, which he had perhaps better not be, — that is, if he has his choice in the robing chamber where souls are fitted with their earthly garments.

One of the most interesting parts of my visit to Eaton Hall was my tour through the stables. The Duke is a famous breeder and lover of the turf. Mr. R—— and myself soon made the acquaintance of the chief of the stable department. Readers of Homer do not want to be reminded that *hippodamoios*, horse-subduer, is an epithet applied as a chief honor to the most illustrious heroes. It is the last word of the last line of the Iliad, and fitly closes the account of the funeral pageant of Hector, the tamer of horses. We Americans are a little shy of confessing that any title or conventional grandeur makes an impression upon us. If at home we wince before any official with a sense of blighted inferiority, it is by general confession the clerk at the hotel office. There is an excuse for this, inasmuch as he holds our destinies in his hands, and decides whether, in case of accident, we shall have to jump from the third or the sixth story window. Lesser grandeurs do not find us very impressible. There is, however, something about the man who deals in horses which takes down the spirit, however proud, of him who is un-

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skilled in equestrian matters and unused to the horse-lover's vocabulary. We followed the master of the stables, meekly listening, and once in a while questioning. I had to fall back on my reserves, and summoned up memories half a century old to gain the respect and win the confidence of the great horse-subduer. He showed us various fine animals, some in their stalls, some outside of them. Chief of all was the renowned Bend Or, a Derby winner, a noble and beautiful bay, destined in a few weeks to gain new honors on the same turf in the triumph of his offspring Ormonde, whose acquaintance we shall make by and by.

The next day, Tuesday, May 11th, at 4.25, we took the train for London. We had a saloon car, which had been thoughtfully secured for us through unseen, not unsuspected, agencies, which had also beautified the compartment with flowers.

Here are some of my first impressions of England as seen from the carriage and from the cars. — How very English! I recall Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape, — a beautiful, poetical series of views, but hardly more poetical than the reality. How thoroughly England is *groomed!* Our New England out-of-doors landscape often looks as if it had just got out of bed, and had not finished its toilet. The glowing green of everything strikes me: green hedges in place of our rail-fences, always ugly, and our rude stone-walls, which are not wanting in a certain look of fitness approaching to comeliness, and are really picturesque when lichen-coated, but poor features of landscape as compared to these universal hedges. I am disappointed in the trees, so far; I have not seen one large tree as yet. Most of the trees are of very moderate dimensions, feathered all the way up their long slender trunks, with a lop-sided mop of leaves at the top, like a wig which has slipped awry. I trust that I am not finding everything *couleur de rose;* but I certainly do find the cheeks of children and young persons of such brilliant rosy hue as I do not remember that I have ever seen before. I am almost ready to think this and that child's face has been colored from a pink saucer. If the Saxon youth exposed for sale at Rome, in the days of Pope Gregory the Great, had complexions like these children, no wonder that the pontiff exclaimed, Not *Angli*, but *angeli!* All this may sound a little extravagant, but I am giving my impressions without any intentional exaggeration. How far these first impressions may be modified by after-experiences there will be time enough to find out and to tell. It is better to set them down at once just as they are. A first impression is one never to be repeated; the second look will see much that was not noticed, but it will not reproduce the sharp lines of the *first proof*, which is always interesting, no matter what the eye or the mind fixes upon. "I see men as trees walking." That first experience could not be mended. When Dickens landed in Boston, he was struck with the brightness of all the objects he saw, — buildings, signs, and so forth. When I landed in Liverpool, everything looked very dark, very dingy, very massive, in the streets I drove through. So in London, but in a week it all seemed natural enough.

We got to the hotel where we had engaged quarters, at eleven o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, the 12th of May. Everything was ready for us, — a bright fire blazing and supper waiting. When we came to look at the accommodations, we found they were not at all adapted to our needs. It was impossible to stay there another night. So early the next morning we sent out our courier maid, a dove from the ark, to find us a place where we could rest the soles of our feet. London is a nation of something like four millions of inhabitants, and one does not feel easy without he has an assured place

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of shelter. The dove flew all over the habitable districts of the city, — inquired at as many as twenty houses. No roosting-place for our little flock of three. At last the good angel who followed us everywhere, in one shape or another, pointed the wanderer to a place which corresponded with all our requirements and wishes. This was at No. 17 Dover Street, Mackellar's Hotel, where we found ourselves comfortably lodged and well cared for during the whole time we were in London. It was close to Piccadilly, and closer still to Bond Street. Near us, in the same range, were Browns' Hotel and Batt's Hotel, both widely known to the temporary residents of London.

We were but partially recovered from the fatigues and trials of the voyage when our arrival pulled the string of the social shower-bath, and the invitations began pouring down upon us so fast that we caught our breath, and felt as if we should be smothered. The first evening saw us at a great dinner-party at our well-remembered friend Lady H——'s. Twenty guests, celebrities and agreeable persons, with or without titles. The tables were radiant with silver, glistening with choice porcelain, blazing with a grand show of tulips. This was our "baptism of fire" in that long conflict which lasts through the London season. After dinner came a grand reception, most interesting but fatiguing to persons hardly as yet in good condition for social service. We lived through it, however, and enjoyed meeting so many friends, known and unknown, who were very cordial and pleasant in their way of receiving us.

It was plain that we could not pretend to answer all the invitations which flooded our tables. If we had attempted it, we should have found no time for anything else. A secretary was evidently a matter of immediate necessity. Through the kindness of Mrs. P——, we found a young lady who was exactly fitted for the place. She was installed in the little room intended for her, and began the work of accepting with pleasure and regretting our inability, of acknowledging the receipt of books, flowers, and other objects, and being very sorry that we could not subscribe to this good object and attend that meeting in behalf of a deserving charity, — in short, writing almost everything for us except autographs, which I can warrant were always genuine. The poor young lady was almost tired out sometimes, having to stay at her table, on one occasion, so late as eleven in the evening, to get through her day's work. I simplified matters for her by giving her a set of formulæ as a base to start from, and she proved very apt at the task of modifying each particular letter to suit its purpose.

From this time forward continued a perpetual round of social engagements. Breakfasts, lunches, dinners, teas, receptions with spread tables, two, three, and four deep of an evening, with receiving company at our own rooms, took up the day, so that we had very little time for common sight-seeing.

Of these kinds of entertainment, the breakfast, though pleasant enough when the company is agreeable, as I always found it, is the least convenient of all times and modes of visiting. You have already interviewed one breakfast, and are expecting soon to be coquetting with a tempting luncheon. If one had as many stomachs as a ruminant, he would not mind three or four serious meals a day, not counting the tea as one of them. The luncheon is a very convenient affair: it does not require special dress; it is informal; it is soon over, and may be made light or heavy, as one chooses. The afternoon tea is almost a necessity in London life. It is considered useful as "a pick me up," and it serves an admirable purpose in the social system. It costs the household hardly any trouble or expense. It brings people together in the easiest possible way, for ten min-

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utes or an hour, just as their engagements or fancies may settle it. A cup of tea at the right moment does for the virtuous reveller all that Falstaff claims for a good sherris-sack, or at least the first half of its "twofold operation:" "It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes, which delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit."

But it must have the right brain to work upon, and I doubt if there is any brain to which it is so congenial and from which it brings so much as that of a first-rate London old lady. I came away from the great city with the feeling that this most complex product of civilization was nowhere else developed to such perfection. The octogenarian Londoness has been in society — let us say the highest society — all her days. She is as tough as an old macaw, or she would not have lasted so long. She has seen and talked with all the celebrities of three generations, all the beauties of at least half a dozen decades. Her wits have been kept bright by constant use, and as she is free of speech it requires some courage to face her. Yet nobody can be more agreeable, even to young persons, than one of these precious old dowagers. A great beauty is almost certainly thinking how she looks while one is talking with her; an authoress is waiting to have one praise her book; but a grand old lady, who loves London society, who lives in it, who understands young people and all sorts of people, with her high-colored recollections of the past and her grand-maternal interests in the new generation, is the best of companions, especially over a cup of tea just strong enough to stir up her talking ganglions.

A breakfast, a lunch, a tea, is a circumstance, an occurrence, in social life, but a dinner is an event. It is the full-blown flower of that cultivated growth of which those lesser products are the buds. I will not try to enumerate, still less to describe, the various entertainments to which we were invited, and many of which we attended. Among the professional friends I found or made during this visit to London, none were more kindly attentive than Dr. Priestley, who, with his charming wife, the daughter of the late Robert Chambers, took more pains to carry out our wishes than we could have asked or hoped for. At his house I first met Sir James Paget and Sir William Gull, long well known to me, as to the medical profession everywhere, as preëminent in their several departments. If I were an interviewer or a newspaper reporter, I should be tempted to give the impression which the men and women of distinction I met made upon me; but where all were cordial, where all made me feel as nearly as they could that I belonged where I found myself, whether the ceiling were a low or a lofty one, I do not care to differentiate my hosts and my other friends. *Fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*, — I left my microscope and my test-papers at home.

Our friends, several of them, had a pleasant way of sending their carriages to give us a drive in the Park, where, except in certain permitted regions, the common hired vehicles are not allowed to enter. Lady H—— sent her carriage for us to go to her sister's, Mrs. M——'s, where we had a pleasant little "tea," and met one of the most agreeable and remarkable of those London old ladies I have spoken of.

English people have queer notions about iced-water and ice-cream. "You will surely die, eating such cold stuff," said a lady to my companion. "No," she answered, "but I should certainly die were I to drink your two cups of strong tea." I approved of this "counter" on the teacup, but I did not think either of them was in much danger.

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Mrs. B. M—— sent her carriage for us to take us to a lunch at her house, where we met Mr. Browning, Oscar Wilde and his handsome wife, and other well-known guests. After lunch, recitations, songs, etc. House full of pretty things. Among other curiosities a portfolio of drawings illustrating Keeley's motor, which, up to this time, has manifested a remarkably powerful *vis inertiæ*, but which promises miracles. In the evening a grand reception at Lady G——'s, beginning (for us, at least) at eleven o'clock. The house a palace, and A—— thinks there were a thousand people there. We made the tour of the rooms, saw many great personages, had to wait for our carriage a long time, but got home at one o'clock.

The next day Rev. Mr. H—— sent his carriage, and we drove in the Park. In the afternoon we went to our minister's to see the American ladies who had been presented at the drawing-room. After this both of us were glad to pass a day or two in comparative quiet, except that we had a room full of visitors. So many persons expressed a desire to make our acquaintance that we thought it would be acceptable to them if we would give a reception ourselves. We were thinking how we could manage it with our rooms at the hotel, which were not arranged so that they could be thrown together. Still, we were planning to make the best of them, when Dr. and Mrs. Priestley suggested that we should receive company at their house. This was a surprise, and a most welcome one, and A—— and her kind friend busied themselves at once about the arrangements.

We went to a luncheon at L—— House, not far from our residence. My companion tells a little incident which may please an American six-year-old: "The eldest of the four children, Sibyl, a pretty, bright child of six, told me that she wrote a letter to the Queen. I said, 'Did you begin, Dear Queen?' 'No,' she answered, 'I began, Your Majesty, and signed myself, Your little servant, Sibyl.'" A very cordial and homelike reception at this great house, where a couple of hours were passed most agreeably.

On the following Sunday I went to Westminster Abbey to hear a sermon from Canon Harford on A Cheerful Life. A lively, wholesome, and encouraging discourse, such as it would do many a forlorn New England congregation good to hear. In the afternoon we both went together to the Abbey. Met our Beverly neighbor, Mrs. V——, and adopted her as one of our party. The seats we were to have were full, and we had to be stowed where there was any place that would hold us. I was smuggled into a stall, going through long and narrow passages, between crowded rows of people, and found myself at last with a big book before me and a set of official personages around me, whose duties I did not clearly understand. I thought they might be mutes, or something of that sort, salaried to look grave and keep quiet. After service we took tea with Dean Bradley, and after tea we visited the Jerusalem Chamber. I had been twice invited to weddings in that famous room: once to the marriage of my friend Motley's daughter, then to that of Mr. Frederick Locker's daughter to Lionel Tennyson, whose recent death has been so deeply mourned. I never expected to see that Jerusalem, in which Harry the Fourth died, but there I found myself in the large panelled chamber, with all its associations. The older memories came up but vaguely; an American finds it as hard to call back anything over two or three centuries old as a sucking pump to draw up water from a depth of over thirty-three feet and a fraction. After this A—— went to a musical party dined with the V——s, and had a good time among American friends.

The next evening we went to the Lyceum Theatre to see Mr. Irving. He had placed the Royal box at our disposal, so we invited our friends the P——s to g

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with us, and we all enjoyed the evening mightily. Between the scenes we went behind the curtain, and saw the very curious and admirable machinery of the dramatic spectacle. We made the acquaintance of several imps and demons, who were got up wonderfully well. Ellen Terry was as fascinating as ever. I remembered that once before I had met her and Mr. Irving behind the scenes. It was at the Boston Theatre, and while I was talking with them a very heavy piece of scenery came crashing down, and filled the whole place with dust. It was but a short distance from where we were standing, and I could not help thinking how near our several life-dramas came to a simultaneous *exeunt omnes*.

A long visit from a polite interviewer, shopping, driving, calling, arranging about the people to be invited to our reception, and an agreeable dinner at Chelsea with my American friend, Mrs. M——, filled up this day full enough, and left us in good condition for the next, which was to be a very busy one.

In the brief account of my first visit to England, more than half a century ago, I mentioned the fact that I went to the famous Derby race at Epsom. I determined, if possible, to see the Derby of 1886, as I had seen that of 1834. I must have spoken of this intention to some interviewer, for I find the following paragraph in an English sporting newspaper, The Field, for May 29th, 1886.

"The Derby has always been the one event in the racing year which statesmen, philosophers, poets, essayists, and *littérateurs* desire to see once in their lives. A few years since Mr. Gladstone was induced by Lord Granville and Lord Wolverton to run down to Epsom on the Derby day. The impression produced upon the Prime Minister's sensitive and emotional mind was that the mirth and hilarity displayed by his compatriots upon Epsom race-course was Italian rather than English in its character. On the other hand, Gustave Doré, who also saw the Derby for the first and only time in his life, exclaimed, as he gazed with horror upon the faces below him, *Quelle scène brutale!* We wonder to which of these two impressions Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes inclined, if he went last Wednesday to Epsom! Probably the well-known, etc., etc., —— Of one thing Dr. Holmes may rest finally satisfied: the Derby of 1886 may possibly have seemed to him far less exciting than that of 1834; but neither in 1834 nor in any other year was the great race ever won by a better sportsman or more honorable man than the Duke of Westminster."

My desire to see the Derby of this year was of the same origin and character as that which led me to revisit many scenes which I remembered. I cared quite as much about renewing old impressions as about getting new ones. I enjoyed everything which I had once seen all the more from the blending of my recollections with the present as it was before me.

The Derby day of 1834 was exceedingly windy and dusty. Our party, riding on the outside of the coach, was half smothered with the dust, and arrived in a very deteriorated condition, but recompensed for it by the extraordinary sights we had witnessed. There was no train in those days, and the whole road between London and Epsom was choked with vehicles of all kinds, from four-in-hands to donkey-carts and wheelbarrows. My friends and I mingled freely in the crowds, and saw all the "humors" of the occasion. The thimble-riggers were out in great force, with their light, movable tables, the cups or thimbles, and the "little jokers," and the coachman, the sham gentleman, the country greenhorn, all properly got up and gathered about the table. I think we had "Aunt Sally," too, — the figure with a pipe in her mouth, which one might shy a stick at for a penny or two and win something, I

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forget what. The clearing the course of stragglers, and the chasing about of the frightened little dog who had got in between the thick ranks of spectators, reminded me of what I used to see on old "artillery election" days.

It was no common race that I went to see in 1834. "It is asserted in the columns of a contemporary that Plenipotentiary was absolutely the best horse of the century." This was the winner of the race I saw so long ago. Herring's colored portrait, which I have always kept, shows him as a great, powerful chestnut horse, well deserving the name of "bullock," which one of the jockeys applied to him. "Rumor credits Dr. Holmes," so The Field says, "with desiring mentally to compare his two Derbies with each other." I was most fortunate in my objects of comparison. The horse I was about to see win was not unworthy of being named with the renowned champion of my earlier day. I quote from a writer in the London Morning Post, whose words, it will be seen, carry authority with them: —

"Deep as has hitherto been my reverence for Plenipotentiary, Bay Middleton, and Queen of Trumps from hearsay, and for Don John, Crucifix, etc., etc., from my own personal knowledge, I am inclined to award the palm to Ormonde as the best three-year-old I have ever seen during close upon half a century's connection with the turf."

Ormonde, the Duke of Westminster's horse, was the son of that other winner of the Derby, Bend Or, whom I saw at Eaton Hall.

Perhaps some coeval of mine may think it was a rather youthful idea to go to the race. I cannot help that. I was off on my first long vacation for half a century, and had a right to my whims and fancies. But it was one thing to go in with a vast crowd at five and twenty, and another thing to run the risks of the excursion at more than thrice that age. I looked about me for means of going safely, and could think of nothing better than to ask one of the pleasantest and kindest of gentlemen, to whom I had a letter from Mr. Winthrop, at whose house I had had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. Lord R—— suggested that the best way would be for me to go in the special train which was to carry the Prince of Wales. First, then, I was to be introduced to his Royal Highness, which office was kindly undertaken by our very obliging and courteous Minister, Mr. Phelps. After this all was easily arranged, and I was cared for as well as if I had been Mr. Phelps himself. On the grand stand I found myself in the midst of the great people, who were all very natural, and as much at their ease as the rest of the world. The Prince is of a lively temperament and a very cheerful aspect, — a young girl would call him "jolly" as well as "nice." I could not help thinking of the story of "Mr. Pope" and his Prince of Wales, as told by Horace Walpole: "Mr. Pope, you don't love princes." "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love kings, then." "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown." Certainly, nothing in Prince Albert Edward suggests any aggressive weapons or tendencies. The lovely, youthful-looking, gracious Alexandra, the always affable and amiable Princess Louise, the tall youth who sees the crown and sceptre afar off in his dreams, the slips of girls so like many school misses we left behind us, — all these grand personages, not being on exhibition, but off enjoying themselves, just as I was and as other people were, seemed very much like their fellow-mortals. It is really easier to feel at home with the highest people in the land than with the awkward commoner who was knighted yesterday. When "My Lord and Sir Paul" came into the Club which Goldsmith tells us of, the hilarity of the evening was instantly checked. The entrance of a dignitary like the present Prince of Wales would not have

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spoiled the fun of the evening. If there is any one accomplishment specially belonging to princes, it is that of making the persons they meet feel at ease.

The grand stand to which I was admitted was a little privileged republic. I could not help remembering Thackeray's story of his asking some simple question of a royal or semi-royal personage whom he met in the courtyard of an hotel, which question his Highness did not answer, but called a subordinate to answer for him. I had been talking some time with a tall, good-looking gentleman, whom I took for a nobleman to whom I had been introduced. Something led me to think I was mistaken in the identity of this gentleman. I asked him, at last, if he were not So and So. "No," he said, "I am Prince Christian." You are a Christian prince, anyhow, I said to myself, if I may judge by your manners.

I once made a similar mistake in addressing a young fellow-citizen of some social pretensions. I apologized for my error.

"No offence," he answered.

Offence indeed! I should hope not. But he had not the "*manière de prince*," or he would never have used that word.

I must say something about the race I had taken so much pains to see. There was a preliminary race, which excited comparatively little interest. After this the horses were shown in the paddock, and many of our privileged party went down from the stand to look at them. Then they were brought out, smooth, shining, fine-drawn, frisky, spirit-stirring to look upon, — most beautiful of all the bay horse Ormonde, who could hardly be restrained, such was his eagerness for action. The horses disappear in the distance. — They are off, — not yet distinguishable, at least to me. A little waiting time, and they swim into our ken, but in what order of precedence it is as yet not easy to say. Here they come! Two horses have emerged from the ruck, and are sweeping, rushing, storming, towards us, almost side by side. One slides by the other, half a length, a length, a length and a half. Those are Archer's colors, and the beautiful bay Ormonde flashes by the line, winner of the Derby of 1886. "The Bard" has made a good fight for the first place, and comes in second. Poor Archer, the king of the jockeys! He will bestride no more Derby winners. A few weeks later he died by his own hand.

While the race was going on the yells of the betting crowd beneath us were incessant. It must have been the frantic cries and movements of these people that caused Gustave Doré to characterize it as a brutal scene. The vast mob which thronged the wide space beyond the shouting circle just round us was much like that of any other fair, so far as I could see from my royal perch. The most conspicuous object was a man on an immensely tall pair of stilts, stalking about among the crowd. I think it probable that I had as much enjoyment in forming one of the great mob in 1834 as I did among the grandeurs in 1886, but the last is pleasanter to remember and especially to tell of.

After the race we had a luncheon served us, a comfortable and substantial one, which was very far from unwelcome. I did not go to the Derby to bet on the winner. But as I went in to luncheon, I passed a gentleman standing in custody of a plate half covered with sovereigns. He politely asked me if I would take a little paper from a heap there was lying by the plate, and add a sovereign to the collection already there. I did so, and, unfolding my paper, found it was a blank, and passed on. The pool, as I afterwards learned, fell to the lot of the Turkish Ambassador. I found it very windy and uncomfortable on the more exposed parts of the grand stand, and was glad that I had taken a shawl with me, in which I wrapped myself as

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if I had been on shipboard. This, I told my English friends, was the more civilized form of the Indian's blanket. My report of the weather does not say much for the English May, but it was generally agreed upon that this was a backward and unpleasant spring.

After my return from the race we went to a large dinner at Mr. Phelps's house, where we met Mr. Browning again, and the Lord Chancellor Herschel, among others. Then to Mrs. C. F——'s, one of the most sumptuous houses in London; and after that to Lady R——'s, another of the private palaces, with ceilings lofty as firmaments, and walls that might have been copied from the New Jerusalem. There was still another great and splendid reception at Lady G——'s, and a party at Mrs. S——'s, but we were both tired enough to be willing to go home after what may be called a pretty good day's work at enjoying ourselves.

We had been a fortnight in London, and were now inextricably entangled in the meshes of the golden web of London social life.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE HIPPOLYTOS OF EURIPIDES.

The poetic faculty is essentially the same in all times, and it is always twofold. The poet's peculiar gift is the power of expression. It is twofold, because we all lead a dual existence; an inner and an outer life. Every thoughtful being meditates much on the mysteries of his own nature, and also gives earnest consideration to the life of man among men; pondering what goals he may strive to attain, and by what means. Many reach definite convictions as to the soul within them, or as to the organized existence of society. Of these many, a few have the power of clear and imaginative utterance; and they either voice the aspirations of the human soul, and thus become the world's lyric poets, or they as it were draw out before us their conception of society, revealing the interdependence and influence of men on one another, and are dramatic poets, the poets of action.

If there be any truth in this fundamental distinction, the lyric poets of all ages and lands will stand in the closest sympathy and kinship with one another; nor shall we in succeeding ages feel that there is anything far away or foreign in their thoughts. So far as their voices are real utterances of human longing and passion, they will always appeal as directly from soul to soul as they did in their own lifetime, for the longings and passions of the heart of man must always be the same. And a moment's reflection will show us how exactly true this is. Who needs or demands to know *anything of the times or circumstances* of Omar or Saadi, of Sappho or Anacreon, of Béranger or Burns? Tell us but the words they say. They are uttered directly to us, — to all hearts that love and dread, hope and repine.

> "Bards of passion and of mirth,
> Ye have left your souls on earth!"

With the dramatic poet, however, this is not entirely true. He shows us upon his broad canvas men and women costumed, and speaking, and acting. He draws men as he sees them about him, the men of his own century. Therefore his creations will often appear at first strange and outlandish to us. We can know them thoroughly only when we know the age which produced them; although, of course, for that very study of the age the drama may be among our

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best aids. Then, too, the prizes for which men once contended may seem to us ignoble or worthless. It may not be easy to look at the outward world through Greek or even through German eyes. To be sure, if the characters of a drama are anything more than talking puppets, their humanity will be stronger than their nationality. The greater the poet, the more clearly we shall see what is human and universal in his men and women, through the veils of race and creed and circumstances; but yet the dramatist has always a right to insist that we shall place ourselves among his audience, in his theatre, and judge his drama, so far as we may, with the setting and the background for which he wrought it.

Moreover, the dramatist (we use the word now in the narrower technical sense, no longer including the great dramatic writers, from Homer to George Eliot, whose works were cast in other forms) is peculiarly bound and limited by conventions and traditions. This is important to remember in the case of Euripides, because it must be frankly acknowledged that he was not only fettered by the conventions of the stage and the traditional religion of his race, but failed to harmonize his work fully with these limitations, against which he apparently chafed nearly all his life.

The Greek drama, as is well known, developed out of the choric songs performed at the festivals of Dionysos. At first these songs doubtless always celebrated the praises of the joyous wine-god himself. The first innovation may have been when one of the chorus gave in recitative an account of some legendary adventure of the god; such, perhaps, as the one told in the beautiful Homeric Hymn to Dionysos, and illustrated in the frieze of the monument of Lysicrates. Later, an interlocutor was introduced, who conversed with the leader of the chorus. This embryonic actor may have represented Bacchos himself. The idea of dramatic dialogue was now reached, and even the introduction of the second actor, by Aischylos, was only in the natural line of development. Beyond three actors the great tragedians never ventured. The choric element always remained the core and essence of the whole, and the prize was officially assigned to the wealthy citizen who furnished the chorus, not to the poet who wrote the libretto.

The subject matter of the extant dramas is drawn from a wide circle of myths, and many plays are without the slightest allusion to Bacchos. But the dramatic contest always continued to form part of the rites at his festival. The characters upon the stage were prevailingly gods and the children of gods. The introduction of recent subjects was rare and unpopular, as we may see from the story related of Phrynichos. Herodotos records that he represented upon the stage the fall of Miletos, which had occurred a few years before, and was thereupon heavily fined by the Athenians for "reminding them of sorrows of their own." The Persians of Aischylos is another exception which confirms the rule; for the spirit in which it is written makes us realize, even better than through the account of Herodotos, how quickly the great struggle with Xerxes came to be regarded by contemporary Greeks as a holy war, decided in their favor only through the personal interposition of the gods. The Persians is a drama as far removed from the ordinary level of human life as the Prometheus itself.

The immense size of the open-air Athenian theatre must have compelled a rather monotonous declamatory utterance in dialogue, and this, with the uniform dress of the few actors, who performed the successive parts with a mere change of masks, certainly prevented anything like elaborate delineation of individual character. Indeed, the text of the extant plays of Aischylos and Sophocles

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shows that nothing of the sort was attempted. There was probably little scenery, as we understand the word. The action usually took place before a palace or temple, which was represented at the back of the stage; and this setting was hardly changed in the course of the play, except that sometimes the doors were thrown open to disclose a scene or tableau within the edifice. To the two elder poets, at least, the tragic representation was a stately religious ceremonial. The choice of subject, the spirit in which the drama was regarded by actor and spectator, the prominence of the choric and musical features, may remind us rather of an oratorio than of a modern play. Sophocles shows himself a consummate artist, by so fitting his work to these limitations that he never seems hampered and fettered by them. Sophocles is reported to have said of Aischylos, that "he did right without knowing why."

With these traditions of his art Euripides had probably neither the courage nor even the opportunity to break openly or violently; and yet with many of them he must have been covertly at war. It is hardly credible that he, or any of the enlightened group of men about Pericles, had any belief remaining even in the existence of the divinities who make up the quarrelsome family of Zeus. Certainly he saw how the incongruous legends in regard to them had grown up in a ruder age than his own, and he abhorred the stories which attributed to gods crimes and vices too debased for the worst of men. The gods constantly appear in the plays of Euripides. The story of the Hippolytos turns upon the vengeance of Aphrodite on the chaste favorite of Artemis, because he disdained the delights of love. Both goddesses are seen upon the stage; but all our admiration is bestowed on the human characters of the play. Their courage and nobility of soul are in the sharpest contrast with the murderous jealousy of Aphrodite, the helplessness and revengeful spite of Artemis. At times, in the midst of such dramas, we seem to hear clearly the stern voice of the agnostic poet: "Behold your gods, O men of Athens, drawn even as your legends bid me draw them! Do you find it hard to believe in divinities capable of the vilest passions and the meanest actions? Why believe in them, then? The gods should be more wise than humankind!"

Of course this attitude of half-avowed hostility and incredulity toward his own characters is a most unfortunate one for the artist, and often mars his work. Sometimes it appears to be quite clear that he accepted reluctantly the supernatural elements of a myth, for the sake of the opportunities which he saw to portray vividly, in the course of the action, the sufferings and emotions of men. This may be illustrated from the Alkestis, a play especially familiar to English readers through the transcription by the poet Browning in his Balaustion's Adventure. In the prologue Apollo and Death meet before the palace, and after their altercation the god of life and light flees from his former home, while the destroyer glides within. We fancy this as occurring in the dim gray of the dawn. They are not seen, hardly thought of, throughout the remainder of the drama. The self-sacrifice of Alkestis and the stout manliness of Heracles absorb most of our interest. Heracles is no glorious demigod, but a toiling, weary man. Once at least something like a sigh of repining at his own hard fate on earth escapes him: —

> "The task you tell of well befits my lot,
> That evermore is grim and arduous."

As the scenes develop, we are thinking less and less of the supernatural elements of the tale. At the last, Heracles returns with the queen, whom he has rescued from the clutch of Death. We instinctively expect a long, spirited narrative of the struggle over her. It seems

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just such an opportunity as our poet delights to improve, — like the death of Creon and his daughter in the Medea, or the destruction of Hippolytos. But this was just the point in the legend where the poet's dramatic instinct warned him not to attempt the unattainable. Such a tale could not be stripped of its allegorical mystery and made realistic. It must be touched upon as lightly as possible. Accordingly the question is brought up in the midst of the "*stichomythia*," or rapid interchange of single-line speeches, and we hear only this much about it: —

Admetos. How didst thou bring her from the shades to day?
Heracles. By joining battle with the lord that held her!
Adm. Where was this strife between thyself and Death?
Her. I seized him from an ambush by the tomb.

At this point an easy digression is effected, for Admetos, troubled that Alkestis stands motionless and does not greet him, asks, —

But wherefore does my wife thus silent stand?

Yet in doing this the poet renounces any attempt to solve the difficulties of the plot as stated in the prologue. Was Death visible to Heracles, though invisible to the other characters except Alkestis in her frenzy? Did Death and Heracles wrestle for the lady's soul, or her body? How are the Fates reconciled to the loss both of the original victim and of the chosen substitute? The dramatist neither knows nor cares. We have wept over Alkestis' bier. We have exulted with Admetos on her wondrous return. The poet's object is attained; the play is done.

Why, then, are Apollo and Death introduced at all? At the beginning of the play we should have replied, "Because they are essential parts of the myth;" but now we are tempted rather to say, "In order that the ignominious flight of the one, and the overweening confidence of the other, may bring out in more striking relief the endurance of woman and the successful toil of man."

The point we wish to make is this: Euripides disliked, often despised, the gods of his race, or the vulgar conception of them. He was restricted for his material to myths in which these gods play prominent parts. It was often an irksome question to him, "How far must I sacrifice my own convictions to the superstitious orthodoxy of the people?" When this discontent breaks forth through the lips of his characters, it is an interesting aid in our study of the man Euripides, but it is a proof that he had not attained that perfect sympathy with his material toward which the artist strives. Perhaps he did not attain it before his last great work, the Bacchantes, which is like a splendid recantation and atonement to Dionysos for all his doubts and heresies. That he had a high artistic nature, a lofty ideal, most modern readers probably admit. Even the furious unfairness of Aristophanes proves that he recognized the mighty powers, and feared the success, of the poet of the new age.

It is related that Sophocles once said of his younger rival, "I draw men as they ought to be, Euripides as they are." Gentle and tolerant as these words may seem at first hearing, they claim, if authentic, a very much greater superiority than the final verdict of posterity is likely to grant; for they mean nearly this: "I am an idealist, and he a realist; I an artist, and he a craftsman." He who *merely* "draws men as they are" has no conception of the true aim of art, nor of the limitations of his own powers. To the admirer of mere realism, the maker of wax figures is a better workman than the sculptor, the newspaper reporter excels romancer and dramatist. He who, with his poor little palette, his block and chisel, or his ink-horn, starts out to emulate nature, is beaten hopelessly before the race begins. Imitation is not the aim

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of art. Mere imitation is destructive of all art. The dramatist, like every artist, must find his strength in his weakness. He is finite, and nature is infinite. Therefore he must finish: Nature never finishes. He can show us within the limits of his frame that unity of purpose, that clearness of outline, that complete attainment of the result toward which all tends, which in the actual world is lost to our eyes amid bewildering and never-ending details. If he accomplishes, or aims at this, he is an idealist and an artist.

If this be his goal, the truer to nature, the more of a realist he is, the better. Schiller was right in condemning his own youthful tragedy, the Robbers. "I attempted to draw men before I had known any." And so, we do not thereby acknowledge any inferiority of Euripides to his predecessors when we say that he was more of a realist than they. His works do show an insight gained by close study of individuals. His plays are a gallery of portraits, as those of Sophocles are not. This we regard as in itself a distinct advance. Shakespeare made that same advance over his predecessors. Not merely the noblest, but the only worthy study of mankind is man. There is no higher subject within the reach of our perceptions. The highest ideal of divinity itself which man can ever shape will be but the combination of all that is best in human nature.

But of course the true artist seeks to see and show us the noble, the heroic, features of humanity. This is only saying that the artist is one of our teachers, and his object must be our elevation. Aspiration toward something higher than ourselves, toward the highest we can conceive, is the sum of all teaching. Perhaps Euripides sometimes forgot this axiom. He certainly never would have ventured or wished, as does a living school of realists, to deny or reverse it.

The Hippolytos, the Medea, and the Alkestis are believed to be among the earliest works of our poet which have been transmitted to us, and they are hardly equaled in skill of construction and beauty of detail by any of the later dramas until we come to the Bacchantes. The Hippolytos is the first Greek play we possess in which the passion of love is the chief subject; but to these words we must not attach any mediæval or modern chivalric associations. The passion with which Phaidra feels herself cursed is a distinctly sensual one, and in the talk of the unscrupulous old nurse we shall hear something of the bluntness, though not the vulgarity, of the nurse in Romeo and Juliet. Doubtless the devout, conservative Athenian saw in the play as a whole a signal warning against contempt or neglect of any divinity, and particularly of Aphrodite. We have already intimated that the poet has but thinly concealed a very different and less orthodox meaning, which at times becomes evident to any careful listener.

We are told that the tragedy as we now read it is largely remodeled; and from the scanty knowledge we possess of the original play, it is tolerably clear that the principal changes affect the character of Phaidra. The bold avowal of her passion, which offended in the Veiled Hippolytos, is here replaced by the firm determination to choose death rather than dishonor.

The stage represents the front of a palace in Troizene, whither Theseus, King of Athens, has come in voluntary exile to efface the pollution suffered by shedding the blood of a rebellious kinsman. His wife, Phaidra, a Cretan princess, daughter of the notorious Pasiphaë and sister of Ariadne, has accompanied him. Among his many earlier amours Theseus had won the love of the Amazon Hippolyte, by whom he had a son, Hippolytos. This young prince has been virtuously bred in Troizene by his foster-father, Pittheus.

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Statues of the two goddesses, Aphrodite and Artemis, stand before the palace; and throughout the play there is a dual arrangement of the characters and an elaborate correspondence of persons and groups, such as may be clearly traced in certain famous ancient paintings, — for example, the Fall of Ilios, by Polygnotos, in the Lesche at Delphi. The one goddess appears at the beginning, the other at the close, of the play. Hippolytos is the favorite of Artemis, Phaidra under the control of Aphrodite. Phaidra, with her old nurse and maids, issues from the palace; Hippolytos, with his venerable serving-man and attendants, appears, returning from the hunt. The first half of the play culminates in the death of Phaidra, the second in that of Hippolytos. Theseus, the king, is the pivotal, the central, though not the most prominent, figure. There are even two choruses, or, more strictly, a double use is made of the regular tragic chorus; for before they make their regular entry as Troizenian matrons, sympathizing with Phaidra, and celebrating the irresistible might of Aphrodite and Eros, they have already been heard, though perhaps not seen, as a train of huntsmen following Hippolytos, and chanting the praise of Artemis.

Aphrodite, probably not entering like an ordinary character, but appearing aloft, explains the whole plan of the drama in the prologue, in characteristic Euripidean style: —

Known among men and not unnamed am I,
The goddess Kypris, and in heaven as well.
Of all who dwell between the Atlantic bounds
And Euxine Sea, and look upon the sun,
Those I advance who reverence my power,
And those who proudly scorn me I bring to grief;
For this is natural even for the gods,
To take delight in honors from mankind.
And soon I 'll prove the truth of these my words.
The son of Theseus and the Amazon,
Hippolytos, by holy Pittheus bred,
Calls me the basest of divinities.
He shuns the joys of love, and will not wed.
Artemis, Phoibos' sister, child of Zeus,
He honors, thinking her the chief of gods,
And ever in the greenwood with the maid
Destroys the beasts with his fleet-footed hounds,
Enjoying more than human comradeship.
And that I grudge him not: why should I, pray?
But will avenge his sins against myself
This day upon Hippolytos: and much
Being done already, light is now my task.
For once, when he had gone from Pittheus' halls
To see and share the sacred mysteries
In Attica, his father's high-born wife,
Phaidra, beheld him, and was smitten at heart
With furious passion, through my artifice.
And ere she came to this Troizenian shore,
Beside the rock of Pallas, whence this land
Is seen, for Kypris she had built a fane,
Loving in absence. From Hippolytos
She bade the temple henceforth take its name.
Now Theseus leaves the land Kecropian,
Fleeing the stain from the Pallantids' blood,
And voyages with his wife unto this land,
Accepting year-long exile from his home.
But yet, though moaning and half mad, still mute
The wretched woman bears her passion's goad;
Not one of all her household shares her woe.
But not in this wise shall her passion end.
To Theseus I will show and prove the truth.
The sire himself shall slay the youth, my foe,
Through fatal curses; for the lord of waves,
Poseidon, promised Theseus, as a boon,
Three prayers unto the god should not be vain.
And she, though noble, yet shall perish too, —
Phaidra, — nor do I count her pain so dear
But that my enemies must pay to me
A retribution that shall make amends.
But — for the son of Theseus I descry
Approaching, having left the toilsome hunt,
Hippolytos — I straightway will depart.
And close behind, a merry attendant throng
Chant the resounding praise of Artemis.
He does not know that Hades' gates swing wide
For him! He shall not see another day![1]

[1] The original metre here, as in most of the recitative of Greek dramas, is the Alexandrine line of six iambic feet. Though the present rendering aims everywhere to turn line for line as closely as possible, it was thought best to substitute the ordinary English verse of ten syllables. The livelier recitative of four anapæsts, used, for example, by Phaidra and the nurse on their first entrance, has been imitated without intentional variation.

The lines printed in italic type are in the original very irregular in length and metrical

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As the haughty and beautiful young Hippolytos enters he is singing a hymn to Artemis, his invisible companion and protectress. This is taken up by the band of huntsmen, and finally Hippolytos repeats the refrain: —

Hippolytos. *Come, follow, and sing as you follow*
Artemis, dwelling in heaven,
Daughter of Zeus, who protects us!
Chorus. *Lady, O lady most holy and pure, daughter of Zeus,*
Hail to thee, hail to thee, O thou virgin
Artemis, daughter of Leto and Zeus!
Loveliest art thou of maidens by far
Who within the heavens wide
Dwellest in thy paternal hall,
In the resplendent palace of Zeus!
Hipp. *Hail to thee, O loveliest,*
Loveliest of maids that dwell
In Olympos, Artemis!

Hippolytos is perhaps now first visible, and as he enters he approaches the statue of Artemis, holding the wreath, from which the present play takes its name of Hippolytos Stephanephoros, or the Garland-Bearer.

This garland, woven from the virgin mead,
O lady, I have shaped, and bring to thee,
Where neither shepherd dares to graze his flock,
Nor yet has come the scythe, but in the spring
The honey-bee flits o'er the virgin mead,
And Reverence keeps it fresh with river-dews.
They who, untaught, within their very souls
Have virtue, shown in all their acts alike,
May cull therefrom; the evil enter not.
But oh, dear lady, for thy golden hair
Receive a coronal from a reverent hand;
For I, alone of mortals, have this right.
With thee I live, and answer thee in words,
Hearing thy voice, but seeing not thy face.
May I turn the goal of life as I began!

Any Greek, if he knew nothing of the legend of Phaidra and Hippolytos, even though the threats of Aphrodite were not still ringing in his ears, would feel that words so presumptuous as these must rouse the anger of Nemesis; and as the prince turns away, his faithful old serving-man ventures to admonish him, though with evident timidity: —

Servant. O prince, — for only gods we hail as lords, —
Wouldst thou accept a counsel shrewd from me?
Hippolytos. Ay, gladly; else I should not show me wise.
Serv. Dost thou, pray, know the custom fixed by men —
Hipp. (*interrupting, haughtily*). I know it not! Why dost thou question me?
Serv. — To hate the proud and unapproachable?
Hipp. And rightly. Who is haughty, and not detested?
Serv. And men have pleasure in the courteous?
Hipp. Surely, and profit too with little toil.
Serv. And dost thou deem this true of gods as well?
Hipp. Ay, since our mortal nature follows theirs.
Serv. Why then dost thou not greet this mighty goddess?
Hipp. Whom? But be cautious lest thy lips may err!
Serv. Kypris, who stands beside the portal here.
Hipp. I, who am chaste, salute her from afar!
Serv. But she is mighty, and famed among mankind.
Hipp. No god, nor man, is dear alike to all.
Serv. May Heaven accord thee joy, — and fitting thoughts!
Hipp. No god delights me, worshiped in the night!
Serv. We ought to pay fit honors to the gods!
Hipp. Attendants, go, and passing to our home
Prepare the food: a bountiful repast
After the chase is sweet; and you must rub
The steeds, that I may yoke them to the car
When I have eaten, and train them fittingly.
[*As he enters the palace, mockingly, to the old slave.*
— Thy Kypris now I bid a long farewell!

The devoted old man is left alone upon the stage, and straightway throws

character, though most of these passages are prevailingly trochaic. Nearly all of them were undoubtedly sung. They include not only the choric songs proper, but occasional lyric stanzas, interspersed in the recitative, and assigned to actors as well as to chorus. No consistent attempt has been made here to imitate the original forms of these lines. We are unwilling to believe that even a Greek would have found in them any pleasing rhythmic movement, unless they were supplemented by music with well-marked regular time.

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himself before the statue of Aphrodite, with these touching words. They come very near that virtue, humility, of which wise old Dr. Peabody used to tell us men had no conception before Christianity was preached.

And we, not imitating younger men,
But with the lowly heart befitting slaves,
Will make our prayer unto thy image here,
O Lady Kypris! Grant thy pardon, pray,
If any one in youthful pride of heart
Speaks idle words, and do not seem to hear:
The gods should be more wise than humankind.

He now follows his master, and the stage is deserted. This closes the prologue, which technically includes all that precedes the regular entrance of the chorus. The latter are matrons of the city. They have heard through the royal washerwoman that the queen has taken to her bed, and they now come hastening to the palace, full of sympathy and curiosity. They march in and take their places during the following Parodos, or entering song.[1]

PARODOS.

Trickling with the spray of ocean
Stands a rock, and from its crest
Leaping runs a hurrying streamlet,
Whence in pitchers men might dip.
There a woman, by me beloved,
Plunging garments purple-dyed
Into the current, upon the rocky,
Sun-warmed ridges laid them down.
First through her I learned the story
Of the trouble of our queen: —

How she lies, by illness wasted,
On her couch, and with delicate robes
Shrouds her auburn head in darkness.
Now for the third day, so are we told,
Biding her fast, she keeps her body
From Demeter's bounty pure,
Which across her lips ambrosial
Passes not. In secret grief
Gladly she her bark would anchor
In the gloomy port of death.

By a god art thou possessed,
Lady, Hecate or Pan,
Or the Corybantes dread,
Or the Mother, mountain-born.
Artemis, who loves the chase,
For neglected sacrifice
Bids thee in atonement pine:
For across the lakes she roves,
Over lands and over seas,
On the watery eddies rides.

Is thy husband, nobly-born,
Ruler of Erechtheus' sons,
By a secret love beguiled
From thy bed within his halls?
Has a mariner arrived,
Coming from the shores of Crete
Toward our hospitable port,
Bringing tidings for the queen,
And in grief for sorrows heard
Is she prostrate, body and soul?

Often in our fretful woman-nature
Dwells a miserable, aimless longing,
Sprung from labor-pain and mad desire.
Through my body too this gust has darted;
But I called on Artemis in heaven,
Archer-goddess, aiding us in travail,
Who with the other gods responds to prayer.

This entrance-song and the subsequent similar choric odes serve here, and usually in Greek plays, as musical *intermezzi*, to separate the episodes or acts. Accordingly, the first episode now begins with the entrance of Phaidra, accompanied by her fussy old nurse and other attendants. They are announced just before they appear, in accordance with the almost invariable custom of the Attic drama. It will be noticed that the chorus, doubtless through their leader's mouth, may take part in the dialogue in recitative.

The nurse is one of those characters of Euripides which seem peculiarly unsuited to the mask and buskin, the stiffness and dignity, of the old tragedy. They explain to us the influence of Eu-

[1] The writer is convinced that the use of rhyme, in translation from the Greek tragedians, is a mistake. It will sometimes give us better verses, or at least win a way more easily to English ears; but it leads the translator, half unconsciously, further and further away from the precise meaning of the original; and it brings in a peculiarly modern element, ill-suited to the spirit of the work. In the free version of the Hippolytos by Fitzgerald, the reader will find rhymed translations of all the choric odes. They are very beautiful, but they do not always resemble the original.

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ripides upon the later union of tragedy and comedy in the domestic melodramas of Menander and his school.[1]

Chorus. But there is the ancient nurse at the door,
Bringing our lady forth from the hall.
Darkly gathers the cloud on her brow.
What is it — my soul is desirous to learn —
That has wasted away
The pallid form of the princess?
[*Phaidra, lying upon a couch, is brought out of the palace by the nurse and attendants.*
Nurse. Oh, the troubles of men and detestable ills!
Pray what shall I do for thee, what shall I not?
See! Here is the daylight, and here is the air,
And forth from the house already is brought
Thy invalid couch;
For hither to come was thy constant desire,
And soon to thy chamber thou 'lt hasten again,
For quickly thou 'rt wearied, and never content.
What is here cannot please thee, and what thou hast not
Thou accountest more dear!
A sickness is easier than to be nurse.
Thy trouble is simple; for me are conjoined
The worry of mind and the labor of hands.
The existence of mortals is nothing but pain,
And there comes no release from labor!

But if there be aught else sweeter than life,
The darkness about us enshrouds us in gloom.
Hence passionate lovers of life we appear,
Because of the glamour about it on earth,
Through lack of assurance of living elsewhere,
And ignorance as to the world below.
We with idle tales are deluded!

The last seven lines are hardly in character from the lips of the nurse. The poet seems rather to have yielded to the temptation to speak for a moment, as it were, with his own voice. All his plays are adorned with similar philosophical and lyrical passages, and the severest criticism of them is that they are quite as effective when detached as in their place. Indeed, some of them almost seem expressly composed as effective and quotable commonplaces.

[1] On this whole question the reader should consult the delightful essays of J. A. Symonds, in his Studies of the Greek Poets.

Phaidra. Uplift my body, and raise my head;
In every joint am I relaxed.
My attendants, grasp my shapely hands.
My head-dress is heavier than I can bear:
Remove it; spread over my shoulders my locks.

Paying apparently no attention to the vague consolations uttered by the nurse, the queen, a moment later, bursts out with excited words, which the nurse and chorus cannot understand, though the audience at once perceive that her thoughts are with Hippolytos in his favorite haunts: —

Phaidra. Ah me!
I would that from some refreshing spring
I might quaff a cup of water clear,
And under the shadow of poplar-trees
In the leafy mead might lie and rest!
Nurse. How thou speakest, my child!
Pray talk not thus in the midst of the throng,
Nor utter such words, upon madness borne!
Phaidra. To the mountains send me! I go to the wood,
And among the pines where course the dogs,
Pressing close on the track of the dappled deer.
By the gods! I am eager to cry to the hounds,
And about my blonde hair whirl and throw
The Thessalian lance, or to hold in hand
The keen-tipped spear.
Nurse. Why givest thou thought, my child, to this,
Or what hast thou to do with the hunt,
And why art thou longing for spring-fed streams?
For close by the walls is a dewy slope,
Whence one might bring a draught for thee.
Phaidra. O Artemis, sea-washed Limna's queen,
Where to coursers' tramp the gymnasia resound,
I would I were now upon thy plain,
Curbing and guiding Venetian steeds!

The fresh breath of woodland life, which gives a peculiar charm to many parts of this play, is strongly felt in these outbursts of the languishing queen. The nurse is amazed at her wild words, and Phaidra finally expresses shame and regret, and relapses into silence. After a colloquy with the chorus, in which both confess their ignorance as to the queen's mishap, the nurse again turns to her mis-

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tress, and importunes her to tell her secret grief. Finally, in desperation at her fixed desire for death, the old servant says: —

Yet though thou be more stubborn than the sea,
Bethink thee, if thou die, thou wilt betray
Thy offspring, who will share no father's wealth;
Nay, by the Amazonian warrior-queen,
Who bore him who shall be thy children's lord,
A bastard, noble-souled, — thou knowest him well, —
Hippolytos!

At the name Phaidra utters a sharp cry of distress, and after long resistance confesses that she is madly in love with him. The nurse utters the wildest expressions of horror and despair, and the chorus follow with this excited strain: —

Thou hast heard our queen, who uttered
Her unheard-of grievous trouble!
May I perish, dearest lady,
Ere thou gainest thy desire!
O thou wretched in thy sorrows!
Oh the woes that wait on mortals!
Fatal griefs hast thou revealed.
What a time is this awaits thee!
Something strange befalls thy house.
Not obscure thy passion's issue,
O unhappy child of Crete!

Then follows a long and noble speech by Phaidra, from which we find nothing to omit: —

Troizenian women, who inhabit here
The outmost court of Pelops' land, ere this
In long nightwatches with far-roving thoughts
I have pondered how the life of men is ruined.
It seems to me that not unwittingly
We turn to evil, for good sense is found
In many; but one ought to reason thus.
We realize and understand the right,
But tire in effort, some through indolence,
Some choosing other pleasures in the stead
Of duty; and many pleasures life contains:
Idle conversing, ease, that pleasant ill,
And shame, — but that is twofold, one not base,
And one the curse of homes. If the fit time
Were clear, there would not be two named alike.
Since, therefore, I have learned to see this truth,
There is no drug could so enfeeble me
That I would yield from my intent again.
— And I will tell the process of my thoughts.
When passion smote me, I considered how
I might endure it best; and I began
To bide in silence and to hide my hurt;
For in no tongue I trust, that understands
To criticise the thoughts of other men,
But countless evils in itself contains.
Next, I determined better to endure
My madness, conquering it by self-restraint.
And third, when by these means I still had failed
To master Kypris, dying seemed to me
Wisest; and no one shall oppose my plans:
For I would not do well unseen, nor have
A host of witnesses to evil deeds.
I knew the act, and even my desire,
Was infamous, and knew, too, that I was
That hated thing, a woman. May she die
In utter wretchedness who first disgraced
Her marriage-bed with strangers! This befell
With women first who sprang from lofty race;
For when vile actions please the nobly-born,
The vulgar surely will account them good.
I hate the women, virtuous in name,
Who venture secretly on shameful deeds.
How can they ever, O Kypris, sea-born queen,
Endure to look their husbands in the face?
Do they not shudder at their accomplice, Night,
Or lest their chamber-walls may cry aloud?
This very thought, dear friends, is slaying me,
That I will not be found dishonoring
My husband, nor my children whom I bore;
But may they flourish, frank of speech and free,
In glorious Athens, not through me disgraced.
The man, however bold, is made a slave,
Who knows of either parent's evil deed:
And this alone endures as long as life
In him who has it, — conscience, just and pure.
Setting before them, as before a girl,
His mirror, Time exposes, when he may,
The wicked. May I not with them be found.

Surely this is a noble and heroic soul, struggling desperately against sensual passion, and eager to perish rather than fall. In order fully to realize the pathos of Phaidra's situation, we must remember that the spectator knows, though she does not, that she is utterly helpless in the grasp of an irresistible and almost demoniacal power, which is using her merely to work out an ignoble revenge. What a contrast between such a woman and such a goddess!

Here the chorus interjects a couple of lines of commonplace, while the audience draw a free breath, and then the nurse,

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who meanwhile has recovered her courage, begins a speech which is thoroughly Euripidean in several ways. The poet has a fondness, like that of a clever pleader, not perhaps for making "the worse appear the better reason," but for showing how fair an appearance may be put even upon a desperately bad case. Of course the villainous logic of the old procuress did not win the approval of the Athenian auditor; but it may well have beguiled from him a smile of pleasure at its ingenuity. It is like our poet, too, to adorn just this chief speech of his worst character with ingenious fancy and mythical allusion. This lavish use of poetic wealth in a bad cause reminds us of that long and beautiful farewell of Admetos to the wife whom his own cowardice dooms to death.

Chorus. Ah me, how fair is virtue everywhere,
And harvests good repute among mankind!
Nurse. My lady, thy calamity but now
Produced in me great terror suddenly;
But now I see, 't was weakness; and in men
The second thought is somehow wiser, too.
— For thou hast suffered naught untold, nor strange.
The anger of the goddess on thee falls.
Thou lovest, — is it strange? — with many more
Of men; but wilt thou lose thy life for love?
Wretched are they who love their neighbor, or
Who may hereafter, if their doom be death!
Invincible is Kypris, when she comes
With furious onset. Gently she pursues
The yielding one, but him of haughty soul
She seizes and abases utterly.
She floats in air, and rides upon the wave
Of ocean; out of her all things are sprung,
For she it is implants and gives desire,
Whereof we all are children on the earth.
They who possess the books of elder men,
And with the Muses ever live themselves,
Know well that Zeus of old desired to wed
With Semele, and the fair-shining Dawn
Once snatched up Kephalos among the gods,
In her desire; and yet they dwell in Heaven,
Nor do they shun the pathways of the gods;
They love, submissive to calamity!
Thou wilt not yield? On other terms, indeed,
With other gods for lords, thou shouldst have been
Begotten, since our ways delight thee not!
How many, thinkest thou, are wise enough
To see their marriage-bed betrayed, and seem
To see it not? How many erring sons
Have fathers helped to win their loves? The wise
Agree in this: disgrace must be concealed!
Life should not be too full of anxious toil. . . .
If thou hast more in thee of good than ill,
Why then thou dost, being human, wondrous well!
Nay, cease, dear child, from evil thoughts, and cease
From insolence, — for this is nothing less,
To wish to be more mighty than the gods.
Submit to love, — a god has willed it so.
Since ill thou art, control it as thou mayst;
For there are charms, and incantations too;
A drug to cure thy trouble will appear.
Men would be slow indeed to find a way,
Did not we women spy devices out!

In the following conversation the nurse plainly avows her intention to reveal the truth to Hippolytos. Phaidra seems shocked at this, and bids her be silent; and yet she is tempted by the suggestion, and her consciousness of her own charms prevents her thinking it a hopeless one. Her words are: —

Proceed not, by the gods! Thou talkest well,
But shamefully; and passion so my soul
Has mastered, if thou speak dishonor fair,
I shall submit to that which now I flee!

The nurse reverts to her previous proposal, and pretends that she is going into the palace merely to secure

A lock of hair, or fragment of his robe,

such a personal token being indispensable to the love-charm which may free Phaidra from her passion. The queen more than half realizes that this is a subterfuge, for she expresses a dread

Lest thou say aught of me to Theseus' son.

The nurse soothes her with vague words, and as she enters the palace, saying,

But the rest of what I plan
It will suffice to tell the friends within,

even the spectator is not quite sure what she will do.

The dramatic purpose of all this is clear. The nurse would not have gone to Hippolytos in defiance of a decisive

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prohibition from Phaidra. The queen is not wholly innocent; but her momentary wavering rouses our sympathy for her the more. The brief flash of hope in her eyes is the foreshadowing of still blacker despair.

The departure of the nurse closes the first episode. During the following Stasimon, or choric song, the queen is listening intently at the palace door, and the sound of angry words within finally causes her to bid the chorus be silent.

The song celebrates the terrible might of Eros, who should be worshiped as a greater god than Delphian Apollo or Olympian Zeus. The carrying off of Iole by Heracles, and the fate of Semele, burned to ashes by Zeus' lightnings, are described as instances of the deadly power of passion.

FIRST STASIMON.

Love, ah Love, whose eyes with longing
Overflow, who sweet delight
Bringest to the soul thou stormest,
Come not, prithee, sorrow-laden,
Nor too mighty, unto me!
Neither flaming fire is stronger,
Nor the splendor of the stars,
Than the shaft of Aphrodite,
Darted from the hands of Eros,
Who is child of Zeus supreme.

Vainly, vainly, by Alphēos,
And in Phoibos' Pythian fane,
Hellas heaps the slaughtered oxen;
Eros, of mankind the tyrant,
Holder of the key that locks
Aphrodite's dearest chambers,
Is not honored in our prayers, —
Though he comes as the destroyer,
Bringing uttermost disaster
Unto mortals, when he comes.

That Oichalian virgin girl,
Never wedded nor a bride,
Kypris hurried far away,
Like a frenzied Bacchanal;
In the midst of blood and smoke,
And with gory nuptial-rites,
On Alcmene's son bestowed,
In her wedlock all unblest.

Thou, O holy walls of Thebes,
Well might tell, and Dirke's rill,
How to mortals Kypris comes;
For with thunder wrapt in fire
Bacchos' mother low she laid,
Wedded to a fearful fate.
Terribly she breathes on all;
Even as a bee she flies.

It has usually been supposed that the Greek chorus filed out from behind the scenes into an orchestra, lower than, and in front of, a stage upon which the actors appeared. This view was confirmed by the excavation of the Dionysiac theatre in Athens in 1862, although the stage now seen there certainly dates from a much later age than the fifth century. Recently, and especially since the theatre in Epidaurus has been excavated, the theory has been advanced that the actors and chorus appeared upon the same level. The question is quite unsettled, and our curiosity in regard to it is piqued by the opening of our second episode.

During the choric ode Phaidra has overheard something of the conversation inside the palace, and she finally cries out to the chorus: —

Be silent, women! I am shamed forever!

There follows a brief conversation, in which the chorus respond in excited lyrical outbursts to the calmer recitative in which Phaidra tells what is happening.

Phaidra. I am ruined! Stand thou here beside the doors,
And hear the sound that falls within the house!
Chorus. *Nay, thou 'rt at the portal! The words that are sent*
From the palace concern thee:
But tell me, I pray, what evil befalls.

And a moment later, —

The outcry I heard, but could not tell clearly
Which way it had come.
The shouting was borne through the gates to thee.

It is clear that the chorus are not near the palace, nor do they think it proper to approach it.

A moment later the palace doors are thrown open, and Hippolytos, horrified at what he has just heard, rushes out into the free air, while the nurse clings

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frantically to him, begging him not to betray her secret. Phaidra is not noticed by them during the scene which follows, and she doubtless shrinks back to the right just as the palace door opens. If it remained open it may have screened her from Hippolytos' sight. In any case, the spectator undoubtedly saw her, and watched the effect upon her of the young prince's words.

Hipp. O mother earth, and glowing sun, what sound
Of words unutterable have I heard!
Nurse. Be silent, youth, ere some one hear thy shouts.
Hipp. Hearing such horrors, I cannot hold my peace!
Nurse. Yea, by thy shapely hand, I beg of thee!
Hipp. Thou shalt not clasp my hand, nor touch my robes!
Nurse. I implore thee at thy knees, destroy me not!
Hipp. What! If thy words were harmless, as thou say'st?
Nurse. My tale, O son, was not to be revealed!
Hipp. Fair words are fairer uttered in the throng!
Nurse. O child, I pray, dishonor not thy oath!
Hipp. My tongue has sworn; unsworn my mind remains!

This line has caused Euripides to be bitterly censured as immoral and Jesuitical; but, apart from the unfairness of attributing to a dramatist the sentiments of his characters, Hippolytos only means that he has been tricked into a promise of silence, which he would not have given had he suspected that the nurse was about to make a wicked and traitorous proposal. He thinks himself still morally free to reveal to Theseus the true character of his wife. Whether this is a right view of his duty we will not argue. It should always be remembered in this connection that, when Phaidra has perished, he refrains from telling the truth, even to clear his own character, or to escape exile and death.

Nurse. What wilt thou do, O son? Destroy thy friends?
Hipp. I scorn the name! No base one is my friend!
Nurse. Forgive! To err is only human, child!

This is the last arrow in her quiver. Hippolytos now casts her from him altogether, and bursts out with a long tirade against women, into which he weaves an outrageously unjust version of Phaidra's action and character. We quote the most important parts only: —

. . . Most blest his lot within whose home is set
As wife a harmless, silly nobody.
I hate a clever woman! In my house
Be no one sager than befits her sex:
For Kypris oftener stirs up villainy
Within the clever; but the guileless wife
Is saved from folly by her slender wit.
No servant should approach the wife's abode,
But speechless animals should dwell with her,
That she may have not one to whom to speak,
Nor ever hear from them an answering voice.
But now the wicked weave their plots within
For mischief, and their servants bear them forth:
Even as thou, O evil one, hast come
To proffer me my father's sacred rights! . . .
. . . And, woman, know, my reverence saves thy life.
Were I not, unawares, so bound by oaths,
I would have straightway told my father this.
— But now, while Theseus is in other lands,
I leave his halls, and we will hold our peace.
But coming with my father, I 'll behold
How thou wilt face him, and thy mistress too! . . .

When the prince rushes from the stage (to the left, as to another land), Phaidra believes that he will probably tell Theseus this version of her sin, and is certain that he will soon return with his father, watching her from aloof with eyes full of contempt and hate, regarding her as a shameless wanton and accomplished hypocrite. We must enter, as far as we may, into her mingled feelings, — shame for her passion, indignation at Hippolytos' injustice, despair of setting herself in any better light, — because here lies the explanation of what most critics think the fatal flaw in the play: Phaidra's false accusation of her step-son. Long previously she had determined to put an

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end to her own life. Now the resolve is roused within her to avenge herself on the haughty young prince who has both disdained and slandered her. Her strongest motive, however, is the desire to leave her children a spotless name; and the poet has foreshadowed this in one of his finest passages. For ourselves, we find that her letter to her husband is adequately justified, — that is, of course, dramatically justified; in fact, is no more than what a Greek would expect a high-spirited princess to do under such provocation.

The nurse, who has bowed in silent submission to the torrent of his angry words, now rises slowly, and meets the eyes of her mistress. The nurse is the scape-goat of the drama, next to Aphrodite. She has been made odious in order to lift the burden of guilt from Phaidra. That she will be driven out in disgrace and heard of no more we may be sure; and equally sure that she will first have full opportunity to put the best construction upon her own acts, and will take with her some share of our sympathy. That is part of the dignity of tragedy. Here are the words of her reply to Phaidra's accusation, which closes with the lines

Accurst be thou, and all who eagerly
Do shameful service for unwilling friends.
Nurse. My lady, thou canst blame my act as wrong,
For pain has overpowered thy judgment now.
Yet I can answer, if thou wilt but hear.
I loved, who bred thee. I but sought a cure
For thy disease, — and found not what I would.
Had I succeeded, I were counted wise;
For by success or failure we are judged.

After dismissing the nurse, Phaidra demands from the chorus a vow

To veil in silence what ye here have heard,

and withdraws into the palace, with the words: —

To Kypris, who destroys me, I will give
Delight, by bidding life farewell to-day,
And shall be overcome by bitter love.
But to that other I will prove a curse
In death, that he may in my misery learn
Not to be haughty. He shall share with me
This trouble, which may teach him self-restraint.

Here the episode closes, and we have reached the central point of the play. It is evident that Phaidra will be seen no more alive. While in these first two episodes she has been suffering and almost passive, her last words reveal to us that in the scenes to come she will exert, in death, a fatal influence at least over Hippolytos' destiny. At this point the poet has set a lyric ode of great beauty, in which the first pair of strophes, elaborated on the theme "Would we could flee afar from all the horrors we foresee here," relieve the thoughts of the listener, and the second pair recall his attention gradually more and more closely to the subject of the drama. In attempting to render the substance of such an ode in English, it is right to remind the reader that we have lost completely the Greek music, and that what we possess is only a bare libretto without the score.

SECOND STASIMON.

Oh for some retreat afar sequestered!
May some god into a bird
Flitting mid the wingèd throng transform me!
Where the Adriatic's wave
Breaks upon the shore I fain would hasten;
Or to the Erídanos,
Where into the purple tide,
Mourning over Phaethon,
Evermore the wretched sisters
Drop their amber-gleaming tears.

Gladly would I seek the fertile shore-land
Of Hesperian minstrelsy,
Where the sea-lord over purple waters
Bars the way of mariners,
Setting there, to be upheld by Atlas,
Heaven's holy boundary.
There ambrosial fountains flow
From the place where Zeus abides,
And the sacred land of plenty
Gives delight unto the gods.

O thou white-winged Cretan vessel,
That across the ever-smiting
Briny billow of the ocean
Hither hast conveyed my queen,
From her home of royal splendor,
Wretched in her wedded bliss!

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For to both of evil omen
Surely, or at least to Crete,
Thou to glorious Athens flitted,
Where in the Munychian harbor
They unbound their twisted cables
And set foot upon the main.

Therefore is she broken-hearted,
Cursed with an unholy passion
By the might of Aphrodite.
Wholly overwhelmed by woe,
In the chamber of her nuptials,
Fitted to her snowy neck
She will hang the cord suspended,
Showing thus her reverence
For the god by men detested:
Eager most for reputation,
And releasing so her spirit
From the love that brought her pain.

The opening portion of the third episode is remarkably rapid and full of action. As in the second episode, the Stasimon is seemingly interrupted, in this case by a loud shout from a servant within the palace, — the stage being still deserted.

Servant (within). Halloa! Halloa!
Run hither, all who are about the house,
For here is hanging Theseus' royal wife!
Chorus. Alas! The deed is done! She is no more,
The queen, who to the high-hung noose is bound!
Serv. (within). Will ye not hasten? Some one bring a knife,
That we may loosen from her neck the bond!
Chor. What may we do? Ought we to enter, friends,
And from the tight-drawn noose release the queen?
Semi-chorus. Nay, why? Are not the youthful servants there?
In undue forwardness no safety lies.

(Here again it seems clear that the position of the chorus is such that they must remain inactive even at such a crisis, and this bit of discussion among them is a dramatic device to excuse their failure to approach the palace.)

Servant (within). Lay out and straighten the most wretched corpse.
A sad home-keeping for my lord is this!
Semi-chorus. The unhappy wife has perished, as I hear:
For they already lay her out as dead.

In their excitement the chorus have failed to notice and announce the approach of Theseus, who enters at this juncture, knowing nothing of the events of the day. To the Athenian auditor he was, no doubt, an unmistakable figure. Similarly, in the Alkestis, Heracles, entering with club and lion-skin, requires no mention of his name.

Theseus. What is this cry, O women, in the halls?
The servants' wail came to me heavily.
Nor does the palace open wide its gates,
And as a sacred envoy welcome me.
Has any change to aged Pittheus come?
Advanced already is his life, and yet
By us lamented he would leave his home.

After some hesitation the chorus announce to him the true cause of the lamentations. Tearing off his chaplet and casting it away, he exclaims: —

Undo the fastenings, servants, of the gates,
And draw the bolts, that I this wretched sight
May see. . . .

The palace doors are accordingly opened, and the queen is seen lying dead within. Here begins the Kommós, or lament for the dead, carried on by Theseus and the chorus in alternation. Iambic recitative is mingled with lyric measures. A specimen passage must suffice, as the action of the play waits meanwhile: —

Theseus . . . . I behold a sea of troubles,
So mighty I can never more escape,
Nor ride the billows of calamity.
Brief of days, unhappy woman,
In what words, or how, may I
Rightly tell thy wretched lot?
For as a bird thou 'rt vanished from my hands,
Rushing to Hades with impetuous haste!
Wretched is our woe, alas!
Out of some far-distant source
Falls on me divine disaster,
Through the sins of one of old.

The reader will notice the familiar metaphor of Hamlet. The allusion to a bird is interesting, for in the bas-reliefs upon ancient Athenian tombstones we often see a bird held in the hands, perhaps as an emblem of the flitting soul. The last lines are like a faint, dying echo of that living belief in the working

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out of an ancestral curse, which adds so much of awe and horror to the Aischylean drama.

The Kommós ends with these prophetic words from the chorus : —

For thy fate mine eyes with tears
Overflow; and I have shuddered
Long at sorrows yet to come!

Immediately afterward, Theseus, approaching his wife's body, notices that she holds in her hand a sealed tablet. This he opens, while the chorus, in a flutter of excitement, now clearly foresee the trouble which is in store. Theseus, after some incoherent outcry at the dreadful news, declares : —

Hippolytos has dared assail my couch,
Not reverencing the awful eye of Zeus!
— But oh! my sire Poseidon, since of old
Thou gavest me three wishes, now, for one,
Destroy my son; and may he not escape
This day, if thou dost truly grant my prayers!
Chorus. Recall thy wish, O monarch, by the gods!
For thou wilt learn, thou errest. Mark my words!

The chorus is here, as usual, the mouthpiece of the average sentiment of a Hellenic community. The audience realize at once that Theseus will pay a bitter penalty for this over-hasty imprecation.

Theseus. Not so! And I besides will exile him.
By one of these two fates shall he be struck.
Either Poseidon, hearkening to my prayer,
Will send him slain to Hades' realm, or else,
Wandering as an outcast from this land,
On foreign earth he 'll spend a wretched life.

Upon this, Hippolytos is seen approaching. The term "tragic irony" is almost too familiar for repetition; but we must notice the contrast between the young prince's tender words of sympathy, his assurance of his father's love, and the curses we have just heard pronounced : —

Hearing thy outcry, father, I am come
In haste; but yet the cause of thy lament
I know not, and would gladly learn from thee.
[*Seeing Phaidra.*
Oh! what a fearful sight! I see thy wife
Lies dead, my father! This is wondrous strange.
She whom I left but now, who gazed upon
The sunshine but a little time ago!
Pray, what befell her? How was she destroyed?
. . . Thou 'rt silent? Silence is not well in grief.
The heart that longs to know of all our haps
Is not less eager in our evil days.
From us who are thy friends, and more than friends,
It is not just to hide calamity.

The dialogue between father and son extends to more than two hundred lines, and would drag a little on a modern stage, though undoubtedly most pleasing to the Athenians.

Hippolytos faces his enraged father with unflinching courage : —

Herein, my sire, I marvel much at thee!
If I had been thy father, thou my son,
Instead of exile I had struck thee dead,
If thou hadst dared lay hand upon my wife!

We can imagine the family likeness in the two men coming out more clearly as they glare at each other, with parted lips and flushed cheeks: so far away do such scenes carry our imagination from the stiff pomposities of mask and buskin!

The audience doubtless enjoyed a certain subtlety of argument in this scene, which reminds us, as is often true in Euripides' dialogue, of the pleas in the law-courts. Thus Theseus : —

Since she is dead, thou trustest to escape?
'T is this convicts thee most of all, thou wretch!
What oath, what reasoning, could be mightier
Than she, and clear thee from this charge?
Thou 'lt say
That she abhorred thee, that 't is natural
The bastard should be foe of lawful sons?
She were a foolish trafficker in life,
To lose that dearest thing for hate of thee!
— Or say this folly is not found in men.
But only in women? Nay, I know young men
Are nowise more secure than women are,
When Kypris comes to stir the soul of youth.

We are sorry to give only a fragment of the prince's reply, which is full of powerful appeals to Athenian feeling : —

. . . Of what thou wouldst convict me I am pure.

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My body yet is innocent of love;
I know it not, except as told in tales,
Or seen in pictures, — nor do I desire
To gaze on them, but keep a virgin soul.
My virtue, it may be, wins not thy belief;
Then must thou show by what I was beguiled.
Her form, perchance, was of all womankind
The fairest? Did I hope to rule thy house,
Winning a love that brought me dower besides?
— I must have been a dolt, bereft of sense!
Or because power is pleasant? To the wise
It is not so! For undivided sway
Corrupts the souls of those who find it sweet.
I would desire in the Hellenic games
To win the foremost; second in the state
To live a prosperous life, with noblest friends.
Thus action still is free; and safety has
A charm more mighty than tyrannic power.
. . . But now, by Zeus, the god of oaths, and earth,
I swear to thee I never touched thy wife,
Nor wished it; no, nor ever thought of it!
Inglorious, nameless, homeless, may I perish,
Without a country wandering the earth,
May neither land nor wave receive my bones
In death, if I have been a sinful man!
If she in terror flung her life away,
I know not. More I have no right to say.
She is held virtuous who was not so,
And we who are have little joy of it!

When Hippolytos asks if his father will not test his innocence by divination, Theseus confronts him with the tablet, as unanswerable proof of guilt. The youth is sorely tempted to break his vow.

Ye gods, why do I not unseal my lips,
Who am destroyed by you whom I revere?
. . . Nay, for I should not even so persuade
Those whom I must, but break my oath in vain.

Hippolytos finally departs with all the dignity of a victor.

It must be so, it seems. Alas for me,
Who know, but yet may not reveal, the truth!
Daughter of Leto, dearest of the gods,
Comrade in chase and rest, an exiled man
Am I from glorious Athens! Fare ye well,
Erechtheus' land and town! Troizenian plain,
How happily may youth be spent in thee!
Farewell! I shall not hail nor see thee more!

So he passes forth, accompanied by a countless host of the youth of the land, into exile.

Even in this scene, confronting a heroic and kingly father, who pours upon him the bitterest scorn and rage, Hippolytos stands the preëminent and most beautiful figure of a drama that has not one weak or cowardly character in it. He is, in the highest sense, statuesque: full of exultant delight in life, yet courageous and steadfast in the presence of peril and agony; and the poet who created him was not unworthy to teach the youth of Hellas how to face life and death.

Self-satisfaction, almost self-worship, is his one danger, rather than sin. The Greek feeling was not that self-satisfaction was unfounded and wicked, deserving the punishment of Heaven, but only that it drew down the jealousy of gods, who would not permit men to enjoy like themselves. The mediæval ascetic warns us against pride and self-contentment because he has a low opinion of human nature, the Greek rather because of his ignoble conception of the gods.

As Hippolytos departs, the palace doors close upon Theseus and the dead queen, and the stage is again deserted.

The third choric song, or Stasimon, is long, perhaps in order that some time may have elapsed for the occurrence of the events described in the next scene. The chorus, or rather the poet, begins with a confession that the calamities of men sometimes shake our faith in the divine watchfulness. Then follows a prayer for moderate prosperity. The remaining strophes are a lament that the palace, the race-course, and the forest will know the stately young hero no more.

The fourth episode opens with the arrival of a messenger, Hippolytos' attendant. Hearing his inquiries, Theseus comes forth, and to him is told, first briefly, then at great length, the tale of his son's mishap. This is very generally regarded as the finest passage in the play. We reluctantly omit it, for lack of space, and because it is, of course, hardly a part of the action proper of

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the drama.[1] Poseidon has fulfilled his promise. As Hippolytos, with his myriad attending train, drove his chariot along the beach road, —

Toward Argos and the Epidaurian land,

a mighty billow arose from the sea, and out of it appeared a terrible bull. This monster threw the horses into a panic, despite all Hippolytos' strength and skill, and finally drove them crashing against a crag. The chariot was shattered, the bull and also the horses disappeared, and Hippolytos is now lying, mangled and just alive, upon the shore. And then the messenger lifts his head defiantly before the unrelenting king, and adds: —

I am a slave within thy house, O king!
But this at least I never can believe,
That he, thy son, was guilty! Not although
The whole of womankind go hang themselves,
And with their letters fill the pines that grow
On Ida; for that he is noble I know!

Theseus neither grieves nor rejoices, if we except a momentary exultation in the certainty that Poseidon is indeed his father. He bids that his son be brought into his presence, and the messenger's departure closes the fourth and last episode.

The fourth Stasimon is very brief; merely a single lyric stanza, celebrating the universal power of Kypris and Eros.

Meanwhile, Theseus remains upon the stage, and the Exodos, or closing scene, opens with the apparition of Artemis.

I command thee, illustrious Aigeus' son,
To give ear unto me!
I am Artemis, daughter of Leto, who speak.

The goddess sternly reveals to the king the whole truth, and declares that she herself and even Poseidon are wroth at his hasty action, and impious refusal to consult the oracles or in any way test the truth. She explains their failure to interfere in Hippolytos' behalf in the following passage: —

Awful thy guilt! and yet
Forgiveness still may be within thy reach;
For Kypris willed that this should come to pass,
Sating her wrath. The way of gods is this:
Not one will interfere to thwart the wish
Of any, but we ever hold aloof.
Yet know full well, had I not dreaded Zeus,
I never would have suffered this disgrace,
To let him perish who of mortal men
To me was dearest.

(Hardly an inspiring view of the supreme powers!)

Thy transgression, first,
By ignorance was freed of grievous guilt;
And then thy wife, by dying, had cut off
Inquiries which might satisfy thy mind.
And heaviest on thyself this evil falls,
A grief to me as well; for in the death
Of righteous men the gods have no delight,
But root the wicked out with child and house!

There is such a contrast between these last excellent sentiments and the actual events just chronicled, that we can hardly avoid hearing in them a tone of bitterest irony; and yet perhaps we should be mistaken. The growing gentleness of Artemis is possibly an indication that our drama is about to glide into that tone of calmer feeling and spirit of resignation in which tragedy ends. Even the wild scenes of the Oresteian trilogy close peacefully in the Eumenides.

Hippolytos is now brought in on the arms of two attendants. He is soiled and mangled, and apparently hardly able to see. He describes his sufferings, longs for death to end them, and declares himself the innocent victim of the sin of some one of his forefathers. As he sinks back exhausted, and closes his eyes, the voice of the maiden-goddess to whom his life has been devoted rings in his ears, uttering her sympathy for the beloved youth, whom his own chastity and faith to his plighted word have thus destroyed. The close of the drama we may perhaps give in full: —

Artemis. Poor wretch, to what disaster thou art bound!
Thy nobleness of soul has laid thee low!

[1] Schiller closes his translation of our poet's Iphigenia at Aulis without giving the messenger's account of the sacrifice, the culmination of the plot, because "*hier schliesst sich die dramatische Handlung.*"

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Hippolytos (*starting up again*). O heavenly breath of fragrance! Even in woe
I feel thee, and my frame is grown more light.
The goddess Artemis is in this place!
Art. Poor soul, she is; most dear of gods to thee!
Hipp. Dost thou, O lady, see my misery?
Art. I see, yet may mine eyes no tear let fall.
Hipp. Thou hast no huntsman nor attendant now.
Art. Yet thou art very dear to me in death.
Hipp. No one to guide thy steeds, or guard thy shrines.
Art. Ay, villainous Kypris has devised it so.
Hipp. Ah, now I know the power that ruined me!
Art. She grudged my honors, chafed that thou wert pure.
Hipp. Ay, she alone, I see, destroyed us three —
Art. — Thy father, and thyself, and third his spouse.
Hipp. I sorrow for my father's grief as well.
Art. By superhuman craft was he deceived.
Hipp. How wretched art thou, father, in this woe!
Theseus. I am dead, my child! Life has no charm for me!
Hipp. I mourn thine error more for thee than me.
Thes. Would I, my child, could perish in thy stead!
Hipp. Thy sire Poseidon gave thee bitter gifts.
Thes. Oh that my lips had never shaped the wish!
Hipp. What then? Thou wouldst have slain me in thy wrath.
Thes. The gods had robbed me of my wiser thoughts.
Hipp. Oh that mankind might curse the powers above!
Art. Hold! for although to nether gloom thou pass,
Not unavenged the eager wrath divine
Of Kypris shall upon thy body fall,
Because of thy pure heart and piety;
For I in recompense will slay that one
Of mortals who is found most dear to her,
By mine own hand, with these unerring shafts.
On thee, poor sufferer, to requite thy woes,
In the Troizenian town I will bestow
High honors. Maidens ere their wedding-day
Shall shear for thee their tresses; thou shalt reap
Through many an age the harvest of their tears.
Thy minstrel shall the grief of virgins be,
And Phaidra's passion for thee never more
Shall into silence and oblivion fall.
Thou, son of venerable Aigeus, take
Into thine arms thy son, and clasp him close.
Unwilling thou hast slain him; and to men
Error is natural when the gods so guide.
And I command thee not to hate thy sire,
Hippolytos; for 't was thy fate to die.
Farewell! I may not look upon a corpse,
Nor sear my eyes with agonies of death;
And thou, I see, art near that final pang.
Hipp. Farewell to thee, departing, blessèd maid!
And painless end our long companionship.
At thy behest I strive not with my sire,
Even as before I hearkened to thy words.
[*Artemis vanishes.*
The darkness falls already on my eyes!
My father, clasp me and uplift my frame.
Thes. Alas! what dost thou to thy wretched sire!
Hipp. I am lost! The gates of Hades I behold!
Thes. And wilt thou leave my soul unpurified?
Hipp. Not so, since I acquit thee of my death.
Thes. What! Free from stain of blood thou leavest me?
Hipp. — And call as witness on the archer-maid.
Thes. Dearest, how noble thou dost seem to me!
Hipp. Farewell, a long farewell to thee, my sire!
Thes. Alas for thy most pure and reverent soul!
Hipp. Pray thou for lawful children like to me!
Thes. Desert me not, my child, but still be strong!
Hipp. My strength is spent, and I am dead, my father;
Make haste to cover with the robe my face.
[*Dies.*
Thes. O glorious bounds of Athens, Pallas' land,
Of what a man art thou bereft! Alas!
Kypris, thy deeds I shall remember long.
Chorus. On all in our city in common this grief
Unexpected befalls.
The fountain of many a tear it will prove;
For the fame and well-earned lamentation endure
The longer for great men departed.

So calmly the drama closes. There was probably no curtain to fall between actors and spectators. The body, followed by the grief-stricken king, is

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doubtless carried into the palace, while the chorus file out to the marching movement of these closing dactyls.

We have no sympathy with the carping critics, from Aristophanes to Schlegel, who shrilly complain that Euripides was not a second Sophocles. He has gloriously vindicated his right to be himself. This sketch attains its aim, if, following Symonds, Mahaffy, and Browning, it aids at all in showing Euripides to be a dramatic and lyric poet of the highest rank. We are reverently grateful to this rare and noble creative genius, who reveals to us a lovely ideal world, — ideal, and yet real; for we are conscious that we are but gazing into the magician's mirror, wherein Periclean Athens beheld itself.

William Cranston Lawton.

"COME BACK, DEAR DAYS!"

Come back, dear days, from out the Past!
. . . I see your gentle ghosts arise,
You look at me with mournful eyes,
And then the night grows vague and vast:
You have gone back to Paradise.

Why did you fleet away, dear days?
You were so welcome when you came!
The morning skies were all aflame,
The birds sang matins in your praise,
All else of life you put to shame.

Did I not honor you aright, —
I, who but lived to see you shine,
Who felt your very pain divine,
Thanked God and warmed me in your light,
Or quaffed your tears as they were wine?

What wooed you to these stranger skies, —
What love more fond, what dream more fair,
What music whispered in the air?
What soft delight of smiles and sighs
Enchanted you from otherwhere?

You left no pledges when you went:
The years since then are bleak and cold, —
No bursting buds the Junes unfold.
While you were here my all I spent;
Now I am poor, and sad, and old.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

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PAUL PATOFF.

V.

EARLY on the next morning Paul was on his way to Munich, Vienna, and the East again, and on the afternoon of the same day Professor Cutter and Madame Patoff, with two servants, got into a spacious carriage, in which they had determined to drive as far as Weissenstein, the last village of the Black Forest before reaching Pforzheim. Pursuing his plan of traveling by unfrequented routes, the professor had proposed to spend the night in the beautiful old place which he had formerly visited, intending to proceed the next day by rail to Carlsruhe, and thence down the Rhine.

He had not seen Madame Patoff in the evening after her interview with Paul, and when he met her in the morning it struck him that her manner was greatly changed. She was very silent, and when she spoke at all talked of indifferent subjects. She never referred in any way to the meeting with her son, and the professor observed that for the first time she allowed the day to pass without once mentioning the disappearance of Alexander. He attributed this silence to the deep emotion she had felt on seeing Paul, and to her natural desire to avoid any reference to the pain she had suffered. As usual she allowed him to make all the necessary arrangements for the journey, and she even spoke with some pleasure of the long drive through the forest. She was evidently fatigued and nervous, and her face was much paler than usual, but she was quiet and did not seem ill. All through the long afternoon they drove over the beautiful winding road, enjoying the views, discussing the scenery, and breathing in the healthy odor of the pines. The professor was an agreeable companion, for he had traveled much in Southern Germany, and amused Madame Patoff with all manner of curious information concerning the people, the legends connected with the different parts of the Black Forest, the fairy tales of the Rhine, and the history of the barons before Rudolf of Hapsburg destroyed them in his raid upon the freebooters. This he sprinkled with anecdotes, small talk about books, and comments on European society; speaking with ease and remarkable knowledge of his subjects, and so pleasantly that Madame Patoff never perceived that he wished to amuse her, and was trying to distract her thoughts from the one subject which too easily beset them. Indeed, the professor in the society of a woman of the world was a very different man from the earnest, plain-speaking person who had dined with Paul on the previous night. Even his gold-rimmed spectacles were worn with a less professional air. His well-cut traveling costume of plain tweed did not suggest the traditional scientist, and his bronzed and manly face was that of a sportsman or an Alpine Club man rather than of a student. Madame Patoff leaned back in the carriage, and fairly enjoyed the hours; saying to herself that Cutter had never been so agreeable before, and that indeed in her long life she had met few men who possessed so much charm in conversation. She was an old lady, and could judge of men, for she had spent nearly forty years in the midst of the most brilliant society in Europe, and was not to be deceived by the ring of false metal.

At last they reached the place in the road where they had to descend from the carriage and mount the ascent to Weissenstein. Madame Patoff was well pleased with the place, and said so as she slowly climbed the narrow path, leaning on the professor's arm. The inn —

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the old Gasthaus zum Goldenen Anker — stands upon the very edge of the precipice above the tumbling Nagold, and is indeed partly built down the face of the cliff. Rooms have been hollowed, so that their windows look down on the river from a sheer height of two hundred feet, the surface of the natural wall, broken only here and there by a projecting ledge, or by the crooked stem of a strong wild cherry tree which somehow finds enough soil and moisture there to support its hardy growth. The inn is very primitive, but comfortable in its simple way, and the scenery is surpassingly beautiful. Far below, on the other side of the torrent, the small village nestles among the dark pines, the single spire of the diminutive church standing high above the surrounding cottages. Above, the hill is crowned by the ruins of the ancient castle of Weissenstein, — the castle of Bellrem, the crusader, who fell from the lofty ramparts on a moonlight night in the twelfth century, terrified by the ghost of a woman he had loved and wronged. At least, the legend says so, and as the ruined ramparts are still there it is probably all quite true. On the back of the hill, where the narrow path descends from the inn to the road, the still, deep waters of the great mill pool lie stagnant in the hot air, and the long-legged water spiders shoot over the surface, inviting the old carp to snap at them, well knowing that they will not, but skimming away like mad when a mountain trout, who has strayed in from the river through the sluices, comes suddenly to the surface with a short, sharp splash. But there are flies for the trout, and he prefers them, so that the water spiders lead, on the whole, a quiet and unmolested life.

The travelers entered the inn, and were soon established for the night. Madame Patoff was still enchanted with the view, and insisted on sitting out upon the low balcony until late at night, though the air was very cool and the dampness rose from the river. There was something in the wild place which soothed her. She almost wished she could stay there forever, and hide her sorrow from the world in such a nest as this, overhanging the wild water, perched high in air, and surrounded on all sides by the soft black forest. For the Black Forest is indeed black, as only such impenetrable masses of evergreen can be.

In the early morning the tall old lady in black was again at her place on the balcony when Professor Cutter appeared. She sat by the low parapet, and gazed down as in a trance at the tumbling water, and at the solitary fisherman who stood bare-legged on a jutting rock, casting his rough tackle on the eddying stream. She was calmer than she had seemed for a long time, and the professor began seriously to doubt the wisdom of taking her to England, although he had already written to her brother-in-law, naming the date when they expected to arrive.

"Shall we go on this morning?" he asked, in a tone which left the answer wholly at Madame Patoff's decision.

"Where?" she asked, dreamily.

"Another stage on our way home," answered the professor.

"Yes," she said, with sudden determination. "If we stay here any longer, I shall be so much in love with the place that I shall never be able to leave it. Let us go at once. I feel as though something might happen to prevent us."

"Very well. I will make all the arrangements." Professor Cutter forthwith went to consult the landlord, leaving Madame Patoff upon the balcony. She sat there without moving, absorbed in the beauty of the scene, and happy to forget her troubles even for a moment in the sight of something altogether new. Her thoughts were indeed confused. It was but the day before yesterday that she had seen her son Paul after years of separation, and that alone was sufficient to disturb her. She had

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never liked him, — she could not tell why, except it were because she loved Alexander better, — and she could not help looking on Paul as on the man who had robbed her of what she loved best in the world. But the recollection of the interview was cloudy and uncertain. She had given way to a violent burst of anger, and was not quite sure of what had happened. She tried to thrust it all away from her weary brain, and she looked down again at the fisherman, far below. He had moved a little, and just then she could see him only through the branches of a projecting cherry-tree. He seemed to be baiting his hook for another cast in the river.

"Madame Patoff, are you quite ready?" asked the professor's voice from the window.

"Yes," she said, rising to her feet. "I am coming."

"One moment, — I am just paying the bill," answered Cutter from within; and Madame Patoff could hear the landlord counting out the small change upon a plate, the ringing silver marks and the dull little clatter of the nickel ten-pfennig pieces.

She was standing now, and she looked over the torrent at the dark forest beyond, endeavoring to fix the beautiful scene in her mind, and trying to forget her trouble. But it would not be forgotten, and as she stood up the whole scene with Paul came vividly to her mind. She remembered all her loathing for him, all the horror and all the furious anger she had felt at the sight of him. In the keen memory of that bitter meeting, rendered tenfold more vivid by the overwrought state of her brain, the blood rushed violently to her face, her head swam, and she put out her hand to steady herself, thinking there was a railing before her. But the parapet was low, scarcely reaching to her knees. She tottered, lost her balance, and with a wild shriek fell headlong into the abyss.

Cutter dropped his change and rushed frantically to the window, well-nigh falling over the low parapet himself. His face was ghastly, as he leaned far forward and looked down. Then he uttered an exclamation of terror, and seemed about to attempt to climb over the balcony. Not ten feet below him the wretched woman hung suspended in the thick branches of the wild cherry tree, caught by her clothes. Cutter breathed hard, for he had never seen so horrible a sight. At any moment the material of her dress might give way, the branches might break under the heavy strain. He looked wildly round for help. Between the balcony and the trees there were ten feet of smooth rock, which would not have given a foothold to a lizard.

"Catch hold, there!" cried a loud voice from above, and Cutter saw a new rope dangling before him into the abyss. He looked up as he seized the means of help, and saw at the upper window the square dark face of a strong man, who was clad in a flannel shirt and had a silver-mounted pipe in his mouth.

"Go ahead, — it 's fast," said the man, letting out more rope. "Or if you 're afraid, I 'll come down the rope myself."

But Cutter was not afraid. It was the work of a moment to make a wide bowline knot in the pliant Manilla cord. With an agility which in so heavily built a frame surprised the dark man above, the doctor let himself down as far as the tree; then seizing the insensible lady firmly by the arm, and bracing himself on the roots of the cherry close to the rock, so that he could stand for a moment without support from above, he deftly slipped the rope twice round her waist with what are called technically two half hitches, close to his own loop, in which he intended to sit, clasping her body with his arms.

"Can you haul us up?" he shouted.

Slowly the rope was raised, with its heavy burden. The strong tourist had got help from the terrified landlord, who had followed Cutter to the balcony, but

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who was a stalwart Swabian, and not easily disconcerted. He had rushed upstairs, and was hauling away with all his might. In less than a minute and a half Cutter was on a level with the balcony, and in a few seconds more he had disengaged himself and the rescued lady from the coils of the rope. It is not surprising that his first thought should have been for her, and not for the quiet man with the pipe, who had been the means of her escape. He bore Madame Patoff to her room, and with the assistance of her maid set about reviving her as fast as possible, though the perspiration streamed from his forehead, and he was trembling with fright in every limb and joint.

The tourist wound up his rope, and took his pipe from his mouth, which he had forgotten to do in the hurry of the moment. Then he slipped on an old jacket, and descended the stairs, to inquire whether he could be of any use, and whether the lady were alive or dead. He was a strongly built man, with an ugly but not unkindly face, small gray eyes, and black hair just beginning to grizzle at the temples. He was an extremely quiet fellow, and the people of the inn remarked that he gave very little trouble, though he had been at Weissenstein nearly a week. He had told the landlord that he was going to Switzerland, but that he liked roundabout ways, and was loitering along the road, as the season was not yet far enough advanced for a certain ascent which he meditated. He had nothing with him but a knapsack, a coil of rope, and a weather-beaten ice-axe, besides one small book, which he read whenever he read at all. He spoke German fluently, but said he was an American. Thereupon the landlady, who had a cousin who had a nephew who had gone to Brazil, asked the tourist if he did not know August Bürgin, and was very much disappointed to find that he did not.

The excitement outside of Madame Patoff's room was intense. But the Herr Doctor, as the landlord called Cutter, had admitted no one but the maid, and as yet had not given any news of the patient. The little group stood in the passage a long time before Cutter came out.

"She is not badly hurt," he said, and was about to reënter the apartment, when his eye fell on the tall tourist, who, on hearing the news, had turned quickly away. Cutter went hastily after him, and, grasping his hand, thanked him warmly for his timely help.

"Don't mention it," said the stranger. "You did the thing beautifully when once you had got hold of the rope. Excuse me — I have an engagement — good-by — glad to hear the lady is not hurt." Wherewith the tourist quickly shook the professor's hand once more, and was gone before the latter could ask his name.

"Queer fellow," muttered Cutter, as he returned to Madame Patoff's side.

She was not injured, as he had at once announced, but it was impossible to say what effect the awful shock might produce upon her overwrought brain. She opened her eyes, indeed, but she did not seem to recognize any one; and when the professor asked her how she felt, in order to see if she could speak intelligibly, she laughed harshly, and turned her head away. She was badly bruised, but he could discover no mark of any blow upon the head which could have caused a suspension of intelligence. There was therefore nothing to be done but to take care of her, and if she recovered her normal health she must be removed to her home at once. All day he sat beside her bed, with the patience of a man accustomed to tend the sick, and to regard them as studies for his own improvement. Towards evening she slept, and Cutter went out, hoping to find the tourist again. But the landlord said he was gone, and as the little inn kept no book wherein strangers were asked to

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register their names, and as the landlord could only say that the gentleman had declared his name to be Paul, Cutter was obliged to suffer the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity.

"I am sick of the name of Paul!" exclaimed the professor, half angrily. "Is the fellow a Russian, too, I wonder? Paul, Paul, — everybody seems to be called Paul!" Therewith he turned away, and began to walk up and down before the house, lighting a cigar, and smoking savagely in his annoyance with things in general.

He was thinking that if it had been so easy for Madame Patoff to throw herself over the balcony, just when he was not looking, it was after all not so very improbable that Alexander might have slipped away from his brother in the dark. The coincidence of the two cases was remarkable. As for Madame Patoff, he did not doubt for a moment that she had intended to commit suicide by throwing herself down the precipice. According to his theory, all her calmness of yesterday and this morning, succeeding the great excitement of her meeting with Paul, proved that she had been quietly meditating death. She had escaped. But had her mind escaped the suicide she had attempted on her body? In its effects, her anger against Paul and her fixed idea concerning him were as nothing when compared with the terrible shock she had experienced that morning. It was absolutely impossible to predict what would occur: whether she would recover her faculties, or remain apathetic for the rest of her life. She was a nervous, sensitive, and overstrung woman at all times, and would suffer far more under a sudden and violent strain than a duller nature could. The view she took in regard to Alexander's disappearance proved that her faculties were not evenly balanced. Of course the story was a very queer one, and Russians are queer people, as the professor said to himself. It was not going beyond the bounds of possibility to suppose that Paul might have murdered his brother, but Cutter would have expected that Madame Patoff would be the last person to suspect it, and especially to say it aloud. The way she had raved against Paul on more than one occasion sufficiently showed that she seized at false conclusions, like a person of unsound mind. Alexander had resembled her, too, and had always acted like an irritable, beautiful, spoiled child. There was a distinct streak of "queerness," as Cutter expressed it, in the family. Probably Paul had inherited it in a different way. His conduct at Teinach, after leaving his mother, had been strange. He had shown no sorrow, scarcely any annoyance, indeed, and during their dinner had seemed thoroughly at his ease. Scientifically speaking, the professor regretted the accident of the morning. Madame Patoff had been a very interesting study so long as she was under the influence of a dominating idea. Her case might now degenerate into one of common apathy, such as Cutter had seen hundreds of times. There would be nothing to be done but to try the usual methods, with the usual unsatisfactory results, abandoning her at last to the care of her relations and nurses as a hopeless idiot.

But Professor Cutter was not destined to such a disappointment. His patient recovered in a way which was new to him, and he realized that in losing his former case he had found one even more interesting. She was apathetic, indeed, in a certain degree, and did not appear to understand everything that was said to her, but this was the only sign of any degeneracy. She never again addressed by name either the professor or her maid, and never spoke except to express her wants, which she did in few words, and very concisely and correctly. Nothing would induce her, in conversation, to make any answer save a simple yes or no, and Cutter was struck by the fact

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that her color ceased to change when he spoke of Alexander. This, he thought, showed that she no longer associated any painful idea with the name of her lost son. But there were none of the signs of a softening brain, — no foolish ravings, nor any expressed desire to do anything not perfectly rational. She accomplished the journey with evident comfort, and was evidently delighted at the beautiful sights she saw on the way, though she said nothing, but only smiled and looked pleased. Her habitual expression was one of calm melancholy. Her features wore a sad but placid expression, and she appeared to thrive in health, and to be better than when the professor had first known her. She was more scrupulous than ever about her appearance, and there was an almost unnatural perfection in her dress and in her calm and graceful manner. Cutter was puzzled. With these symptoms he would have expected some apparent hallucination on one point. But he could detect nothing of the kind, and he exhausted his theories in trying to find out what particular form of insanity afflicted her. He could see nothing and define nothing, save her absolute refusal to talk. She asked for what she wanted, or got it for herself, and she answered readily yes and no to direct questions. Gradually, as they traveled by short stages, drawing near to their destination, Cutter altogether lost the habit of talking to her, and almost ceased to notice her one peculiarity. She would sit for hours in the same position, apparently never wearied of her silence, her placid expression never changing save into a gentle smile when she saw anything that pleased her.

They reached England at last, and Madame Patoff was installed in her brother-in-law's house in the country. Cutter came frequently from town to see her, and always studied her case with new interest; but after a whole year he could detect no change whatever in her condition, and began to despair of ever classifying her malady in the scientific catalogue of his mind.

. . . . . .

It was at this point, my dear friend, that I became an actor in the story of Paul Patoff and his mother, and I will now for a time tell my tale in my own person, — in the prosaic person of Paul Griggs, with whom you are so well acquainted that you are good enough to call him your friend. To give you at once an idea of my own connection with this history, I will confess that it was I who dropped the rope out of the window at Weissenstein, as you may have already guessed from the description I have given of myself.

VI.

Mankind may be divided and classified in many ways, according to the tests applied, and the reason why any new classification of people is always striking is not far to seek. For, since all the mental and moral qualities of which we have ever heard belong to men and women, it is obviously easy to say that we can divide our fellow-creatures into two classes, one class possessing the vice or virtue in point, and the other not possessing it. The only division which is hard to make is that which should separate the human race into classes of good and bad, — to speak biblically, the division of the sheep from the goats; but as no one has ever been able to draw the line, some people have said, in their haste, that all men are bad, while others have arrived at the no less hasty and equally false conclusion that all men are good. The Preacher was nearer the truth when he said, "All is vanity," than was David when he said in his heart, "All men are liars;" for if the bad man is foolish enough to boast of his error, the good man is generally inclined to vaunt his virtue after the most mature

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reflection, and the secret of success, whether in good or in evil, is not to allow the right hand to know the doings of the left. There are men who give lavishly with the one hand, while they steal even more freely with the other, and are covered with glory, until their biography is written by an intelligent enemy.

The faculty of persuading the world at large to consider that you are in the right is called your "prestige," a word closely connected with the term "prestidigitation," — if not in derivation, most certainly in meaning. When you have found out your neighbor's sin, your prestige is increased; when your neighbor has found out yours, your prestige is gone. There is little credit to be got from charity; for if you conceal your good deeds it is certain that nobody will suspect you of doing them, and if you do them before the world every one will say that you are vainglorious and purse-proud, and altogether a dangerous hypocrite. On the other hand, there is undeniably much social interest attached to a man who is supposed to be bad, but who has never been caught in his wickedness; and if a thorough-going sinner is discovered, after having concealed his doings for many years, people at least give him all the credit he can expect, saying, "Surely he was a very clever fellow to deceive us for so long!" There are plenty of ways which serve to conceal evil doings, from the vulgar lies which make up the code of schoolboy honor, to the national bad faith which systematically violates all treaties when they cease to be lucrative; from the promising youth who borrows money from his tailor, and has it charged to his father with compound interest as "account rendered for clothes furnished," down to the driveling dishonesty of some old statesman who clings to office because his ornate eloquence still survives his scanty wit. Verily, if the boy be father to the man, it is not pleasant to imagine what manner of men they will be to whom the modern boy stands in the relation of paternity. The big boys who kill little ones with their fists, and spend a pleasant hour in watching a couple of cats, slung over a clothes-line by the tails, fight each other to death, are likely to be less remarkable for their singular lack of intelligence than for their extraordinary excess of brutality. It is true that a nation's greatest activity for good is developed in the time of its transition from coarseness to refinement. It may also be true that its period of greatest harmfulness is when, from a fictitious refinement, it is dragged down again by the natural brutality of its nature; when the ideal has ceased to correspond with the real; when the poet has lost his hold upon the hearts of the people; when poetry itself is no longer the strong fire bursting through the thick, foul crust of the earth, but is only the faint and shadowy smoke of the fire, wreathed for a moment into ethereal shapes of fleeting grace that have neither heat enough to burn the earth from which they come, nor strength to withstand the rough winds of heaven by which they shall soon be scattered. For as the evolution of the ideal from the real is life, so the final separation of the soul from the body is death.

Almost all men have the qualities which can give moderate success. Very few have those gifts which lead to greatness, and those who have them invariably become great. There is no unrecognized genius; for genius means the production of what is not only beautiful, but enduring, and the works of man are all sooner or later judged by his fellows, and judged fairly. But it is unprofitable to discuss these matters; for those who are very great seldom know that they are, and those who are not cannot be persuaded that they might not attain to greatness if circumstances were slightly changed in their favor. Perhaps also there is very little use in making any preamble to what I have to tell. I remember to have been at a great meeting of

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American bankers at Niagara some years ago, where, as usual at American meetings, many speeches were made. There was an old gentleman there from the West who appeared to have something to say, but although his voice rose to impassioned tones and his gestures were highly effective as he delivered a variety of ornate phrases, he did not come to the point. An irreverent hearer rose and inquired what was the object of his distinguished friend's discourse, which did not appear to bear at all upon the matters in hand. The old gentleman stopped instantly in his flow of words, and said very quietly and naturally, "I feel a little shy, and I want to speak some before getting to the point, so as to get used to you." There was a good-natured laugh, in which the speaker joined. But he presently began again, and before long he was talking very well and very much to the point. It may be doubted, however, whether any well-conditioned chronicler needs a preliminary breather before so short a race as this is likely to be. In these wild days there is small time for man to work or for woman to weep, and those who would tell a tale must tell it quickly, lest the traveler be out of hearing before the song is ended, and the minstrel be left harping at the empty air and wasting his eloquence upon the stones.

Last year I was staying in an English country house on the borders of Hertfordshire and Essex. It is not what is called a "romantic neighborhood," but there are plenty of pretty places and some fine old trees where the green lanes of Essex begin to undulate into the wooded valleys of Herts. The name of the place where I was stopping is Carvel Place, and the people who generally live in it are John Carvel, Esq., formerly member for the borough; Mary Carvel, his wife, who was a Miss Dabstreak; Hermione Carvel, their daughter; and, when he is at home on leave, Macaulay Carvel, their son, a young man who has been in the diplomatic service several years, and who once had the good fortune to be selected as private secretary to Lord Mavourneen, when that noble diplomatist was sent on a special mission to India. Mrs. Carvel has a younger sister, a spinster, thirty-eight years of age, who rejoices in the name of Chrysophrasia. Her parents had christened their eldest daughter Anne, their second Mary, and had regretted the simple appellations bitterly, so that when a third little girl came into the world, seven years afterwards, their latent love for euphony was poured out upon her in a double measure at the baptismal font. Anne, eldest sister of Mrs. Carvel and Miss Chrysophrasia Dabstreak, married a Russian in the year 1850, and was never mentioned after the Crimean War, until her son, Paul Patoff, being a diplomatist, made the acquaintance of his first cousin in the person of Macaulay Carvel, who happened to be third secretary in Berlin, when Paul passed through that capital, on his return from a distant post in the East.

It is taken for granted that the Carvels have lived at Carvel Place since the memory of man. I know very little of their family history; my acquaintance with John Carvel is of comparatively recent date, and Miss Chrysophrasia eyes me with evident suspicion, as being an American and probably an adventurer. I cannot say that Carvel and I are precisely old friends, but we enjoy each other's society, and have been of considerable service to each other in the last ten years. There is a certain kind of mutual respect, not untempered by substantial mutual obligation, which very nearly approaches to friendship when the parties concerned have common tastes and are not unsympathetic. John Carvel is a man fifty years of age: he is short, well built, and active, delighting in the chase; slender rather than stout, but not thin; red in the face from constant exposure, scrupulous in the shaving of his smooth chin and in the scrubbing processes,

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dressed with untarnishing neatness; having large hands with large nails, smooth and tolerably thick gray hair, strongly marked eyebrows, and small, bright eyes of a gray-blue color. In his personal appearance he is a type of a fine race; in character and tastes he is a specimen of the best class of men to be met with in our day. He is a country gentleman, educated in the traditions of Rugby and Oxford at a time when those institutions had not succumbed to the subtle evils of our times, whereby the weak are corrupted into effeminate fools and the strong into abominable bullies. John Carvel's Latin has survived his school-days, and his manliness has outlived the university. He belongs to that class of Englishmen who proverbially speak the truth.

When he began life, an orphan at twenty-two years of age, he found himself comparatively poor, but in spite of the prejudices of those days he was not ashamed to better his fortunes by manufacture, and he is now a rich man. He married Mary Dabstreak for love, and has never regretted it. He has lived most of his life at Carvel Place, has hunted perpetually, and has of late years developed a taste for books which is likely to stand him in good stead in his old age. There is a fine library in the house, and much has been added to it in the last ten years. Miss Chrysophrasia occasionally strays into the repository of learning, but she has little sympathy with the contents of the shelves.

Miss Chrysophrasia Dabstreak is a lady concerning whom there is much speculation, to very little purpose, in the world as represented by the select society in which she droops, — not moves. She is an amateur.

Her eye rejoices only in the tints of the crushed strawberry and the faded olive; her ear loves the limited poetry of doubtful sound produced by abortive attempts to revive the unbarred melodies of the troubadours; and her soul thrills responsively in the checkered light falling through a stained-glass window, as a sensitive-plant waves its sticky leaves when a fly is in the neighborhood.

But life has attractions for Chrysophrasia. She enjoys it after her own fashion. It is a little disconnected. The relation between cause and effect is a little obscure. She is fragmentary. She is a series of unfinished sketches in various manners. She has her being in the past tense, and her future, if she could have it after her taste, would be the past made present. She has many aspirations, and few of them are realized, but all of them are sketched in faint hues upon the mist of her mediæval atmosphere. She is, in the language of a lyric from her own pen,

> "The shadow of fair and of joyous impossible, infinite, faintness
> That is cast on the mist of the sea by the light of the ages to come."

Her handwriting is Gothic. Her heart is of the type created by Mr. Swinburne in the minds of those who do not understand him, — in their minds, for in the flesh the type is not found. Moreover, she resents modernness of every kind, including the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, the continent of North America, and myself. Her political creed shadows forth the government of the future as a pleasant combination of communism and knight-baronry, wherein all oppressed persons shall have republics, and all nice people shall wear armor, and live in castles, and strew the floors of their rooms with rushes and their garments with the anatomic monstrosities of heraldic blazon.

As for religion, her mind is disturbed in its choice between a palatable form of Buddhism and a particularly luscious adaptation of Greek mythology; but in either case as much Christianity would be indispensable as would give the whole a flavor of crusading. I hope I am not hard upon Miss Chrysophrasia, but the

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fact is she is not — what shall I say? — not sympathetic to me. John Carvel does not often speak of her, but he has more than once attempted to argue with her, and on these occasions his sister-in-law invariably winds up her defense by remarking very wearily that "argument is the negation of poetry, and, indeed, of all that is fair and joyous."

Personally Miss Dabstreak is a faded blonde, with a very large nose, a wide mouth garnished with imperfect teeth, a very thin figure of considerable height, a poor complexion ill set off by scanty, straggling fair hair; garments of unusual, greenish hues, fitted in an unusual and irregular manner, hang in fantastic folds about the angles of her frame, and her attitudes are strange and improbable. I repeat that I do not mean to be hard upon Chrysophrasia, but her looks are not much to my taste. She is too strongly contrasted with her niece, Miss Carvel. There is, besides, something in Chrysophrasia's cold green eyes which gives me an unpleasant sensation. She was at Carvel Place when I arrived, and she is generally there, although she has a little house in Brompton, where she preserves the objects she most loves, consisting chiefly of earthen vessels, abominable in color and useless to civilized man; nevertheless, so great is her influence with her sister's family that even John speaks of majolica with a certain reverence, as a man lowers his voice when he mentions some dear relation not long dead. As for Mrs. Carvel, she is silent when Chrysophrasia holds forth concerning pots and plates, though I have seen her raise her gentle face and cast up her eyes with a faint, hopeless smile when her sister was more than usually eloquent about her Spanow-Morescow things, as she calls them, her Marstrow-Geawgiow and her Robby-ah. It seems to me that objects of that description are a trifle too perishable. Perhaps John Carvel wishes Miss Dabstreak were perishable, too; but she is not.

I would not weary you with too many portraits, my dear lady, and I will describe the beautiful Hermione another day. As for her mother, Mary Carvel, she is an angel upon earth, and if her trials have not been many until lately, her good deeds are without number as the sands of the sea; for it is a poor country that lies on the borders of Essex, and there have been bad times in these years. The harvests have failed, and many other misfortunes have happened, not the least of which is that the old race of farmers is dying out, and that the young ones cannot live as their fathers did, but sell their goods and chattels and emigrate, one after another, to the far, rich West. Some of them prosper, and some of them die on the road; but they leave the land behind them a waste, and there are eleven millions of acres now lying fallow in England which were ploughed and sown and reaped ten years ago. People are poor, and Mrs. Carvel takes care of them. Her soft brown eyes have a way of finding out trouble, and when it is found her great heart cannot help easing it. She loves her husband and her daughter, understanding them in different degrees. She loves her son also, but she does not pretend to understand him; he is the outcome of a new state of things; but he has no vices, and is thought exceedingly clever. As for her sister, she is very good to her, but she does not profess to understand her, either.

I had been in Persia and Turkey some time, and had not been many days in London, when John Carvel wrote to ask me if I would spend the winter with him. I was tired and wanted to be quiet, so I accepted his offer. Carvel Place is peaceful, and I like the woods about it, and the old towers, and the great library in the house itself, and the general sense of satisfaction at being among congenial people who are friendly. I knew I should have to encounter Miss Chrysophrasia, but I reflected that

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there was room for both of us, and that if it were not easy to agree with her it was not easy to quarrel with her, either. I packed my traps, and went down to the country one afternoon in November.

John Carvel had grown a trifle older; I thought he was a little less cheerful than he had been in former days, but I was welcomed as warmly as ever. The great fire burned brightly in the old hall, lighting up the dark wainscoting and the heavy furniture with a glow that turned the old oak from brown to red. The dim portraits looked down as of old from the panels, and Fang, the white deerhound, shook his shaggy coat and stretched his vast jaws as I came in. It was cold outside, and the rain was falling fast, as the early darkness gathered gloomily over the landscape, so that I was glad to stand by the blazing logs after the disagreeable drive. John Carvel was alone in the hall. He stretched out his broad hand and grasped mine, and it did my heart good to see the smile of honest gladness on his clean, manly face.

"I hardly thought you would come," he said, looking into my eyes. "I was never so glad to see you in my life. You have been wandering again, — half over the world. How are you? You look tougher than ever, and here am I growing palpably old. How in the world do you manage it?"

"A hard heart, a melancholy temperament, and a large appetite," I answered, with a laugh. "Besides, you have four or five years the better of me."

"The worse, you mean. I 'm as gray as a badger."

"Nonsense. It is your climate that makes people gray. How is Mrs. Carvel, and Hermione, — she must have grown up since I saw her, — and Miss Dabstreak?"

"She is after her pots and pans as usual," said John. "Mary and Hermy are all right, thank you. We will have tea with them presently."

He turned, and poked the fire with a huge pair of old-fashioned tongs. I thought his cheerful manner subsided a little as he took me to my room. He lingered a moment, till the man who brought in my boxes had unstrapped them, and trimmed the candles, and was gone.

"Is there anything you would like?" he asked. "A little whiskey? a glass of sherry?"

"No, thanks, — nothing. I will come down to tea in a few minutes. It is in the same old room, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, same as ever. By the bye, Griggs," he added suddenly, as he laid his hand on the handle of the door, "how long is it since you were here?"

"Three years and a month," I answered, after a moment's thought. "It does not seem so long. I suppose that is because we have met abroad since then."

"No, it does not seem long," said John Carvel, thoughtfully. Then he opened the door, and went out without another word.

Nothing especially worthy of mention happened on that evening, nor on the next day, nor for many days. I hunted a little, and shot a great deal more, and spent many hours in the library. The weather improved in the first week of December; it was rather warmer, and the scent lay very well. I gave myself up to the pleasant country life, and enjoyed the society of my host, without much thought of the present or care for the future. Hermione had grown, since I had seen her, from a grave and rather silent girl of seventeen to a somewhat less reserved young woman of twenty, always beautiful, but apparently not much changed. Her mother had taken her out in London during the previous season, and there was occasionally some talk about London and society, in which the young girl did not appear to take very much interest. With this exception the people and things at Carvel Place were

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the same as I had always known them. I was treated as one of the household, and was allowed to go my own ways without question or interference. Of course, I had to answer many questions about my wanderings and my doings in the last years, but I am used to that and do not mind it.

All this sounds as though I were going to give you some quiet chronicle of English country life, as if I were about to begin a report of household doings: how Mrs. Carvel and Hermione went to church on Sunday; how the Rev. Trumpington Soulsby used to stroll back with them across the park on fine days, and how he and Miss Dabstreak raved over the joyousness of a certain majolica plate; how the curate gently reproved, yet half indulged, Chrysophrasia's erratic religionism; how Mrs. Carvel distributed blankets to the old men and red cloaks to the old women; how the deerhound followed Hermione like Mary's little lamb, and how the worthy keeper, James Grubb, did not quite catch the wicked William Saltmarsh in the act of setting a beautiful new brass wire snare at a particular spot in the quickset hedge between the park and the twelve-acre field, but was confident he would catch him the next time he tried it; how Moses Skingle, the sexton, fell out with Mr. Speller, the superannuated village schoolmaster, because the juvenile Spellers would not refrain from the preparation of luscious mud pies upon the newly made grave of the late Peter Sullins, farmer, whose promising heir had not yet recovered sufficiently from the dissipation attending the funeral to erect a monument to his uncle; and so on and so forth, cackling through a volume or two of village chronicle, "and so home to bed."

I do not care a straw for the ducks in the horse-pond, nor for the naughty boy who throws stones at them, robs bird's-nests, and sets snares for hares under the wire fence of Carvel Park. I blush to say I have done most things of that kind myself, in one part of the world or in another, and they no longer have any sort of interest for me. No, my dear friend, the world is not yet turned into a farm-yard; there are other things to tell of besides the mud pies of the Speller children and the marks of little Billy Saltmarsh's hob-nailed shoes in the grass where he set the snare. The Turks say that a fool has three points in common with an ass, — he eats, he drinks, and he brays at other asses. I must fain eat and drink; let me at least refrain from braying.

It is not every one who cares for the beauties of nature as reflected in a horse-pond, or for the conversations of a class of people who have not more than seven or eight hundred words in their language, and with whom every word does not by any means correspond with an idea; we cannot all be farmer's lads, nor, if we were, could each of us find a Wordsworth to describe feelings we should certainly not possess.

I had been nearly a month at Carvel Place, and Christmas was approaching. We sat one afternoon in the drawing-room, drinking tea. John Carvel was turning over the leaves of a rare book he had just received, before transferring it to its place in the library. His heavy brows were contracted, and his large, clean hands touched the pages lovingly. Mrs. Carvel was installed in her favorite upright chair near an enormous student-lamp that had a pink shade, and her fingers were busy with some sort of needle-work. She, too, was silent, and her gentle face was bent over her hand. I can remember exactly how she always looks when she is working, and how her soft brown hair, that is just turning a little gray at the temples, waves above her forehead. Chrysophrasia Dabstreak lay languidly extended upon a couch, her thin hands clasped together in a studied attitude. She was bemoaning the evils of civilization, and no one was

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listening to her, for Hermione and I were engaged in putting a new silver collar round the neck of Fang; the great hound sat up patiently between us, yawning prodigiously from time to time, for the operation was tedious, and the patent lock of the collar would not fasten.

"I was just going to say it was time the letters came," said Mrs. Carvel, as the door opened and a servant entered with the post-bag. The master of the house unlocked the leathern case, and distributed the contents. We each received our share, and without ceremony opened our letters. There was a short silence while we were all reading.

"Macaulay has got his leave," said Mrs. Carvel, joyfully. "Is not that delightful! And he is going to bring — wait a minute — I cannot make out the name — let me get nearer to the light, dear — John, look here, is it not Paul Patoff? Look, dear!"

John looked. "It is certainly Paul Patoff," he said quietly. "I told Macaulay to bring him."

"Gracious!" ejaculated Hermione.

"How extremely interesting!" said Miss Chrysophrasia. "I adore Russians! They have such a joyous savor of the wild, free steppes!"

"You have exactly described the Russian of the steppes, Miss Dabstreak," I remarked. "His savor is so wild that it is perceptible at a great distance. But Patoff is not at all a bad fellow. I met him in Teheran last year. He had a trick of beating his servants which excited the wildest admiration among the Persians. The Shah decorated him before he left."

"Do you know him?" asked John Carvel quickly, as he caught my last words.

"Yes. I was just telling Miss Dabstreak that I met Paul Patoff last year. He was at the Russian legation in Teheran." John showed no surprise, and relapsed into silence.

"He and Macaulay are both in Paris," said Mrs. Carvel, "and I suppose Macaulay has made up his mind that we must know his cousin."

"Is not Professor Cutter coming, too, mamma?" asked Hermione. "I heard papa say so the other day."

"Oh, dear, yes!" exclaimed Chrysophrasia, wearily. "Professor Cutter is coming, with his nasty science, and his lenses, and his mathematics. Of course he will wear those vivid green spectacles morning, noon, and night, — such a dreadfully offensive color!"

"Yes," said John, gazing down at his neat shoes, as he stood rubbing his broad hands slowly together before the fire, "Cutter is coming, too. What a queer party we shall be at Christmas!"

And when Christmas came, we were a very queer party indeed.

At the prospect of seeing united, under an English roof, an English family, consisting of a great manufacturer, — at the same time a thorough-going country gentleman of old descent, — his wife, his beautiful daughter, and his æsthetic sister-in-law, having with them as guests the son of the master of the house, being a young English diplomatist; an English professor, who had given up his professorship to devote himself to the study of diseases of the mind; a Russian secretary of the embassy, who had seen the world, and was thirty years old; and, lastly, your humble slave of the pen, being an American, — at the prospect of such a heterogeneous assembly of men and women, you will suppose, my dear lady, that I am about to embark upon the cerulean waters of a potentially platonic republic, humbly steering my craft by the charts of a recent voyager, who, after making a noble but ineffectual attempt to discover the Isles of the Blessed, appears to have stumbled into the Drawing-rooms of the Damned.

I am not going to do anything of the kind. My story is written for the sole purpose of amusing you, and as a form

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of diversion for your leisure moments I would select neither the Wordsworthian pastoral, nor the platonic doctrine of Ideas. Mary Carvel would give her vote for the Dalesman, and Chrysophrasia for Plato, but I have not consulted them; and if I do not consult you, it is because I think I understand your tastes. You will, moreover, readily understand that in telling this tale I sometimes speak of things I did not actually see, because I know the people concerned very well, and some of them told me at the time, and have told me since, what they felt and thought about the things they did and saw done. For myself, I am the man you have long known, Paul Griggs, the American; a man of many acquaintances and of few friends, who has seen the world, and is forty-three years of age, ugly and tough, not so poor as I have been, nor so good as I might be, melancholic by temperament, and a little sour by force of circumstances.

VII.

It chanced, one evening, that I was walking home alone through the park. I had been on foot to the village to send a telegram, which I had not cared to trust to a servant. The weather had suddenly cleared, and there had been a sharp frost in the morning; towards midday it had thawed a little, but by the time it was dark everything was frozen hard again. The moon was nearly full, and shone brightly upon the frozen grass, casting queer shadows through the bare branches of the trees; it was very cold, and I walked fast; the brittle, frozen mud of the road broke beneath my feet with a creaking, crunching sound, and startled the deep stillness. As I neared the house the moon was before me, and the mass of buildings cast a dark shadow.

Carvel Place is like many old country houses in England; it is a typical dwelling of its kind, irregular, yet imposing, and though it has no plan, for it has been added to and enlarged, and in part rebuilt, it is yet harmonious and of good proportion. I had often reflected that it was too large for the use of the present family, and I knew that there must be a great number of rooms in the house which were never opened; but no one had ever proposed to show them to me, and I was not sufficiently curious to ask permission to visit the disused apartments. I had observed, however, that a wing of the building ran into an inclosure, surrounded by a wall seven or eight feet high, against which were ranged upon the one side a series of hot-houses, while another formed the back of a covered tennis court. The third wall of the inclosure was covered with a lattice, upon which fruit trees had been trained without any great success, and I had noticed that the lattice now completely covered an old oak door which led into the inclosure. I had never seen the door open, but I remembered very well that it was uncovered the last time I had been at Carvel Place.

When I reached the house I was no longer cold, and the night was so clear and sparkling that I idly strolled round the great place, wandering across the frozen lawn and through the winding paths of the flower garden beyond, till I came to the wall I have described, and stood still, half wondering why the door had been covered over with fruit trees, as though no one would ever wish to enter the house from that side. The space could hardly be so valuable for gardening purposes, I thought, for the slender peach-trees that were bound upon the lattice on each side of the door had not thriven. There was something melancholy about the unsuccessful attempt to cultivate the delicate southern fruit in the unkindly air of England, and the branches and stems, all wrapped in straw against the frost, looked unhappy and unnatural in the cold moonlight. I stood

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looking at them, with my hands in my pockets, thinking somewhat regretfully of my southern birthplace. I smiled at myself and turned away, but as I went the very faintest echo of a laugh seemed to come from the other side of the wall. It sounded disagreeably in the stillness, and I slowly finished my walk around the house and came back to the front door, still wondering who it was that had laughed at me from behind the wall in the moonlight. There was certainly no original reason in the nature of things why it should not chance that some one should laugh on the other side of the wall just as I happened to be standing before the closed gate. The inclosure was probably in connection with the servants' apartments; or it might be the exclusive privilege of Chrysophrasia to walk there, composing anapæstic verse to the infinite faintness of the moon, — or anything. A quarter of an hour later I was in the drawing-room drinking a cup of tea. I came in when the others had finished reading their evening letters, and there were none for me. The tea was cold. I wished I had walked half an hour longer, and had not come into the drawing-room at all.

"Let me make you a fresh cup, Mr. Griggs," said Hermione; "do, — it will be ready in a moment!"

I politely declined, and the conversation of the rest soon began where it had left off. It appeared that Professor Cutter was expected that night, and the son of the house, with Patoff, on the following day. It was Thursday, and Christmas was that day week. John Carvel seemed unusually depressed; his words were few and very grave, and he did not smile, but answered in the shortest manner possible the questions addressed to him. He thought Cutter might arrive at any moment. Hermione hazarded a remark to the effect that the professor was rather dull.

"No, my dear," answered John, "he is not at all dull."

"But, papa, I thought he was so immensely learned" —

"He is very learned," said her father, shortly, and buried himself in his newspaper, so that hardly anything was visible of him but his feet, encased in exceedingly neat shoes; those nether extremities moved impatiently from time to time. Chrysophrasia was not present, a circumstance which made it seem likely that she might have been the person who had laughed behind the wall. Mary Carvel, like her husband, was unusually silent, and I was sitting not far from Hermione. She looked at me after her father's curt answer to her innocent remark, and smiled faintly.

The drawing-room where we sat exhibited a curious instance of the effect produced upon inanimate things when subjected to the contact of persons who differ widely from each other in taste. You smile, dear lady, at the complicated form of expression. I mean merely that if two people who like very different things live in the same room, each of them will try to give the place the look he or she likes. At Carvel Place there were four to be consulted, instead of two; for John had his own opinions as to taste, and they were certainly sounder than those of his wife and sister-in-law, and at least as clearly defined.

John Carvel liked fine pictures, and he had placed three or four in the drawing-room, — a couple of good Hogarths, a beautiful woman's head by Andrea del Sarto, and a military scene by Meissonnier, — about as heterogeneous a quartette of really valuable works as could be got for money; and John had given a great deal of money for them. Besides the pictures, there stood in the drawing-room an enormous leathern easy-chair, of the old-fashioned type, with semicircular wings projecting forward from the high back on each side, made to protect the rheumatic old head of some ancestor who suffered from the toothache before the invention of dentists. Near this

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stood a low, square, revolving bookcase, which always contained the volumes which John was reading at the time, to be changed from day to day as circumstances required.

Mary Carvel was, and is, an exceedingly religious woman, and her tastes are to some extent the expression of her religious feelings. She has a number of excellent engravings of celebrated pictures, such as Holbein's Madonna, Raphael's Transfiguration, and the Dresden Madonna di San Sisto; she owns the entire collection of chromo-lithographs published by the Arundel Society, and many other reproductions of a similar nature. Many of these she had hung in the drawing-room at Carvel Place. Here and there, also, were little shelves of oak in the common Anglomaniac style of woodwork, ornamented with trefoils, crosses, circles, and triangles, and containing a curious collection of sacred literature, beginning with the ancient volume entitled Wilberforce's View, including the poetry published in a series of Lyras, — Lyra Anglicana, Lyra Germanica, and so on, — culminating at last in the works of Dr. Pusey; the whole perhaps exhibiting in a succinct form the stages through which Mary Carvel had passed, or was still passing, in her religious convictions. And here let me say at once that I am very far from intending to jest at those same convictions of Mary Carvel's, and if you smile it is because the picture is true, not because it is ridiculous. She may read what she pleases, but the world would be a better place if there were more women like her.

There were many other possessions of hers in the drawing-room: for instance, upon the mantel-piece were placed three magnificent Wedgwood urns, after Flaxman's designs, inherited from her father, and now of great value; upon the tables there were several vases of old Vienna, but of a green color vivid enough to elicit Chrysophrasia's most eloquent disapprobation; there were several embroideries of a sufficiently harmless nature, the work of Mary Carvel's patient fingers, but conceived in a style no longer popular; and on the whole, there was a great number of objects in the drawing-room which belonged to her and by which she set great store, but which bore decidedly the character of English household decoration and furniture at the beginning of the present century, and are consequently abhorrent to the true æsthete.

Chrysophrasia Dabstreak, however, had sworn to cast the shadow of beauty over what she called the substance of the hideous, and to this end and intention, by dint of honeyed eloquence and stinging satire, she had persuaded John and Mary to allow her to insert stained glass in one of the windows, which formerly opened upon and afforded a view of a certain particularly brilliant flower bed. Beneath the many-colored light from this Gothic window — for she insisted upon the pointed arch — Miss Dabstreak had made her own especial corner of the drawing-room. There one might see strange pots and plates, and withered rushes, and fantastic greenish draperies of Eastern weft, which, however, would not fetch five piastres a yard in the bazaar of Stamboul, curious water-colors said to represent "impressions," though one would be shy of meeting, beyond the bounds of an insane asylum, the individual whose impressions could take so questionable a shape; lastly, the centre of the collection, a "polka mazurka harmony in yellow," by Sardanapalus Stiggins, the great impressionist painter of the day. Chrysophrasia paid five hundred pounds for this little gem.

But it was not enough for Miss Dabstreak to have collected so many worthless objects of price in her own little corner of the room. She had encumbered the tables with useless articles of pottery; she had fastened a green plate between the better of the two Hogarths and an Arun-

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del chromo-lithograph, and connected it with both the pictures by a drooping scarf of faint pink silk; she had adorned the engraving of Raphael's Transfiguration with a bit of Broussa embroidery, because it looked so very Oriental; and she had bedizened Mary Carvel's water-color view of Carisbrooke Castle with peacock's feathers, because they looked so very English. There was no spot in the room where Chrysophrasia's hand had not fallen, and often it had fallen heavily. She had respected John Carvel's easy-chair and revolving book-case, but she had respected nothing else.

There was a fourth person, however, who had set her especial impress on the appearance of the room where all met in common. I mean Hermione Carvel. Educated and brought up among the conflicting tastes and views of her parents and her aunt, she had imbibed some of the characteristics of each, although in widely different degrees. At that time, perhaps, the various traits which were united in her had not yet blended harmoniously so as to form a satisfactory whole. The resultant of so many more or less conflicting forces was prone to extremes of enthusiasm or of indifference. Her heart was capable of feeling the warmest sympathy, but was liable also to conceive unwarrantable antipathies; her mind was of admirable quality, fairly well gifted and sensibly trained; though not marvelously quick to understand, yet tenacious and slow to forget. The constant attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable opinions of her mother and aunt had given Hermione a certain versatility of thought, and a certain capacity to see both sides of the question when not under the momentary influence of her enthusiasm. She is, and was even then, a fine type of the English girl who has grown up under the most favorable circumstances; that is to say, with an excellent education and a decided preference for the country. It is not necessary to allow her any of the privileges and immunities usually granted to exceptional people; in any ordinary position of life she would bear the test of any ordinary difficulty very well. She inherits common sense from her father, an honest country gentleman of the kind now unfortunately growing every day more rare; a man not so countrified as to break his connection with the intelligent world, nor so foolishly ambitious as to abandon a happy life in the country in order to pursue the mirage of petty political importance; a man who holds humbug in supreme contempt, and having purged it from his being has still something to fall back upon. From her mother Hermione inherits an extreme conscientiousness in the things of every-day life; but whereas in Mary Carvel this scrupulous pursuance of what is right is on the verge of degenerating into morbid religionism, in Hermione it is tempered by occasional bursts of enthusiasm, and relieved by a wholesome and natural capacity for liking some people and disliking others.

In the drawing-room I have been describing, Hermione touched everything, and did her best to cast over the various objects some grace, some air of harmony, which should make the contrasted tastes of the rest of her family less glaring and unpleasant to the eye. Her task was not easy, and it was no fault of hers if the room was out of joint. Her love of flowers showed itself everywhere, and she knew how to take advantage of each inch of room on shelf, or table, or window-seat, filling all available spaces with a profusion of roses, geraniums, and blossoms of every kind that chanced to be in season. Flowers in a room will do what nothing else can accomplish. The eye turns gladly to the living plant, when wearied and strained with the incongruities of inanimate things. A pot of pinks makes the lowliest and most dismal cottage chamber look gay by comparison; a single rose in a glass of water lights up the most dusty den of the

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most dusty student. A bit of climbing ivy converts a hideous ruin into a bower, as the Alp roses and the Iva make a garden for one short month of the roughest rocks in the Grisons. Only that which lives and of which the life is beautiful can reconcile us to those surroundings which would otherwise offend our sense of harmony, or oppress us with a dullness even more deadly than mere ugliness can ever be.

Hermione loves all flowers, and at Carvel Place she was the sweetest blossom of them all. Her fresh vitality is of the contagious kind, and even plants seem to revive and get new life from the touch of her small fingers, as though feeling the necessity of growing like her. Her beauty may not last. It is not of the imperious kind, nor even quite classic, but it has a wonderful fineness and delicacy. Her soft brown hair coils closely on her small, well-shaped head: her gentle, serious blue eyes look tenderly on all that lives and has being within the circle of her sight; her small mouth smiles graciously and readily, though sometimes a little sadly; and her pleasant voice has a frank ring in it that is good to hear. Her slight fingers, neither too long nor too short, are often busy, but her labors are generally labors of love, and she is never weary of them. Of middle height, she has the grace of a taller woman, and the ease in motion which comes only from natural, healthy, elastic strength, not weakened by enforced idleness, nor overdeveloped by abominable and unwomanly gymnastic exercises. Everything she does is graceful.

It is very strange and interesting to see in her the combination of such different elements. Even her aunt Chrysophrasia's queer nature is represented, though it needs some ingenuity to trace the resemblance between the two. There are indeed tones of the voice, phrases and expressions, which seem to belong to particular families, and by which one may sometimes discover the relationship. But the modification of leading characteristics in the individual is not so easily detected. Miss Dabstreak is eccentric, but the wild ideas which continue to flourish in the æsthetic cells of Chrysophrasia's brain are softened and made more gentle and delicate in Hermione, so that even if they were inconsequent they would not seem offensive; though one might not admire them, one could not despise them. The young girl loves all that is beautiful: not as Chrysophrasia loves it, by sheer force of habitual affectation, without discernment and without real enjoyment, but from the bottom of her heart, from the well-springs of her own beautiful soul; knowing and understanding the great divisions between the graceful and the clumsy, between the true and the false, the lovely and the unlovely. The extraordinary passion for the eccentric is tempered to an honest and natural craving after the beautiful; the admixture of the gentleness the girl has inherited from her saintly mother and of the genuine common sense which characterizes her father has produced a rational desire and ability to do good to every one. Mary Carvel is sometimes exaggerated in her ideas of charity, and John on rare occasions — very rarely — used to be a little too much inclined to the practice of economy; "near" was the term applied by the village people. It was at first with him but the reminiscence of poorer years, when economy was necessary, and forethought was an indispensable element in his life; but the tendency has remained and sometimes shows itself. All that can be traced of this quality in the daughter is a certain power of keen discernment, which saves her from being cheated by the sham paupers who abound in the neighborhood of Carvel Place, and from being led into spoiling the school-children with too many feasts of tea, jam, and cake.

It is not easy to be brief in describing Hermione Carvel, because in her fair

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self she combines a great many qualities belonging to contradictory persons, which one would suppose impossible to unite in one harmonious whole; and yet Hermione is one of the most harmonious persons I ever knew. Nothing about her ever offended my sense of fitness. I often used to wonder how she managed to be loved equally by the different members of the household, but there is no doubt of the fact that all the members of her family not only love her, but excuse readily enough those of their own bad qualities which they fancy they recognize in her; for, indeed, nothing ever seems bad in Hermione, and I doubt greatly whether there is not some touch of white magic in her nature that protects her and shields her, so that bad things turn to good when they come near her. If she likes the curious notions of her aunt, she certainly changes them so that they become delicate fancies, and agree together with the gentle charity she has from her mother and the sterling honesty she gets from her father. John sometimes shrugs his shoulders at what he calls his wife's extraordinary faith in human nature, and both he and Mary are sometimes driven to the verge of distraction by Chrysophrasia's perpetual moaning over civilization; but no one is ever out of temper with Hermione, nor is Hermione ever impatient with any one of the three. She is the peace-maker, the one whose sympathy never fails, whose gentleness is never ruffled, and whose fair judgment is never at fault.

When John Carvel answered Hermione's question about Professor Cutter by a simple affirmation to the effect that he was a very learned man, the young girl did not press her father with any more inquiries, but turned to me.

"Do you not think learned people are very often dull, Mr. Griggs?" she asked.

"Oppressively," I answered.

"What makes them so?"

"It is the very low and common view which they take of life," put in Miss Dabstreak, who entered the room while we were speaking, and sank upon the couch with a little sigh. "They have no aspirations after the beautiful, — and what else can satisfy the human mind? The Greeks were never dull."

"What do you call dull?" asked Mrs. Carvel very mildly.

"Oh — anything; parliamentary reports, for instance, and agricultural shows, and the Rural Dean, — anything of that sort," answered Miss Chrysophrasia languidly.

"In other words, civilization as compared with barbarism," I suggested. "It is true that there cannot be much boredom among barbarous tribes who are always scalping their enemies or being scalped themselves; those things help to pass the time."

"Yes, scalping must be most interesting," murmured Chrysophrasia, with an air of conviction.

Hermione laughed.

"I really believe you would like to see it done, aunt Chrysophrasia," said she.

"Hermy, Hermy, what dreadful ideas you have!" exclaimed Mrs. Carvel, in gentle horror. But she immediately returned to her embroidery, and relapsed into silence.

"It is Mr. Griggs, mamma," said Hermione, still laughing. "He agrees with me that learned people are all oppressively dull, and that the only tolerably exciting society is found among scalping Indians."

"Did you not once scalp somebody yourself, Griggs?" asked John, suddenly lowering his newspaper.

"Not quite," I answered; "but I once shaved a poodle with a pocket-knife. Perhaps you were thinking of that?"

While I spoke there was a sound of wheels without, and John rose to his feet. He seemed impatient.

"That must be Cutter at last!" he exclaimed, moving towards the door that

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led into the hall. "I thought he was never coming."

I rose also, and followed him. It was Cutter. The learned professor arrived wrapped in a huge ulster overcoat, his hands in the deep pockets thereof, and the end of an extinguished cigar between his teeth. He furtively disposed of the remains of the weed before shaking hands with our host. After the first greetings John led him away to his room, and I remained standing in the hall. The professor's luggage was rather voluminous, and various boxes, bags, and portmanteaus bore the labels of many journeys. The men brought them in from the dog-cart; the strong cob pawed the gravel a little, and the moonlight flashed back from the silver harness, from the smooth varnished dashboard, the polished chains, and the plated lamps. I stood staring out of the door, hardly seeing anything. Indeed, I was lost in a fruitless effort of memory. The groom gathered up the reins and drove away, and presently I was aware that Stubbs, the butler, was offering me a hat, as a hint, I supposed, that he wanted to shut the front door. I mechanically covered my head and strolled away.

I was trying to remember where I had seen Professor Cutter. I could not have known him well, for I never forget a man I have met three or four times; and yet his face was perfectly familiar to me, and came vividly before me as I paced the garden walks. Instinctively I walked round the house again, and paused before the door that had attracted my attention an hour earlier. I listened, but heard nothing, and still I tried to recall my former meeting with Cutter. Strange, I thought, that I should seem to know him so well, and that I should nevertheless be unable to connect him in my mind with any date, or country, or circumstance. In vain I went over many scenes of my life, endeavoring to limit this remembrance to a particular period. I argued that our meeting, if we really had met, could not have taken place many years ago, for I recognized exactly the curling gray hairs in the professor's beard, the wrinkles in his forehead, and a slight mark upon one cheek, just below the eye. I recollected the same spectacles; the same bushy, cropped gray hair; the same massive, square head set upon a short but powerful body; the same huge hands, spotlessly clean, the big nails kept closely pared and polished, but so large that they might have belonged to an extinct species of gigantic man. The whole of him and his belongings, to the very clothes he wore, seemed familiar to me and witnesses to his identity; but though I did my best for half an hour, I could not bring back one circumstance connected with him. I grew impatient and returned to the house, for it was time to dress for dinner, and I felt cold as I strolled about in the frosty moonlight.

We met again before dinner, for a few minutes, in the drawing-room. I went near to the professor, and examined his appearance very carefully. His evening dress set off the robust proportions of his frame, and the recollection I had of him struck me more forcibly than ever. I am not superstitious, but I began to fancy that we must have met in some former state, in some other sphere. He stood before the fire, rubbing his hands and answering all manner of questions that were put to him. He appeared to be an old friend of the family, to judge by the conversation, and yet I was positively certain that I had never seen him at Carvel Place. He knew all the family, however, and seemed familiar with their tastes and pursuits: he inquired about John's manufacturing interests, and about Mrs. Carvel's poor people; he asked Hermione several questions about the recent exhibitions of flowers, and discussed with Chrysophrasia a sale of majolica which had just taken place in London. After this round of remarks I suspected that the professor would ad-

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dress himself to me, for his gray eyes rested on me from time to time with a look of recognition. But he held his peace, and we presently went to dinner.

Professor Cutter talked much and talked well, in a continuous, consistent manner that was satisfactory for a time, but a little wearisome in the long run. His ideas were often brilliant, and his expression of them was always original, but he had an extraordinary faculty of dominating the conversation. Even John Carvel, who knew a great deal in his way, found it hard to make any headway against the professor's eloquence, though I could sometimes see that he was far from being convinced. The professor had been everywhere and had seen most things; he talked with absolute conviction of what he had seen, and avoided talking of what he had not seen, doubtless inferring that it was not worth seeing. Nevertheless, he was not a disagreeable person, as such men often are; on the contrary, there was a charm of manner about him that was felt by every one present. I longed for the meal to be over, however, for I intended to seize the first opportunity which presented itself of asking him whether he remembered where we had met before.

I was destined to remain in suspense for some time. We had no sooner risen from dinner than John Carvel came up to me and spoke in a low voice.

"Will you excuse me if I leave you alone, Griggs?" he said. "I have very important business with Professor Cutter, which will not keep until to-morrow. We will join you in the drawing-room in about an hour."

It was nothing to me if the two men had business together; I was sufficiently intimate in the house to be treated without ceremony, and I did not care for anybody's company until I could find what I was searching for in the forgotten corners of my brain.

"Do not mind me," I answered, and I retired into the smoking-room, and began to turn over the evening papers. How long I read I do not know, nor whether the news of the day was more or less interesting and credible than usual; I do not believe that an hour elapsed, either, for an hour is a long time when a man is not interested in what he is doing, and is trying to recall something to his mind. I cannot even tell why I so longed to recollect the professor's face; I only remember that the effort was intense, but wholly fruitless. I lay back in the deep leathern easy-chair, and all sorts of visions flitted before my half-closed eyes, — visions of good and visions of evil, visions of yesterday and visions of long ago. Somehow I fell to thinking about the lattice-covered door in the wall, and I caught myself wondering who had been behind it when I passed; and then I laughed, for I had made up my mind that it must have been Miss Chrysophrasia, who had entered the drawing-room five minutes after I did. I sat staring at the fire. I was conscious that some one had entered the room, and presently the scratching of a match upon something rough roused me from my reverie. I looked round, and saw Professor Cutter standing by the table.

It sometimes happens that a very slight thing will recall a very long chain of circumstances; a look, the intonation of a word, the attitude of a moment, will call up other looks and words and attitudes in quick succession, until the chain is complete. So it happened to me, when I saw the learned professor standing by the table, with a cigar in his mouth, and his great gray eyes fixed upon me from behind his enormous spectacles. I recognized the man, and the little I knew of him came back to me.

The professor is one of the most learned specialists in neurology and the study of the brain now living; he is, moreover, a famous anthropologist. He began his career as a surgeon, and would have been celebrated as an operator had

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he not one day inherited a private fortune, which permitted him to abandon his surgical practice in favor of a special branch for which he knew himself more particularly fitted. So soon as I recalled the circumstances of our first meeting I realized that I had been in his company only a few moments, and had not known his name.

He came and sat himself down in an easy-chair by my side, and puffed in silence at a big cigar.

"We have met before," I said. "I could not make you out at first. You were at Weissenstein last year. You remember that affair?"

Professor Cutter looked at me curiously for several seconds before he answered.

"You are the man who let down the rope," he said at last. "I remember you now, very well."

There was a short pause.

"Did you ever hear any more of that lady?" asked he, presently.

"No, I did not even know her name, any more than I knew yours," I replied. "I took you for a physician, and the lady for your patient."

We heard steps on the polished floor outside the smoking-room.

"If I were you, I would not say anything to Carvel about that matter," said the professor quickly.

The door opened, and John entered the room. He was a little pale and looked nervous.

"Ah," he ejaculated, "I thought you would fraternize over the tobacco."

"We are doing our best," said I.

"It is written that the free should be brothers and equal," said the professor, with a laugh.

"I never knew two brothers who were equal," said Carvel, in reflective tones. "I do not know why the ideal freedom and equality, attaching to the ideal brothers, should not be as good as any other visionary aim for tangible earthly government; but it certainly does not seem so easy of realization, nor so sound in the working, as our good English principle that exceptions prove the rule, and that the more exceptions there are the better the rule will be."

"Is that speech an attack upon American freedom?" asked the professor, laughing a little. "I believe Mr. Griggs is an American."

"No, indeed. Why should I attack American freedom?" said John.

"American freedom is not so easily attacked," I remarked. "It eludes definition and rejects political paradox. No one ever connects our republic with the fashionable liberty-fraternity-and-equality doctrines of European emancipation; still less with the communistic idea that, although men have very different capacities for originating things, all men have an equal right to destroy them."

"Griggs is mounted upon his hobby," remarked John Carvel, stretching his feet out towards the fire. The professor turned the light of his spectacles upon me, and puffed a cloud of smoke.

"Are you a political enthusiast and a rider of hobby-horses, Mr. Griggs?" he asked.

"I do not know; you must ask our host."

"Pardon me. I think you know very well," said the professor. "I should say you belonged to a class of persons who know very well what they think."

"How do you judge?"

"That is, of all questions a man can ask, the most difficult to answer. How do you judge of anything?"

"By applying the test of past experience to present fact," I replied.

"Then past experience is that by which I judge. How can you expect me to tell you the whole of my past experience, in order that you may understand how my judgment is formed? It would take years."

"You are a pair of very singular men," remarked John Carvel. "You seem to take to argument as fish to the

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water. You ought to be successful in a school of walking philosophers."

John seemed more depressed than I had ever seen him, and only made an observation from time to time, as though to make a show of hospitality. The professor interested me, but I could see that we were boring Carvel. The conversation languished, and before long the latter proposed that we should go into the drawing-room for half an hour before bed-time.

We found the ladies seated around the fire. Their voices fell suddenly as we entered the room, and all of them looked towards John and the professor, as though expecting something. It struck me that they had been talking of some matter which was not intended for our ears.

"We have been making plans for Christmas," said Mrs. Carvel, as though to break the awkward silence that followed our entrance.

F. Marion Crawford.

LONGFELLOW'S ART.

When Michael Angelo, in Longfellow's posthumous poem, holds discourse from the vantage-ground of age with the volatile Benvenuto Cellini, his counsel to the younger man is mingled with pathetic reflections upon his own relations to art. He cannot leave Rome for Florence; he is under the spell which affects one like malaria: —

"Malaria of the mind
Out of this tomb of the majestic Past;
The fever to accomplish some great work
That will not let us sleep. I must go on
Until I die."

So he speaks, and to Benvenuto's reminder of the memories which cluster about the pleasant city upon the Arno, he replies, musing: —

"Pleasantly
Come back to me the days when, as a youth,
I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens
Of Medici, and saw the antique statues,
The forms august of gods and godlike men,
And the great world of art revealed itself
To my young eyes. Then all that man hath done
Seemed possible to me. Alas! how little
Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!"

The caution against mistaking a poet's dramatic assumption for his own character and expression is of less force in the case of one in whom the dramatic power was so slightly developed, and the whole poem of Michael Angelo, taken in connection with the time and circumstances of its composition, may fairly be regarded as in some respects Longfellow's *apologia pro vita mea*. This poem was written mainly in 1872, and was the last of his major works. The consciousness of age came earlier to Longfellow than to many, and though in the next ten years he was to write some of his most charming lyrics, it is clear that the day of great endeavor had closed for him. It is worth while to note with what spirit he entered upon his poetic career, nearly half a century before this, and the testimony of a friend affords a glimpse of the young poet when he was awaking to a consciousness of his power. Mr. George W. Greene, in dedicating his Life of General Greene to Longfellow, recalls an evening in Naples when the two friends were drawn into mutual confidences.

"We wanted," he says, "to be alone, and yet to feel that there was life all around us. We went up to the flat roof of the house, where, as we walked, we could look down into the crowded street, and out upon the wonderful bay, and across the bay to Ischia and Capri and Sorrento, and over the house-tops and

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villas and vineyards to Vesuvius. The ominous pillar of smoke hung suspended above the fatal mountain, reminding us of Pliny, its first and noblest victim. A golden vapor crowned the bold promontory of Sorrento, and we thought of Tasso. Capri was calmly sleeping, like a sea-bird upon the waters; and we seemed to hear the voice of Tacitus from across the gulf of eighteen centuries, telling us that the historian's pen is still powerful to absolve or to condemn long after the imperial sceptre has fallen from the withered hand. There, too, lay the native island of him whose daring mind conceived the fearful vengeance of the Sicilian Vespers. We did not yet know Niccolini; but his grand verses had already begun their work of regeneration in the Italian heart. Virgil's tomb was not far off. The spot consecrated by Sannazaro's ashes was near us. And over all, with a thrill like that of solemn music, fell the splendor of the Italian sunset.

"We talked and mused by turns, till the twilight deepened and the stars came forth to mingle their mysterious influences with the overmastering magic of the scene. It was then that you unfolded to me your plans of life, and showed me from what 'deep cisterns' you had already learned to draw. From that day the office of literature took a new place in my thoughts. I felt its forming power as I had never felt it before, and began to look with a calm resignation upon its trials, and with true appreciation upon its rewards. Thenceforth, little as I have done of what I wished to do, literature has been the inspiration, the guide, and the comfort of my life."

This was in 1828, and not long after Longfellow was writing home: "My poetic career is finished. Since I left America I have hardly put two lines together." It could not, therefore, have been the prophecy of a distinctly poetic vocation which so deeply moved Greene; it must rather have been that Longfellow, after two years' travel and study in Europe, and when looking forward to definite academic work in America, was forecasting a life devoted to literary art, in which poetry was not the predominant element. When a collegian he had won his little reputation almost exclusively as a poet. To his friends, watching him across the water, that was his character, and it was no doubt in answer to natural inquiries that he declared his poetic career finished. That he was sincere in this belief is clearly seen by the entry in his note-book, at this time, of the subjects upon which he proposed at once to write. They were all of them planned for prose treatment, and, what is even more noticeable, they were drawn from American life and history.

It is customary to speak of Longfellow as if his Americanism was an accident, his natural disposition leading him really to an emigration in thought and sentiment to the other side of the Atlantic. In point of fact, he passed through the experience of many ingenuous American youth. He ardently desired an introduction to the Old World; he entered quickly and warmly into the spirit of the past, but instead of losing himself in this spirit, he found himself; he took his spiritual bearings, and as a result set his face more positively westward than could have been possible had he never gone through the process of orientation. It is a superficial judgment which determines the nationality of a literary artist by his choice of subjects alone. Longfellow in Europe jotting down in his diary subjects drawn from life in the Maine woods was no more essentially American than he was essentially European when he was sitting in his study in Brunswick and writing Outre-Mer. The residence in Europe made him eager for his American life; the return to America brought back with a rush the recollection of European scenes. In both cases the artist was employing

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the convenient perspective of time and space. What was remote shaped itself more definitely into picturesque relations to his mind; only to the student just returned from Europe, after three years of incessant occupation with new and suggestive forms of life and art, his own personal experience offers so rich and tumultuous a collection of themes that all else is for the time held in abeyance.

This was markedly true in Longfellow's case, because his mind by natural disposition busied itself with the secondary rather than with the primary facts of nature and society. He was born and trained until he was nineteen in a society and amidst scenes exceedingly simple, almost elemental, indeed. No one can read the chapters in his Life which deal with his home in Portland and his education at Bowdoin College, especially no one can have recollection of the primitive, provincial period of New England which had its culmination just before the first steamer crossed the Atlantic, without perceiving how much had been eliminated from the American variation of the English mind by the absence for two centuries of familiar contact with university, cathedral, castle, theatre, gallery, and barracks. The brick college, the wooden meeting-house, the merchant's square-built house, the singing-school, the peripatetic Greek slave, the muster, — all these marked the limits of expression, and by consequence the strength of reacting influence. The effect upon individual minds differed according to the original constitution of those minds. Hawthorne, gathering blueberries under the pines of Brunswick with his friend Bridge, was subjected to very much the same influences as Longfellow. He went out into the world later, it is true, than his great contemporary, but the author of The Scarlet Letter did not need to draw his breath of inspiration from any mediæval chronicle or under the shadow of Strasburg Cathedral; an old newspaper in the Salem Custom-House was enough for him. Longfellow, on the other hand, was writing of Italian scenery and Venetian gondoliers when his visits to Italy and Venice had been only in boats with sails rigged from the leaves of books. Even when treating of distinctly American subjects, as in the poem of The Indian Hunter, he borrowed his expression from traditions of English poetry: —

"The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn;
The mower sung loud by the meadow-side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide;
And the voice of the herdsmen came up by the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree."

Was all that the result of observations on a Maine farm? No; it indicates a mind sensitive to poetic influences as derived not so much from direct contact with nature as from indirect acquaintance through books. It is doubtful if there is a single line in the poems written before his journey to Europe which describes an aspect of nature specifically noted by the poet, unless it be two or three lines in his poem Autumn, where he says: —

"The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel;"

while there are repeated instances of entirely second-hand reflections of scenes which were impossible to his eye, as when, in his poem To Ianthe, he says: —

"As I mark the moss-grown spring
By the twisted holly,"

and,

"Twisted close the ivy clings
To the oak that 's hoarest."

Even when dealing with a slight historic fact, as in the Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, he translates the entire incident into terms of foreign import. The dying flame of day shoots its

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ray through the chancel; the glimmering tapers shed faint light on the cowled head; the burning censer swings before the altar; the nuns' sweet hymn is sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle. Yet the poem, masquerading in foreign dress, has a native fire and an enthusiasm kindled by the thought of personal sacrifice in a great cause. So, too, in the Burial of the Minnisink, where the red chief is only a mere transliteration of mediæval knight, the poetic passion flames forth in a single bold phrase at the end of the poem: —

> "They buried the dark chief; they freed
> Beside the grave his battle steed;
> And swift an arrow cleaved its way
> To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
> Arose, and, on the dead man's plain,
> The rider grasps his steed again."

It may be said, therefore, with some confidence that Longfellow's mental growth was accelerated, not changed, by his study in Europe; that the bent of his genius was toward the artistic use of the reflected forms of nature and of the product of human forces; that he sought instinctively for those expressions of life which had color and richness, not for those which had elemental significance; and that, failing to note such expressions in the life about him, he endowed the scenes which he depicted with qualities borrowed from an older, more complex civilization. The very sober needlewomen of the Moravian sisterhood were seen through painted glass; the squaws who sold baskets in Portland became a dark-haired virgin train, chanting the death dirge of the slain; and it is only an anthropologist, accustomed to the meagre results of an exploration among mounds, who will at first glance detect the plain truth concerning the savage, when he reads: —

> "A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
> Covered the warrior, and within
> Its heavy folds the weapons, made
> For the hard toils of war, were laid;
> The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
> And the broad belt of shells and beads."

A Norse viking stood in the light of an Oldtown Indian, when the poet was sketching.

It was to a mind thus sensitive to rich color and complex form, and restrained from large opportunities during its adolescence, that a three years' wandering through Europe brought a fullness of experience which enlarged and strengthened it, and not merely supplied it with new objects of exercise. Why was it that, after writing verse with pleasure for two or three years, Longfellow should suddenly drop the occupation, declare his poetic career finished, and devote himself assiduously to prose? And why, to anticipate a further development, did he then return to prose deliberately but once more after another decade? From 1824 to 1826 he was writing those poems which are classed as juvenile or earlier poems. From 1831 to 1838 he wrote the bulk of his miscellaneous prose and Outre-Mer and Hyperion. In 1838 he resumed his poetic career with Flowers and A Psalm of Life, and in 1848 he wrote Kavanagh.

I have half answered the first question already. When he went to Europe in 1826, it was ostensibly to qualify himself for the post of professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College. Immediately, to use the energetic phrase, his eyes were opened, and in seeing the rich deposit of an old civilization, where history had for centuries been building a house for the imagination, he was conscious of power, he found himself. Yet he needed time for the thorough orientation which his nature demanded. There are some poets who become naturalized in antiquity as soon as they land after their first voyage. Keats was one of these. There are others who, if they take out their papers early, do not at once exercise the rights of citizenship, and Longfellow was one of these. The period between his first emigration to Europe, in 1826, and his final settlement at Cambridge, in 1836, was one of

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accumulation and disposition of his treasures. The circumstances of his outer life, his successive journeys for specific purpose, his brief trial of teaching at Bowdoin, his experiments in literature, corresponded with the internal adjustment of his mind to its vocation. It was his apprentice time, and only when Hyperion was executed did he feel within himself that he had become a master.

His prose during this decade indicates very clearly his spiritual and artistic growth. He had come, by travel and study, into possession of a great store of material, the value of which he was ready to discern. It took him ten years, however, to make all this material really his own; he began the process by simple description, and prose was the natural vehicle. His letters show how quickly he caught the spirit of what he saw, and a comparison of Outre-Mer with them indicates the presence in his mind of a distinct literary sense. One may prefer the directness of the letters, but cannot help seeing that when Longfellow set up the same material in his book he was studying the form of presentation, and recognized that literature was something other than letter-writing. Along with and following Outre-Mer were those special studies of modern language and literature which confessed the student rather than the traveler; and then came Hyperion, in which the imaginative constructive power began to reassert itself, and all the aspects of life and literature which had met the eye of the traveler and student were considered by the poetic mind and the creative genius. As has been so often pointed out, the tale is a rescript, only slightly disguised, of the poet's spiritual as well as external experience; but only when one considers it as the final outcome of a period of mental reconstruction does one apprehend the entire significance of the work. It marks the completion of Longfellow's apprenticeship to literature, and, like most such critical works, it is as prophetic as it is historical.

When, shortly after the publication of Hyperion, Longfellow suddenly resolved to publish a volume of poems, it may be fairly assumed that he was in no sense renouncing prose, but only thinking of himself as an active *littérateur*, who was not shut up to any one form of expression. He was not yet, indeed, so conscious of his destiny that he could not outline, a few days later, a plan of literary work which embraced a history of English poetry, a novel, a series of sketches, and only one poem. His resolution to issue Voices of the Night undoubtedly sprang from the growing recognition of his poetic faculty, and from the fact that he had for some time past been testing his power. In truth, one of the most interesting phases of the apprenticeship to literature which Longfellow passed through was the manner in which he kept alive that spark of poetic fire which, feeble enough in his adolescence, was yet genuine. In the same letter in which he wrote to his sister, "My poetic career is finished," he attempted a translation of a lovely little Portuguese song, and as soon as he began his series of prose writings he began also that series of translations which would alone have given him the name of poet. It was necessary, in the course of his critical work, to give examples of verse, and he was thus constantly impelled to use the metrical form; then when he essayed the romance form, and cast his scenes largely in Germany, the very structure of his work called for those "flowers of song" which were the essential expression of the life which he was translating into artistic mode.

Throughout his life Longfellow found in the work of translation a gentle stimulus to his poetic faculty, and resorted to it when he wished to quicken his spirit. "I agree with you entirely," he writes to Freiligrath, November 24, 1843, "in what you say about translations. It is like running a ploughshare through the

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soil of one's mind; a thousand germs of thought start up (excuse this agricultural figure), which otherwise might have lain and rotted in the ground. Still, it sometimes seems to me like an excuse for being lazy, — like leaning on another man's shoulder." This is, however, but a partial explanation of the place which translation held in Longfellow's art. One must go back to the very nature of this poet to see why it is that so large a proportion of his poetical work was either direct translation or a reconstruction from foreign material. In the recent complete edition of his writings, three of the nine volumes of poetry are given to the translation of Dante, with, to be sure, the voluminous apparatus of notes and illustrations, while of another volume about two thirds of the matter consist of translations from various languages. But the longest section of Tales of a Wayside Inn, the Musician's Tale of the Saga of King Olaf, is scarcely other than a paraphrase; The Mother's Ghost, in the same book, is openly from the Danish; and Christus, Judas Maccabæus, and Michael Angelo are largely indebted to other forms of literature for their very phrases. It would not be difficult for one, running through the entire body of poems, to find in those relating to foreign subjects a constant indirect reference to existing literary material. Not only so, but in such poems as The Courtship of Miles Standish and Evangeline the scaffolding which the poet used could easily be put up again by the historical student; of the Tales of a Wayside Inn, only one is in any peculiar sense the poet's invention; while Hiawatha is Schoolcraft translated into poetry.

It is when one enlarges the conception of the word "translation" that one perceives the value as well as the limitations of Longfellow's art. He was a consummate translator, because the vision and faculty divine which he possessed was directed toward the reflection of the facts of nature and society, rather than toward the facts themselves. He was like one who sees a landscape in a Claude Lorraine glass; by some subtle power of the mirror everything has been composed for him. Thus, when he came to use the rich material of history, of poetry, and of other arts, Longfellow saw these in forms already existing, and his art was not so much a reconstruction out of crude material as a representation, a rearrangement, in his own exquisite language, of what he found and admired. He was first of all a composer, and he saw his subjects in their relations rather than in their essence. To tell over again old tales, to reproduce in forms of delicate fitness the scenes and narratives which others had invented, — this was his delight; for in doing this he was conscious of his power and he worked with ease. Thus it is that the lyrical translations which he made in his student days are really his own poems; he rendered the foreign form in a perfect English form; his work in this regard was that of an engraver, not that of a photographer. He has himself said on the general subject of translation: —

"The great art of translating well lies in the power of rendering literally the words of a foreign author, while at the same time we preserve the spirit of the original. But how far one of these requisites of a good translation may be sacrificed to the other, how far a translator is at liberty to embellish the original before him while clothing it in a new language, is a question which has been decided differently by persons of different tastes. The sculptor, when he transfers to the inanimate marble the form and features of a living being, may be said not only to copy, but to translate. But the sculptor cannot represent in marble the beauty and expression of the human eye; and in order to remedy this defect as far as possible, he is forced to transgress the rigid truth of nature. By sinking the eye deeper, and making

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the brow more prominent above it, he produces a stronger light and shade, and thus gives to the statue more of the spirit and life of the original than he could have done by an exact copy. So, too, the translator."

In that which was technically translation, then, Longfellow made the foreign poems his own without sacrificing the truth of the originals; in that which was in a more general sense translation, the transfer, namely, of the spirit rather than the precise form of foreign art, he preserved the essential quality of what he took so perfectly as to lead many to underestimate the value of his own share in the result. Yet this fine sense of form, this intuitive perception of fitness, was an inestimable endowment of the artist, and is one of his passports to immortality. It is, however, most appreciable in those forms of art which are least dependent upon passion and more allied with the common experience; in dramatic art it has less significance. The use of the hexameter in Evangeline and the adoption of the Kalevala measure in Hiawatha are illustrations of how a great artist will choose forms perfectly fitted to his purpose, yet exceedingly dangerous in the hands of less skillful workmen. The pathway of English poetry is strewn with the bones of hexametrical beasts of burden, but Longfellow's Evangeline has made the journey to the present time with every prospect of carrying her rider to the gates of whatever blessed country of immunity from criticism awaits the poet. An interesting illustration of Longfellow's unerring sense of form is furnished by a trifling experiment which he made when engaged upon Evangeline. He records in his diary the completion of the second canto of Part II., and adds, "I tried a passage of it in the common rhymed English pentameter. It is the song of the mocking-bird: —

"Upon a spray that overhung the stream,
The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,
Poured such delirious music from his throat
That all the air seemed listening to his note.
Plaintive at first the song began, and slow;
It breathed of sadness, and of pain, and woe;
Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung
The multitudinous music from his tongue, —
As, after showers, a sudden gust again
Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain."

Taken by itself this verse falls agreeably on the ear, but it needs only a moment's thought to perceive that the story of Evangeline given in this measure would have been robbed of that lingering melancholy, that pathos of lengthening shadows, which resides in the hexameter as Longfellow has handled it. Something of all this may be seen even in the few lines of the poem which render the passage just given: —

"Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches."

The limitations of the rhymed pentameter are clearly seen in a comparison of the two forms, — its limitations, and also its brief gain, for as the expression of a single moment the shorter form is more immediate in its operation. One catches the incident on the wing, instead of watching it slowly from inception to close, and I suspect that Longfellow may have been led to make this little experiment from a perception, as he wrote the hexameters, of the slight loss thereby sus-

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tained; if so, it is only another illustration of his exquisite sense of form.

The deliberate note which a poet strikes at the outset of his career may wisely be taken as indicative of his conscious judgment of his own vocation. Although, as we have seen, Longfellow grew into poetry through the exercise of translation, and by a decade of fruitful study acquired that mastery of form which fixed his place in literature as primarily an artist, it is equally true that the spirit which in youth at once chose poetry as expression was not changed, but only held in reserve through the formative period, and as soon as true maturity came broke forth once more in its native language. The Prelude which opens Voices of the Night and L'Envoi which closes the volume together disclose the poet's attitude toward his verse. He had gathered his recent poems, and chosen from his scattered translations and his earlier work such examples as came nearest to his more educated taste, and now proposed sending them out into the world. The very title of the volume hinted at the poet's mood. From the Orestes of Euripides he took his motto, and paraphrased it in the last stanza of the opening poem, Hymn to the Night:

"Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!"

The title Voices of the Night was first given to the poem Footsteps of Angels, and all of the poems in the section, that is, all the poems which sprang from the new birth of poetry in his mind, strike a single key, — that of consolation; and so full is the poet of this sense of his poetic mission that he breaks forth at the close of his Prelude in these words, catching, characteristically, at a phrase of Sir Philip Sidney's: —

'Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,
Be these henceforth thy theme."

There is no doubt that the poet's personal history in the period immediately preceding the appearance of A Psalm of Life and similar poems had much to do with this mood, and certainly this "theme" was by no means thenceforth his only one, although it reappeared frequently. It was natural, also, that his recent study of Jean Paul and other sentimental Germans should affect his choice and treatment of subjects, but there is a deeper, more fundamental account. Longfellow's nature was one of religious bent; his training had been that of the liberal school, and his interest in institutional, historical Christianity was rather æsthetic than inbred. He was also a man of deep reserve, and shrank not only from the disclosure of his intimate feeling, but generally from all revelation of sacred experience. He found in poetry a form of expression which permitted great freedom of speech without necessary reference to the personality of the author. Behind this almost transparent screen he could give full utterance to his own interior life, all the while appearing as the priest of humanity. It was not his own loss which he registered in Resignation, although the occasion of the poem came from his own loss, but he generalized his grief, and took refuge in his office as spokesman for the crowd of sorrowful ones. Thus his personal outlook supplied the fervor of A Psalm of Life, and infused into those lines of commonplaces a poetic spirit which makes them have the sound of a trumpet call; but the lines could not be tracked home to their author by any clue which his personal history might furnish. His home, his friends, the multitudinous experience in emotion of a sensitive nature, constantly supplied him with impulses to poetic expression, but, with very rare exceptions, he spoke for himself and others, not for himself alone.

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It was for this reason, in part, that he seized so readily upon the symbols of religion which he found in historic Christianity, and made use of them as forms in his poetic art. His delight in The Golden Legend was not only an artist's pleasure in rich color and form, but the pleasure of a religious nature working in material that allowed full scope to motives born of religious faith. The remark of Ruskin, often quoted, that "Longfellow, in his Golden Legend, has entered more closely into the temper of the monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis," is in support of this view. Longfellow read the monk as he read all mediæval Christianity, from the vantage of a man sympathetic with religion in whatever sincere form it took, unembarrassed by any personal concern in the church which enshrined this particular faith, and keenly sensitive to whatever filled the imagination; while, as a poet, and especially as a poet of high order as composer, he was able to select just those noble and essential features which justify claims to reverence and admiration, and to oppose as shades those features which could be regarded as transient and accidental.

How important an element in Longfellow's art was his religious feeling appears when one considers the two works which dominated his life. I have said that the deliberate note which a poet strikes at the beginning of his career ought to be heeded for the disclosure which it makes of his consciousness of vocation; and the psalms of life which stirred Longfellow's spirit, as he once more found expression in poetry, showed him as a priest of humanity; they were indicative of a nature religious, emotional, reserved, yet eagerly desirous of translating his discovery of himself into broad, universal terms. The time from 1837 to 1841, marked in his life by the entrance upon residence at Cambridge, with its duties in teaching not yet irksome, was a period of quick poetic exercise and the trial of a variety of forms. It saw, besides the Voices of the Night, experiments in ballads, like The Wreck of the Hesperus and The Skeleton in Armor; a drama, The Spanish Student; his famous poem, Excelsior, in which his art executed its most splendid feat in bridging the gulf between the sublime and the ridiculous; and it offers to the reader of his life a picture of spirited youth, weighted, indeed, by physical infirmity, but with the foot in the stirrup. Yet what was he thinking of? What was he planning to do? It was near the close of 1841 that he wrote in his diary: —

"This evening it has come into my mind to undertake a long and elaborate poem by the holy name of Christ, the theme of which would be the various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle, and Modern Ages;" and he adds, characteristically using a quotation to express his own deepest thought, "And the swete smoke of the odorous incense whych came of the wholsome and fervent desyres of them that had fayth ascended up before God, out of the aungel's hande."

It was not till 1873 that the work as it now stands was published; and for those two and thirty years which represent almost the whole of his productive period the subject of the trilogy seems never to have been long absent from his mind. As I have said elsewhere, the theme, in its majesty, was a flame by night and a pillar of cloud by day, which led his mind in all its onward movement, and he esteemed the work which he had undertaken as the really great work of his life. His religious nature was profoundly moved by it, and the degree of doubt which attended every step of his progress marked the height of the endeavor which he put forth. There was nothing violent or eccentric in this sudden resolution. The entry in

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his journal, his biographer states, is the only one for that year, but his correspondence and the dates of his poems indicate clearly enough that the course of his mental and spiritual life was flowing in a direction which made this resolve a most natural and at the same time inspiring expression of his personality. He had been singing those psalms of life, triumphant, sympathetic, aspiring, which showed how strong a hold the ethical principle had of him; he had been steeping his soul in Dante; he had been moved by the tender ecclesiasticism of The Children of the Lord's Supper, and in recording a passage in the life of Christ had fancied himself a monk of the Middle Ages; while the whole tenor of his life and thought had shown how strong a personal apprehension he had of the divine in humanity.

In all that calls for delicate taste, a fine sense of fitness, and a skillful use of material already formed, this trilogy, like the other dramatic writings of Longfellow, has the poet's distinctive mark. In no part is this more clear than in The Divine Tragedy. A large portion of this drama is a deftly arranged mosaic of passages from the Evangelists, and the reader is at first quite as much struck with the rhythmical character of the King James version, which permits the words to fall so easily into the metrical order, as he is with the poet's skill in selection and adjustment. Probably the indifference shown by people in general to this drama is due in part to the feeling that nothing very novel was offered. In fact, Longfellow's reverence is sufficient to explain his lack of success. The desire which he had to accomplish the great work of Christus sprang not only from a poet's conception of the great movement involved in the subject, but from a deep sense of personal obligation. He approached this dramatic representation of the Christ somewhat as a painter might propose a Crucifixion as a votive offering, only that while the painter, in a great period of religious art, would be working in a perfectly well understood and accepted mode, this poet was artistically alone, and was not merely not helped, but actually hindered, by the prevalent religious temper. Thorwaldsen's Christ is an example of how an artist, unincumbered by too strong a personal feeling, was able to avail himself of the sympathy of his fellow-believers. The statue, repeated large and small, has become the type of Lutheran Protestant Christianity; but it has become so because its sculptor drew from Lutheranism his conception of the Christ, not so much as the Sufferer as the Friend. Longfellow, on the other hand, has added nothing to the New England conception of the Christ, because he neither met the requirements of the traditional faith which concentrated all the drama into one act, nor was able to precipitate the floating views of the liberal theology into so striking a dramatic form as to present a figure which would be recognized as the one that men were looking for. Perhaps that was too much to ask under any circumstances, and certainly, as a human hero of a drama, a more disappointing subject could not be found than the Man of Nazareth. At any rate, Longfellow was not the one to lay sacrilegious hands on the ark of his own hopes, and he could not as an artist deny himself as a reverent believer.

After all, the very presence of those qualities which we have observed in Longfellow's art seems to exclude the admission of that requisite to dramatic art, — passion. The graces which enrich the lyrical and narrative work are somewhat foreign from the drama. One needs to break bounds there, the bounds not of law, but of conventions, and the most orderly and reasonable succession of scenes can hardly put the reader into that state of forgetfulness of self which the drama should compel. There is one scene in Judas Maccabæus, where the

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mother of the seven sons listens to the voices of her children as they undergo torments in the dungeon of the citadel, which is conceived with fine force; and yet, upon closer examination, one is obliged to concede that Longfellow was here displaying not so much dramatic conception as that admirable faculty in the adjustment and arrangement of forms already at hand to which I have several times referred.

The question was asked incidentally, on a previous page, why, after once abandoning prose at the end of a decade of work in it, Longfellow should return to prose after another decade given almost wholly to poetry. In 1838 Hyperion was written, and was followed at once by Voices of the Night. In 1848 Kavanagh appeared, and was the last piece of prose produced by the author. It stands in the midst also of a poetic period: Evangeline had just been finished, and The Golden Legend was begun shortly after Kavanagh was published, while the volume The Seaside and the Fireside collected a number of noticeable short poems.

It is probable that in writing Kavanagh Longfellow was obeying an impulse which often seizes artists, to lay at rest some ghost of a purpose that has pursued them. In his earliest plans for literary work, made on his first journey to Europe, he had outlined several sketches of American life. He made one or two essays in this direction after his return, but hid them away in annuals so carefully that only recently have they been unearthed. He was also somewhat in love with the character of a country schoolmaster, since it seemed to furnish the opportunity for combining the two elements of a recluse and a man of learning and taste. Then he could not help having his opinions about the national literature which was exercising the minds of the writers of his day, and as in Hyperion he had disclosed something of his personal life under the veil of a romance, so in Kavanagh he made a pleasing rural story the vehicle for carrying reflections and opinions which he wished once for all to be rid of. He had done with reviewing and prose work in general; whatever he did now must be in some form of art, and Kavanagh seems to have answered its purpose of materializing the floating forms which had been in its author's vision for many years. After this he used the economy of a wise artist, and worked in that material and in those forms which most completely satisfied the bent of his genius.

Yet Kavanagh, in another aspect, is interesting for its witness to a controlling principle in Longfellow's art. In the passage from Michael Angelo which stands at the head of this paper, the great sculptor is made to speak in his old age of

> "The fever to accomplish some great work
> That will not let us sleep."

If there were any such fever in Longfellow's case, as I think the writing of Michael Angelo intimates, there certainly was from the beginning of his career a most healthy and normal activity of life, which stirred him to the achievement of great works, in distinction from the familiar, frequent exercise of the poetic faculty. That lovely lyric, The Arrow and the Song, which might well stand as a prelude to Longfellow's shorter poems, is headed in the recent edition by an extract from the author's diary: "Before church wrote The Arrow and the Song, which came into my mind as I stood with my back to the fire, and glanced on to the paper with arrow's speed. Literally an improvisation." The spontaneity of his art is again and again illustrated by just such lyrics as this, and no one can follow these shorter flights of song in connection with Longfellow's life without being impressed by the ease with which they sped from his bow and the directness of their aim. But to see this is to see only one side of

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Longfellow's artistic power. One needs also to keep in mind the seriousness with which he regarded his art, and the clear purpose always in his mind to build large and strong. It is not impossible that his several attempts at dramatic composition may have been due in part to this temper which impelled him to use all his strength, and to justify his gift of song by something more than swallow dips. Hyperion was necessary to his mind, though he might have broken up much of the work into independent, minor sketches. Scarcely had he been reborn to poetry before he was at work on The Spanish Student. He was then also projecting Christus, and evidently feeling the weight of the great theme. The length of time which it remained in his mind is an illustration of the large circle on which his thought sailed, and his poetic career is marked to the end by the deliberate inception, elaboration, and completion of great works.

It is not possible to reconstruct the conversation which Mr. Greene and Mr. Longfellow had in their youth upon the house-top at Naples, but the more one studies the art which has made one of these names a household word, the more one is able to see the "deep cisterns" from which the pure stream has flowed. The gift of nature which made Longfellow an artist to his finger-tips was reinforced by that broad, free study which enriched his mind with a multitude of familiar figures and forms, and behind all lay a reverent, devout character, which constantly obeyed the impulse to work, to create, to be.

H. E. Scudder.

RECENT POETRY.

THERE is a bundle of poetic literature on our table which the nice defining of Polonius could scarcely classify, or the happy purveying of Autolycus feelingly commend. Not even our respect for the veterans, nor our tenderness for those whose trespassing is just begun, is equal to the task of finding the fit word for each; but we have selected from new and old a few volumes that have pleased us, and we hope will please our readers.

An extreme specialization of taste is noticeable in all these thin and delicately made books of verses. Each is characterized by some peculiarity of mood, some predilection for certain marked kinds of imagery, some trait of nice cultivation in this or that particular, which are possibly signs of limitation both in appreciation and faculty, but add perfectness to the work that is done. Not to attempt too much is not to fall too far short; and in temperament, in the preferences of style, and even in special culture that is often accidental, individuality finds the readiest and usually the best means of expression. In the poems[1] of Arlo Bates, for example, fantasy in its peculiar recent forms is strongly developed. It is not an occasional odd felicity of comparison that is meant, as in the pretty simile,

> "furry curling ferns
> Like owlets half awake;"

but that spectral quality in the idea itself, of which numerous examples will recur to the memory of any one familiar with the minor literature and art of the last decade. The most pleasing instance of it from his hand is two stanzas upon the shadow-boat sailing under the keel of his own: —

> "Vainly I peer, and fain would see
> What phantom in that boat may be;"

[1] *Berries of the Brier.* By ARLO BATES. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1886.

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and another, which is excellently well done, though wholly conventional, is the sketch of the sea-snake forefeeling her metempsychosis into "woman's form and face." It is apparently thought by those who work out these weirdnesses that full success is not attained unless the skin is made to creep; and in this Arlo Bates has the mercy to spare us. He does not resist the tendency of this sort of verse to mortuary subjects, and in consequence may startle some who are less habituated to the surprises of poetic necromancy than ourselves with such an antithetic stanza as this: —

"The listless hands of the dead
We clasp with frantic strain, —
Do the unborn kiss with tears our hands,
Seeking response in vain?"

And in that poem in which he represents the walks of this world as filled with lamentable ghosts helplessly seeking their lost living friends, who are invisible to them, he is certainly dangerously nigh making himself uncomfortable company; but the imagination does not take the notion seriously, even for that moment of possible belief during which alone poetry of this order has any real meaning. This abnormal mood seems to belong especially to men whose temperament is blended of the artist and the poet, and its presence is more frequently to be observed in art than in literature. In fact, it appears to have come from the former into the realm of the latter. It is only natural, therefore, to find Arlo Bates in all his verses using the eye as well as the fancy of a painter. The most spirited of his poems, On the Road to Chorrera, is a Spanish picture, and others would compose upon canvas with as fine effect certainly as they do in words. He is as pictorial, too, in descriptions as in situations. He entitles one series A Sketch-Book by the Sea, and two lines of an ocean view in this —

"Pale, trampled fires that have no heat,
By the wind crushed from gold to gray" —

illustrate the persistent water-color quality of his poetic landscape. But not to concentrate attention unduly upon the dominant characteristics of his work, to the exclusion of less pronounced and commoner traits which are necessary in all good poetry, there are both fine and tender sentiments, bits of thought and turns of polished phrase, to be met with in the verses, which are all of the brief, compact, clear-cut kind, whose affinities are with the Latin genius; a refined technique, a quiet tone, a touch firm to the point of being hard, belong to this style, and in these virtues Arlo Bates, if not yet made perfect, is well on in a novitiate which he can scarcely be said to be out of so long as his ear is not offended by an extra foot in the last line of a sonnet, or the lack of a foot in two lines of the first of three stanzas which are otherwise in pentameters. Except for these metrical faults, which are astonishing in a school whose art is nothing if not self-possessed, he is capable in the mere handling of verse; he is very direct, sparing of words, and free, to a degree unusual in æsthetic poetry, from the vices of diction.

Clinton Scollard is as markedly literary in spirit as Arlo Bates is artistic. With Reed and Lyre [2] is a title that indicates the company he keeps as well as the entertainment he offers; he is a poets' poet, not as master but as disciple. How many such one encounters in makers of early verse! It belongs to those who are thus inspired to live more in the region of the mind than in that of the eye and ear. The daisy they sing of is not Chaucer's, nor Burns's upon the hillside; it is the daisy that blooms on Keats's grave. But to have one's sensibility awakened by poets, is not a great misfortune; nor is it any discredit to a new writer of verses that one can tell what books he has been reading. Dante took pride in calling Virgil his master; and there is an aristocracy in

[1] *With Reed and Lyre.* By CLINTON SCOLLARD. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

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literary ancestry, a blood of the mind, which is at once a sign of its nature and a promise of its power. If one recognizes in a volume like this the cadences of Wordsworth, the modern Homeric of Arnold's line, and the plain democratic verse-structure of Longfellow, it is no cause of offense, nor any occasion to ring the changes on the inefficiency of imitative verse. One notes these echoes in Clinton Scollard only to observe how skillful he has become in such exercises of the student, how facile and versatile his hand is, and to suggest that he writes well enough to lay his models aside, unless he means to allow them to stiffen into the forms of his own mind. The opening piece, A Masque of March, is an elaborate though brief study in fairyland, delicate and subtle and highly wrought; it is as beautiful as frost-work on the window-pane, and it has the same fading immortality. In others of the poems, too, one feels that the important thing is their proof that the author has learned the art of composition; and his spontaneity, fecundity, variety, the fullness and flow of his power of expression, show indubitably the possession of the literary gift. Ability to write, however, is no more than hands and feet to the poet. Mr. Scollard is at that critical point at which so many stop with being merely clever versifiers. It is a question of capacity to attend to the things of life, to have ideas about them, and to energize these ideas with poetic feeling, and to develop style. One observes with pleasure, therefore, in this volume signs of impressibility by other than bookish motives, a faculty of discerning poetic ideas in the contemporary world, and some sympathy with the large things of life. As a whole, it must be confessed that this is the poetry of idleness, as most verse always is: of vacation afternoons, of flowers in the fields, of lying in the grass, of sitting in the firelight, of hours in the library or the book-stall, of atmospheric effects. Its sentiment is refined, its taste good, its moments happily selected, its tone quiet, its execution not sparing of pains; but praise of this sort in these days does not confer distinction. It is another thing, when, in the soft lapsing of literary rhymes, one finds the poet even stating that there are railroads and steamboats in the world, though his outlooks are still retrospective: —

> "Not then as now by bands of shimmering steel
> Were our wide plains and cloud-kissed mountains spanned;"

and we rub our eyes when he mentions the illuminating power of electricity, though he cannot forget Jove's former monopoly of it, before man had

> "trained its piercing light
> To blur and dim the starry eyes of night."

It is true that his imagination does not operate upon these objects, but he sees them. Similarly, at the conclusion of this poem and elsewhere, he exhibits some patriotic feeling, a sense of the American land and of the hopes and the work of the new West, which take him at once out of the company of dryads and make a citizen of him. The finest poetic idea which the volume contains is that of the Arctic Circe, in which he typifies the fascination of the polar regions for the brave adventurers who are lost there under the old fable of the merciless enchantress. His choice of the sonnet form is correct, though the execution is not equal to the idea in power; but it is a poet's idea. In the description of how the winter storm came down on Labrador the imagination works on original facts in a like way. There is in such pieces no mistaking of the means of culture for real experience, which is the fatal error of the literary poet; and we make bold to express the hope that "the times" may supplant books more and more as the pabulum of this writer. It is not with reed and lyre that the poet must come among us now, if he would be reckoned flesh of our flesh, but, like other men, with axe and spade.

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Mr. Adams's venture [1] is in the realm of light comedy. He develops a humorous element for the Arthurian cycle out of the nursery rhymes which are the heroics of infancy, and by a dexterous use of the Tennysonian manner weaves the tales of Miss Muffet, The Knave of Hearts, King Cole, and half a dozen others of the unconventional chivalry of our first age, into a kind of travesty, or episodes of a kitchen under-plot for the high-life Idyls of the King. There is a certain surprise and grotesqueness in finding those uncommonly brief epics the record of incidents in the neighborhood of Camelot and Lyonnesse, involved in the careers of the great knights of fable; and if one has a taste for parody, or for the exaggeration and inconsequence of one delightful kind of children's stories, he may take a passing pleasure in this soft-syllabled nonsense. In the latter half of the volume, however, Mr. Adams has attempted graver themes, and he narrates a romantic tale of Italian love, jealousy, and revenge, and a legend of Japan, with more serious poetic intention; and he concludes with a few lyrics and sonnets. One perceives literary susceptibility in his work, and some talent for composition; but, although a note of personal expression is now and then to be caught in his verses, the volume is hardly substantial enough to offer fair grounds for judgment. The golden lotus of Japan is an exotic, nor can conventional Italian tragedy greatly interest us; and, too, prose is quite a good enough mode of expression for Indian philosophy, and for a story of mere incident. Mr. Adams, like his friend Mr. Scollard, may gain by exchanging something of the tradition of literature for its vital spirit.

Mr. Roche's Songs and Satires [2] are full of contemporaneity. The philanthropic, not to say socialistic, spirit especially characterizes his serious verses. He is neither æsthetic nor literary; but he knows how to write, and he has the fire and the lift of quick, earnest, swelling emotion. It is so common for the minor poets to compose well that one begins to believe that verse offers fewer difficulties to novices than is generally thought; each of them catches the trick of measured language with seeming ease, is deft at the turns and slides of the thought in its stanzaic evolution, and learns by a little practice the rhetorical and point-making capabilities of every old combination of rhyme and metre. Mr. Roche is no exception, and his skill is exhibited in many varieties of form. It is the spirit, however, that distinguishes him among his fellows. The humanitarian and revolutionary moods, which have had but little literary expression in this country, though Swinburne has made them familiar, are the inspiration of his vital poems. Now it is a song of the people who are weary of twenty centuries of the Kingdom postponed, and of world-changes that are to the poor only changes of servitude, and the lines ring hard with the iron of conviction, and, to some, sweet as the gold of truth; next it is fifty lines of blank verse, dramatic and strenuous, concerning the life and death of the nihilist Netchaieff, and what he died for, and what Russia is; or again it is a song of the sea, the refrain of the three lines of Aux armes, aux armes, Citoyens: —

> "Breakers twain, and another,
> And the third is a vengeful cry;
> Ever the same, nor other
> Shall be till the seas be dry:"

but we spare our readers the notes of the eternal storm. Mr. Roche, moreover, is not altogether a revolutionist; he writes often to express some mood of sentiment unconnected with politics, domestic or foreign, and likes to tell a story.

[1] *Post-Laureate Idyls and Other Poems.* By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

[2] *Songs and Satires.* By James Jeffrey Roche. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

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The Corporal's Letter is a narrative with the simple pathos, and The Flag is one with the whole-souled admiration for a gallant action, which are the birthright of Celtic poetic genius. Humor also belongs to that Muse; and in the division which Mr. Roche calls Satires, nearly one half the small volume, those who are imperturbable listeners of the Marseillaise, and care nothing whatever for poetical narrative or moods of imaginative emotion, may find good laughter. The best of these light bits of comedy, burlesques, and witty verses is The V-a-s-e, which had wide popularity when first published, some months ago; but all the rest are readable, some are delightful nonsense, and a few are keen. This humorous portion is, too, the more successful in a literary sense, as well as likely to prove agreeable to more people; the task is easier. This only starts the old question, Is more fortune in a lower, or less fortune in a higher, attempt better worth having? But whether Mr. Roche shall try to entertain, or to stir and lead the mind, he has excellent resources; and if he prefers to continue his divided devotion to the mirthful and the heroic Muse, as seems to be his natural bent, it would not be a lamentable ending.

Another quality of Irish poetry is a peculiar grace and brightness of the gift of fancy. Those who possess it like to think of Ireland as the Isle of Faery. In Mrs. Piatt's verses one is sure to find it, from old experience. The present collection [1] is a bundle of only a dozen short poems, apparently the fruit of an Irish tour. A few of these are sketches of every-day life, with the presence of children, and are executed with her familiar lightness of touch; others are scenes of traveler's sight-seeing; and the rest are poetic renderings of the look and spirit of the country. In nearly all there is the play of fancy. The opening piece, In Primrose Time, gives a view of Ireland in the season when

> "The rival car-men all love one another,"

very different from the common conception of life in that land at present, and makes one think that if it could be spring there all the time trouble would be over. But remedies for Ireland (as in the case of Carlyle's) seem to lie under a perpetual curse of impracticability. The poem is a gala out-door love-feast, full of color, with old women and milkmen and fairies. Another effective description is that of the old castle given over to the inhabitancy of the birds, with its contrast of the dead old lords of the land and the chattering flocks of "the lords of the air," who have succeeded to the inheritance. But the imagery of Mrs. Piatt and the typical nature of her Irish scenes are things well known; none is better among these than the Emigrant, bound out, who is singing.

There is a more sober coloring in Mrs. Elizabeth Akers's thought. In this volume,[2] the prevailing tone is grave and subdued; and the poems in which the apprehensiveness of love finds expression, or a subject is taken from mismated love, or from love whose fruition is impossible, give an impression of sadness. In the greater part of the book, which, though small, contains a large number of pieces, the themes are from ordinary life, such as one finds in occasional poetry written by persons of sensibility, to use the old word. So long as feeling comes with the spring and remembrance with the fall, some hand will pen these verses and record the events that come between the seasons of bloom and decay, in nature's life and in the heart's; and here one reads again the common human history. Of what belongs to our own time especially, the influence of philanthropy is to be observed in two poems,

[1] *In Primrose Time.* A New Irish Garland. By Sarah M. B. Piatt. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

[2] *The Silver Bridge and Other Poems.* By Elizabeth Akers. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

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one of which, by way of asking whether our age is truly so humane as it thinks, contrasts the Smithfield martyrs with the poor in that district of London now, while the second reads a sharp gospel of charity to the wealthy; but these are exceptional. The aspects of nature, the sentiments of motherhood and wifehood, and in general the moods of life after it has become reflective are the material of these verses, which appeal to the experienced heart.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter's demesne, to speak poetically, is the sea, and more particularly that portion of it which washes a long coast and around an ocean island, where there are always sails in sight, and an ever-changeful atmosphere of light, color, and cloud over all. The title-poem of the collection,[1] which she has just made, The Cruise of the Mystery, is the story of a spectral slave-ship; composed in the vein common to all the legends of the New England coast which make so large a proportion of our provincial poetry. The remainder of the volume is filled with verses various in motive. and ranging through many moods of friendship, lovers' vows, and reminiscent grief, and often bright with the local color and the familiar loveliness of the sea-coast to which she is attached. But what is peculiar to a poet is generally his best; and Celia Thaxter is never so vivid, so strong, and at the same time so fresh, with that novelty, directness, and spirit which compose the element of originality in her work, as when she is looking off from the Isles of Shoals upon the real or imagined world, or hearing the ebb of the tides on the sands. The poem Persistence is a winter scene of wonderful truth: —

"Skeleton schooner, looming strange on the far horizon's rim,
Wasted and blurred by the bitter cold, all ghastly and pallid and dim;"

and so is the November Morning, in the southwest gale, with the gulls and ships and the ocean-rock: —

"Lo, how the vast gray spaces
Wrestle and roll and thunder."

These are lines written, as the critical phrase goes now, "with the eye on the object." Her other verses have their own virtues: there are grace of thought, tenderness of feeling, and purity of faith in the poems of bereavement and sympathy, and the practiced strength and firmness of an old hand when she narrates an incident or presents a powerful emotional situation. But these are not uncommon qualities of minor poetry, and, on the other hand, the breath of nature blows more free and the thought seems more instinctive in those poems to which her love of the ocean brings some tribute. But it is no fault to tire of one's own plot of ground, and make excursions into the common fields of poetry, when such verses as her home or love lyrics are to be gathered.

The dainty and unique volume[2] of Margaret Deland renews our marveling at the ease with which intricate and difficult forms of verse are made captive by our young men and women. The Old Garden is a lovely poem. The old-fashioned blossoms, the flagged walk, the tree and the arbor, shut in from the city street by the brick walls in a childhood seclusion that only such walls can give, and now all wildly overgrown in its neglected state, — this is a garden New Englanders all know; and the tenderness that is thrown over it by a few scenes from the childish life that went on there, by a reminiscence of the mild face of her who tended it, and by the old sense of the continuance of nature's life in a loved spot after the human associations that endeared it have passed away is a pathos not worked out by the skill of the pen, but caught because it is

[1] *The Cruise of the Mystery and Other Poems.* By Celia Thaxter. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

[2] *The Old Garden and Other Verses.* By Margaret Deland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

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the poetic atmosphere of the place, which is, as it were, enveloped with memory. The writer has more than one exquisitely truthful line about the garden-plants of the old time still blooming on in their forgotten soil, as of the morning-glories that

"Press pure faces 'gainst the thistle's cheek;"

and the whole scene is worked out in the most careful and realistic detail down to the money-vine and the lilacs,

"on whose heart-shaped leaves
The dust has settled, and white stains of mould."

Opportunity is dexterously found even to mention those shawls laid safe away in the low attic, with their scent of cedar and lavender and rose leaves, and the shadows of the branches dancing on the sunny rafters. But of all this beautifully elaborated study, the figures of child-life are the most charming, and especially the Sabbath scene of the grape-vine arbor, with which the poem closes, where the child gazes out from it on the garden "Sunday did deny," and crooned her catechism or evening hymn the while. It is an idyl of New England, most natural, sweet, and full of old-time goodness and quiet and happiness; and it is rightly framed in this old garden, luxuriant in decay, and still carrying some fragrance to the city streets with every gust of the summer wind. This brief poem deserves an attention almost disproportionate to its space in the volume, because it is by so much the most excellent. The remaining verses are composed for the most part in the metres which characterized the seventeenth century, in lyrical poetry, and by their turn of thought and style recall those writers whom, if one loves at all, he loves so much for their wisdom, ideality, and purity of spiritual feeling, or for their grace, brevity, and happy fancy in amorous expression. These poems are in both styles, and the artificial metrical forms, though tolerable only to a specially educated ear, are managed skillfully. The mode lends itself most readily to wit of the old sort, wise thought held whole and close in words; to single ideas; to striking images and sentiments once called pretty; in short, to conceits. This is the Muse in whose service one sends a rose to his mistress and shuts a message in its petals, as many poets have done, and as is twice done here; it is the best amatory epistolary form, especially for coquetry, as may be observed in the present collection, but also for saying the most agreeable things with a certain distinction and courtliness, for it holds the literary tradition of the best breeding in that kind of diversion; in fact, it is polite, in the sense in which learning used to be polite, and it is a pleasure to see it again. The sonnet is a nobler form for love and the quatrain for thought, but few are those to whom they yield their genius. These seventeenth-century measures are more accommodating, and slip as easily as rondeaus and triolets, when one catches the trick; and they are as pleasing, to say the least. Certainly Margaret Deland has the knack of using them to advantage, and plays her part among the cavaliers with spirit and charm; in the amatory lyrics her thought wins lightness and grace from the antique metres, and sometimes a true musical movement, though this is more often met with in the sacred songs. She seldom exhibits the same sort of poetic power as in the first poem; the later verses share in the fragility of their subjects, and, though they delight the literary sense, they owe this attractiveness to an old style brought back with freshness of feeling rather than to original significance. Artificiality of style oftenest indicates artificiality of mood, and both belong to imitative verse, which, as has been remarked, deserves no hard words in its first stages; but the nature, the genuineness, the imaginative realism, of the first poem in this volume show a finer talent in this writer's endowment.

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In the sacred songs at the end of the book one finds again pure simplicity and sweetness of this higher range; and yet one must praise the lyrics that lie between, less than swallow-flights of song, for their point, wit, and literary perfection, and for many felicities which could be pointed out only by quotation.

In Nora Perry's new volume,[1] the skilled hand is at once felt, firm and sensible of power, whether the poems are songs of the seasons and ballads of the colonial time or of the common folk, or relate incidents of wooing in high life, or breathe patriotic or humane feeling or the sentiments of the soul. The range is a wide one; but with all her susceptibility to the more evanescent tones of nature, and her faculty of catching and rendering the color of the spring in a style as flowing, if not so brilliant, as Tennyson's last manner, and with her pathos in expressing moods of melancholy in cadences which have the musical monotone of Clough's verses of regret, Miss Perry has a determined bent to the actual, so positive in its influence that, though it does not make a realist of her, it takes her out of the ranks of the sentimentalists. No volume in our list contains more of what is called objective art. She is interested in the life of people which has no value to her except in that she can perceive it, and she puts her perceptions into verse without any other aim than to place the scene before others as she sees it. One suspects that she uses the eye of imagination more than the bodily organ, but that is her distinction; she is wise enough to believe that there were real things before she was born. Some of her tales may be purely mythical, possibly; but that does not render them less objective in character. Whatever it be, contemporary or historical, fanciful or touching or heroic, the story is always well told, takes hold of the mind by some leading interest, and keeps the attention fixed on the phase of it which the writer means to impress. The Puritan maiden who beguiled the elders to let the mistletoe hang by standing under it when the governor entered, and the young wife who, after a year of wedded bliss in the colony, was homesick and beautiful enough to dare put Easter greens in the meeting-house, and the two lovers of the legend of the Christmas Gale, are in the most finished manner of the New England ballad school; and notwithstanding their foreignness, the episode of Henry of Navarre's siege, and of the children's sally from Naumberg on the bluff Hussite general, who gave them cherries and departed, have the same country spirit and sheer force of narrative. The Newport novelettes are more in the vein of *vers de société;* but the execution is somewhat more poetical than pertains to that brilliant mode of fiction. Throughout the book, however, is this breath of the diviner air; there is great beauty and humaneness in it, and the musical quality of the verse is very high, which is a rare thing. No volume of this season is so touched and interpenetrated by the poetic spirit, and at the same time exhibits such assured mastery of art.

Mr. Carpenter's Liber Amoris [2] is noticeable for its religious spirit, and for the picturesqueness and ideal contrasts of many of its scenes and situations. The story is the life of Brother Aurelius as he narrates it the night before his death to a watching monk, and is an illustration of the growth of an elect spirit through love. It begins with the youth of Aurelius, when he was called Dorian, and leads him through his university days at Padua, the birth of ideal friendship, his knightly days at the lists and court of love, and his pilgrimage to find his lady; and then comes the sor-

[1] *New Songs and Ballads.* By Nora Perry. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

[2] *Liber Amoris.* Being the Book of Love of Brother Aurelius. By Henry Bernard Carpenter. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

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rowful tragedy of his friend's treason and his bride's death, and of the lost home and years of wandering warfare, ending in the monk's cell, in study and contemplation, and at last in human forgiveness of the fatal author of his early misfortunes, the false bosom-friend, who confesses his crimes to him as to a strange priest. The legend — for such it is, rather than a plot — is thus made up of the most powerful romantic elements, and the scene is laid in the midst of what is most lovely in mediævalism, in an atmosphere of sentiment, piety, and poetic beauty, rather than of mountain and valley; but the central interest is fixed in the development of Dorian's soul by the various forms of love in its joys and worst sorrows, and the poem, as a whole, is meant to be a sort of glorified moral lesson, or philosophy of religion, life, and the soul's destiny reduced to essential unity in one another. The temperament of the idealist is expressed throughout. The motto is *Amor omnia vincit* (which, by the way, would be more agreeable to a classical ear if the poet had preserved the Virgilian order), but it is pietistic, mediæval love, not that of the tenth eclogue; and the entire work breathes the spirit of the æsthetic ritualism of our own time. The choral songs which are interspersed in the course of the narrative are strained and ineffective, and shocking to the ear to an incredible degree; but the blank verse of the narrative, though diffuse and lacking proper articulation, is fluent, at least, and at times bears up passages of exalted feeling. It must be acknowledged, however, that the work is stronger in eloquence, sentiment, and picturesqueness than in poetry.

Mr. Cranch's place is with the elder group of poets, and one scarcely does justice to his refined verses by setting them beside the work of a younger time. In this volume[1] there is a backward-looking mood, a prevailing reminiscence of earlier days with the poet's friends in Rome, with his brother in his Virginian boyhood, with the literary acquaintances of later life, so that one finds the book largely the expression of the personal feelings of one who feels the approach of age, and of the thoughts, moods, and occupations that belong to life's latter days. There is much that is pleasant and cheerful in the portrayal of these things: in the sonnets that pay the dues of life-long friendship to eminent men and to humbler associates in the struggle; in the stanzas which rejoice in the vigorous world-life of the decades that are ending, and overflow with patriotic and philanthropic faith; and in the poems, like Ariel and Caliban, which are artistic work, not less conscientious and effective than that of earlier days. The brief study, which gives a title to the volume, is a variation on the great drama, and discusses, but without obligation to Renan, the latter fortune of Ariel and Caliban. The airy spirit who yearns for human companionship undertakes the part of an educating providence toward the fish-like monster, and the situation thus produced typifies once more the ancient idea of the salvation of the lower by the service of the higher; beyond stating this situation, however, the poet does not venture, and his *finale*, in which Ariel takes Caliban off to England, where he will find a finer country to begin life in than the vext Bermoothes, is a lame and impotent conclusion. The central idea owes more to the moral sense than to the imaginative faculty, but such an end is too purely practical even for the understanding. The lyrical drama, Ormuzd and Ahriman, with which the volume concludes, is the only other extended poem, and presents the views of the author in regard to the spiritual nature of the universe through the medium of Shelleyan choruses, voices, and hymns; it is not

[1] *Ariel and Caliban.* With Other Poems. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

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unlike Bayard Taylor's attempt in the same manner. Mr. Cranch's briefer poems have more individuality, and in them his poetic talent is exercised upon the concrete experience of his own life with the same tone of thought and culture which has in years past characterized his writings.

It is a far cry, to borrow the current phrase, from these quiet and studious verses, with their air of the library and the autumn of a retired life, to the streets where John Boyle O'Reilly is striking the tocsin. In Bohemia is not a descriptive title for this book [1] of brawny lyrics. The *mise-en-scène* is not the shifty, careless life of artist and student, nor is it borrowed from Shakespeare or true geography. Erin, rather than Bohemia, is the country locality, while the city district lies in Columbia. There is great energy in the poet's patriotism, whether its object be Ireland or America, and the true fire kindles swiftly in stanzas which, we must candidly confess, have still more of the Marseillaise in them than Mr. Roche's. Humanity is a great word, and the face of the world offers many a glowing text to those who are its gospelers; and Mr. O'Reilly is one of the band. This is his spirit, and his poetry bears the impress of it. But apart from the general alarm which he sounds for the people to be up and doing, there are some poems which have only a literary end. One finds his art more unequal than his fervor; here and there, however, he flashes out a line which any poet might not disdain to own. Thus, at the end of the stirring incident of the death of Ensign Epps, he strikes the meaning of the sacrifices of common men into one line that rises with splendid force: —

"Out of the centuries heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory;"

or, again, in reference to the graves of the Army of the Potomac: —

"Those low white lines at Gettysburg remain
The sacred record of her humblest slain,
Whose children's children in their time shall come
To view with pride their hero-father's tomb,
While down the ages runs the patriot line."

Such expression as this, so direct, close, comprehensive, lifting the thought at once and easily out of the circumstance of the poem into the region of universal truth, is one of the unmistakable marks of the true gift of poetic faculty. Genuine emotion pervades the volume, and that fidelity to a leader or to an idea, which is one of the perennial sources of noble feeling, touches the writer into eloquence more than once; the admiration for a brave deed, the natural lyric spring, and the bent for fancy, which have been already mentioned as belonging to Irish poetry, are equally to be observed: and all these qualities go to make up a book which, though defective in grace and finish, is distinguished for force, reality, and modernness, — three good words with which to end a review such as this.

[1] *In Bohemia.* By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Co.

AGNES SURRIAGE.

READERS of that portly and much-annotated work, The Memorial History of Boston, will recall the pleasure with which they came upon certain graphic pictures of the town in its colonial and provincial periods, wherein the old thoroughfares and the structural aspect of the place were vividly described. The

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contributor, Mr. E. L. Bynner, had not, we think, been known as an antiquarian, but had won some literary reputation by one or two amusing, if slightly amateurish, novels; he had won it, however, only among those who take pains to know the authorship of anonymous works, for neither Nimport nor Damen's Ghost was issued with his name. Now we have a book [1] from his pen in which the antiquarian and the novelist have each had a hand, and the right hand knows very well what the left hand does, though the reader sees only the ambidextrous touch.

It is worth noting that when Mr. Bynner described Sir Harry Frankland's house on Garden-Court Street, in his chapter, Topography and Landmarks of the Provincial Period, in the Memorial History, it was the editor who supplied a foot-note outlining the romantic career of Frankland. If Mr. Bynner's acquaintance with the story dates from that foot-note, we must add another to the debts of gratitude due to Mr. Winsor. However this may be, it is clear that Mr. Bynner has been more or less in training, unwittingly, for this latest book, and the book is so clever that we linger a moment thus over its origin. Its author had shown himself a bright sketcher of character, with an eye to the humorous side of life, but had contented himself with the invention of an odd lot of people, who were Dickens's godchildren mainly, when he was called upon to use his imagination and his dexterity in reconstructing the bustling Boston of the middle of the eighteenth century. He made himself at home in the place and time, and in his wanderings through the town fell in with the royal collector. From Mr. Winsor he caught the hint which sent him to Mr. Nason and Dr. Holmes, and thence to the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and finally to the living representatives of the Frankland family. If he had been an antiquarian only, he might have produced a monograph, ampler and more minute than Mr. Nason's book; if he had been a novelist only, he might have gone on inventing places as well as people; but by happy fortune we have in him an antiquarian who has a constructive imagination, and a novelist who only needed a solid substance upon which to work.

The result is that Mr. Bynner has achieved the difficult and very acceptable task of producing an historical novel which is extremely interesting, and will stand, we think, the criticism of antiquaries. We say this last with reserve, for your local antiquary, when he screws his magnifying-glass into his eye, has an alarming way of making mountains out of mole-hills. But with no pretense at minute knowledge of the material from which Mr. Bynner has constructed his novel, we are struck with the firmness of his touch, and the ease with which he makes his way through the scenes he has to describe. He does not write like one who has crammed himself for his work, and is obliged to consult his authorities at every step, but like one who writes out of a full mind, who has familiarized himself with the period and places, and, above all, is in love with his work. It is only once or twice that he fails to work over into his own form the material which he finds at hand; he would have done well, for instance, to have restated for himself the appearance of Hopkinton, instead of copying the report of another. This is a slight matter, however, and really illustrates the care which Mr. Bynner has taken to keep close to the facts.

The story, in truth, is but little more than a picturesque retelling of the life of Harry Frankland and Agnes Surriage; the incidents in the life arrange themselves in so cumulative an order, and enjoy so striking a climax, that a novelist would be hard put to it to invent a more admirable plot, if he wished to

[1] *Agnes Surriage.* By Edwin Lasseter Bynner. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1887.

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give a picture of eighteenth-century morals and manners in New England, London, and Lisbon. To bring a handsome young Englishman from the clubs in London to the snug little town of Boston, with its compact body of English gentry and its restless, thrifty commonalty, and make him his majesty's collector for New England; to take him on official business to Marblehead, and let him catch a glimpse of a rustic beauty, whose untrained voice gives promise of a future for her; to make this handsome, generous fellow conceive the notion of becoming her patron and educating her, and then inevitably fall in love with her, but act as a titled Englishman of the time would be very likely to act with a fisher-maiden; to show an indignant Puritan community growl its disapproval in so threatening a fashion as to make it wise for the couple to seek the refuge of a country life; to withdraw them to England, and bring the girl into accidental contact with the baronet's aristocratic family; to carry them to Portugal, and have them in Lisbon on that fearful All Saints' Day, when the sensual, pleasure-loving city was shaken by an unseen power, and Christendom, for a moment, dropped on its knees; to bury the baronet beneath the ruins and have his mistress rescue him, and then to have him make tardy atonement by a public marriage, — to do all this was to seize an opportunity not only for a tale of moving incidents, but for a representation of many phases of life. Mr. Bynner, as we have said, has followed carefully the outline given him by history, and he has introduced just enough of his own invention to round the story out in symmetrical fashion. That Agnes Surriage should have a lover of her own rank was inevitable; if the experience of life did not require it, the universal testimony of fiction would; and Mr. Bynner has used this sailor lover effectively by keeping him on hand all through the book for use at the critical hour in Lisbon. The widow Ruck is a less necessary character in the development of the story, but really more important as a humorous enrichment, and the cleverness which was shown in Nimport has been put here to capital use.

The local color with which the characters and incidents are set forth is one of the most admirable features of the book. It shows minute study, but does not weary the reader by detail. Especially good are the touches by which the topics of the day are deftly introduced, and the conversation, with its allusions to current literature and people, has a natural formality about it which seems to us singularly truthful and felicitous. It was a fine stroke to give the Voltairian chatter just on the eve of the Lisbon catastrophe. The landscape effects, moreover, as in the opening chapter, are the work of a genuine artist.

As regards the higher and more essential elements of the novel, the discrimination of motives and the development of character, Mr. Bynner's work deserves sincere praise. He had a delicate task to perform in preserving the reader's respect for Agnes, and yet not glossing the character of her relation to Frankland. He has accomplished it by the fine shades of drawing which he has used in depicting his heroine, and by making her her own severest judge. That she should have followed the course which she did, and not have become Frankland's plaything, is made clear to the reader, and justified by the event. We think her vacillation is sometimes more obvious than the controlling, determining impulse which sends her to one side or the other, and perhaps the scenes which bring out her consciousness are a trifle too faint in their drawing; but Mr. Bynner has avoided well the Scylla of treating the whole subject from an eighteenth-century point of view, and the Charybdis of the later virtue of the nineteenth century. He gives us facts as they were, but he enables us to see

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them from the inside as well as from the outside.

Altogether we may congratulate the author on a well-earned success, and the reader on the possession of a new and unusual pleasure. Our literature is not so rich in historical fiction that we can afford to neglect so good a book as this. The writer of such books has the advantage and disadvantage of knowing that his readers are reasonably well informed in their local history. Mr. Bynner appears to have neither ignored nor dreaded the special criticism his book would be likely to receive from experts. That such criticism could be given has apparently increased his caution, but it has not dulled his imaginative faculty, nor made him forget that the ordinary reader wants a story from beginning to end We trust that the familiarity which he has acquired with provincial Boston may make him willing to go a step further, and use the time and place as a background upon which to draw typical personages and scenes, whose special characteristics shall be of his own fertile invention.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

It is very difficult to write theatrical history. If an author attends to the mere annals of the stage, changes of management, the forgotten successes of a season, his narrative runs the risk of being dry and dead; if he keeps to the rise and fall of actors and the clash of great reputations, it is apt to lose itself in anecdotes and trivialities, and to get entangled in the rights and wrongs of quarrels of long ago; and if he has a mind to include the plays themselves as a part of the story, it is a chance that he will prove an indifferent critic, and confuse literature and the histrionic art to no good purpose. The subject itself is a very attractive one. The glamour lasts after the lights are put out, and our curiosity is only the greater because we were born too late to see the masters of former times and the beautiful and vivacious women who gave the pledge to the town; and there are such wit, such variety of character, so many pranks of all kinds, in the merry chronicles, as effectually to win both the man of the world and the scholar to the feast. The main fascination of the historic theatre, however, consists in the personalities of the players; there is almost a physical need of strong individuality, of vital force, of will and power, in their profession, and the conditions under which it must be practiced favor peculiarities of temperament and the largest diversity of gifts while its unreality and the strain of simulated passion involved tend to develop that moodiness of spirit in which so many great actors have seemed to give signs of a mind unhinged. This idiosyncrasy of character and freedom of its manifestation, together with the brilliant fortunes, the reverses, the romantic episodes, which belong to the lives of individual players, and the personal attachment which many of them have been able to excite in the public at large, make the method of biography the fittest to be followed in giving a view of the past and present of the stage, and the most conducive to entertainment. The editors of this series of five volumes [1] have adopted

[1] *Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States, from the Days of David Garrick to the Present Time.* Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. Five vols. New York: Cassell & Co.

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this plan, but in a peculiar form: a sketch is given of each of the more prominent actors and actresses since Garrick's days, and this is supplemented in each case by copious extracts from the writings of contemporaries and the best later critics, to illustrate the style of acting and the personality of the player; the result is a very convenient and valuable repertory of information in regard to all the lights of the English and American stage whose reputations have not already expired.

There is, of course, nothing new in the main body of such a work, though the mere collection of so much theatrical history from so many various sources affords a bird's-eye view of the development and conditions, the art of acting, from Quin to Irving, which suggests many reflections; but the editors have had in their service as writers of the prefatory biographical sketches, besides some excellent literary hands, among whom are Austin Dobson and such theatrical specialists as Ireland, Winter, and Pollock, a few contributors from the stage itself, whose papers have a special interest to play-goers and the lovers of the drama. Among these, there is no disparagement to any one in singling out Edwin Booth's articles upon Kean and upon his own father, admirable as they are in substance and in feeling, and set forth with a personal charm which is absent in the more mechanical writing of the professional authors. He has conceived his work differently from the rest, so that the few pages stand out by themselves: they are more human, as we say, and proceed more directly from the heart and mind; they express the man. In the first sketch he casts a rapid glance at the more famous of the quality, whose portraits and masks are his familiars in the solitude of his study. He does not stop with the accidents of their times and habits which make up their memoirs, but thinks he can discern their character better, or at least approach them more nearly, in these counterfeits of their features; and to the reader he certainly seems to get at the naked soul and inborn capacity of these predecessors of himself in the great rôles of English imagination with intuitive insight. This, however, is the work of only an opening paragraph or two, after which he places before our eyes his conception of Kean's nature and acting with a reality, a delightfulness, and a revealing power of which the literary secret is probably unknown to him; but while imagination is the parent of sympathy, and simple truth is the utmost skill in expression, such a study as this, brief as it is, has a sure power to penetrate and to illuminate its subject. There are passages, too, which are finely touched with the actor's temperament and experience of life, and have the authentic stamp of genius; not that Mr. Booth is a man of letters, but his writing exhibits his personality and the charm of it unconsciously, as does sometimes happen when a man, great in some other sphere of action but not trained to literature, takes the pen. In the sketch of his father, he is even more successful in the attempt to give the public understanding of an exceptional and erratic nature, and his tone has the same winning characteristics, the same simplicity and refinement, while there is peculiar sweetness, oddly mingled with a certain grim humor, in the relations of this strange father and child, which lends unusual attractiveness and some piquancy to the episodes of their intimacy as here narrated. Moreover, he makes his father credible, if one may say so, and in his paragraphs of defense and excuse for the more trying traits and wild starts of the elder Booth he does not allow the touch of grotesqueness to derogate from his honor, nor does he falsify his human nature; this, in the case of one who was so freakish and full of contradictions, is a triumph of interpretation. He says he knew his father best; he has cer-

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tainly described him with most fidelity and insight, most picturesqueness, truth, and power. Of the stories he tells of him, the traits and manners he marks with some allusion to incidents, and in general the minute and careful modeling of the work, it would be useless to report, for one cannot break up such composition; hereafter one must seek the father's features in the son's portrait of him. One feels, however, in this, as in the study of Kean, the presence of the writer himself; the melancholy, the humanity, the pervading nobleness, are his; and in the free, natural, unconscious expression of his thoughts, as they arise, colored by his moods and taking form from the intellectual habit of his mind, he has met with that success by which nature occasionally vindicates herself against the too loud claims of art, and teaches us that, in spite of all the hard-won victories of technique, excellence is rather a thing of the heart than of the profession.

The other essays do not need to be remarked upon, and indeed we had specially in mind, in noticing this series, only to pay the courtesy of deserved compliment to the leading actor of the age on his chance and passing entrance into our company of authors. Mr. Lawrence Barrett does service to him, on the part of the fraternity of players, in an article most excellent in taste and feeling, and pleasant in its slight notes of his early life; and the same not altogether inexperienced writer portrays Macready and Forrest with justness, with full and strong touches, and with seasoned admiration. Mr. W. J. Florence's sketch of Sothern is also a noticeably attractive characterization.

There is a pleasure in reading what these actors have to say of their forerunners and companions, and the editors are to be congratulated on their success in obtaining such desirable help. Manners have changed, and perhaps Garrick would not have written of Quin with such good temper as obtains in these actor-criticisms of our own times; but if there were a series of such articles, recording what the successive masters of the stage thought of the action and temperament of their predecessors, what a treasure it would be! But it is not likely that such gaps as there are in our knowledge of the past of the stage will again occur. The history of what the theatre was, with its swift-changing scenes and great traditions, has been told in these volumes with commendable skill, notwithstanding the difficulties inherent in its heterogeneous materials; and not the least part of its interest is due to the living actors who have assisted in its composition.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

How to Economize Time in Reading and Writing.

THERE is a commendable attention paid, of late, to the ways and means of lengthening human life. Germs and microbes have been added to the known and influential population of the globe. The newspapers preach hygienic laws. All of us (except, of course, the average physician, who is interested in every aspect of disease but its prevention) are keen for athletics and other prophylactics. So that in fact we do seem to have succeeded in somewhat extending the term of available life-force. But there is a close limit to possibilities in this direction. The best hope, after all, of practically lengthening human life is in the way of devices for economizing the lim-

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ited time we have. "You have all the time there is," was a witty saying of the red man, but not a strictly correct one. The truth is, we do not have anything like all the time there is. If, out of our twelve available hours, we waste a half or more by doing things the long way instead of the short way — Since we cannot greatly increase the numerator, our allotted time, we must see what can be done to decrease the denominator, our fashion of its expenditure.

I have been thinking of it especially with reference to readers and writers. It is plain that the knack of reading very fast ought to be more cultivated. It should be encouraged in schools. Aloud, for the benefit of others, the child should be taught to read as slowly as the intelligence of the particular audience in view may seem to require; but silently, and for his own benefit, he should learn to read like lightning. I would set a class to read a page or a passage "to themselves," and whoever could prove, by giving an accurate account of the matter some time afterward, that he had read thoroughly, and still had come out ahead, should be (as the boys say) "the best fellow." Again, I notice that some people have to read any item or article in a paper "clear through," to see whether it is anything they want to read; and only to find, generally, that it is n't. One should learn to find out by the earmarks, in the twinkling of an eye. In doubtful cases this can commonly be tested by the end better than by the beginning. Of course there are many cases not in the least doubtful, where the heading, or the first sentence, assures you that this is one of those things that seem intensely interesting to newspaper writers, but are of no earthly interest to any other human intelligence. Paragraphs or long platitudinous articles concerning the office-yearner of the hour, or other temporary celebrities, — how easy to avoid them by means of that truly providential circumstance that proper names begin with capital letters, and readily catch the eye! These large letters of the personal item are a kind of merciful guide-board: "This is *not* the road to anything interesting or useful."

As to time-saving expedients for the writer, I will not wickedly mention the one that has oftenest occurred to my own mind, — the expedient, namely, of not writing at all. This would, no doubt, be an enormous saving of valuable time to some of us; but far be it from me to offer the suggestion to any of those simple-hearted persons seeking "candid literary advice." Short of that, there are practicable knacks. For instance, why should any one write a script that is four or five times as big as need be? If it were for a street sign, now, or a notice of sheriff's sale, — but for a manuscript to be read at easy distances, why go through with the purely gratuitous muscular exertion and time-expenditure of making colossal letters? As to the superfluity of graceful quirls and flourishes, I need not say anything to literary persons; these are well known to be the peculiar property of commercial writers, who are paid by the day, and not, like literary laborers, by the job.

There is one time-saver that I hesitate to speak of without an opportunity of consulting the editor, the proof-reader, and the printer. Would it or would it not be safe to recommend to writers in general to employ certain short ways of writing familiar and constantly recurring words and syllables? Probably all literary workers do, sooner or later, adopt some such, at least in manuscript to be read only by themselves. But for the printer, also, are not *wd* and *cd* and *shd* as good as the full forms? Is not *&* as plain as full *and?* May we not safely shorten *ing* to *g*, as in *comg*, *thinkg*, *walkg*, etc.? Nor need this *g* be written in full form, either, but merely by bringing the pen round with a quick upward loop and down stroke, making a graceful little tadpole of a letter. In

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like manner, the continually recurring *ed* of participles may be shortened into a Greek δ lightly flirted upward, as in *lovd*, *feard*, *awaitd*, etc. An *i*, also, may occasionally be dropped out, as in *oblgd*, *satisfd*, etc. These are not tricks, however, for rash experiment. If a writer were to overdo this sort of abbreviation, and I were a printer, I should be tempted to retaliate, as one of that craft did for me once on a time in boyhood, when I sent in a scrabbled manuscript. I had written about "Peace with her baby smile," in my feeble verses, and he printed it "baggy smile."

But I have left my most important suggestion for the last; for I wish to escape at the end of it, stepping out quietly as the next contributor enters, so as not to confront the "pooh-poohs" and "fiddlesticks" of the audience. The suggestion is this: Why not shorten up our whole system of printing English by leaving out the unnecessary words? If any one will take the trouble to glance over a page of any book in our language, he will find that just about half the words might have been omitted without injury to the sense. The Latin tongue is admirable in this respect. *Librum legit:* "He has read the book." We have to use four words to the Latin's two. *Libri finem scripsit:* "He has written the end of the book." Here are eight words to the Latin's three.

I do not mean to say that these extra English words are of no use. It is possible, even, that our language might be made still more subtly analytical than it now is, so that every shade of thought-relation would have its audible and visible symbol. But the question is, How much have we time for? Considering the enormous disproportion between the things to be done and the time in which to do them, might we not gain something by leaving out the easily supplied subtleties of relation, thus giving the overworked eye and brain only the amount of labor which is necessary? Would it not even (but this is a nut for the psychological expert alone to crack) bring the visible language more nearly to the shape of the ideas as actually succeeding each other in the mind? "Oh, John" (for example), "go thou and catch for me the horse of the grandmother of the baker in a hurry." In case of the actual occurrence, would the mind consciously grip more than "— John — catch — horse — grandmother — baker — hurry"? If so, why not print it thus abbreviated, when we come to reduce it to book-speech? Suppose we try the experiment on a passage chosen (pretty much at random) from the twenty-eighth chapter of David Copperfield. I put a dash wherever one or more words are omitted: —

"— between ten — eleven — Mrs. Micawber rose — replace — cap — whity-brown — parcel, and — put on — — bonnet." (Of course, it would not be "ten" and "eleven" of anything *but* the clock; and naturally Mrs. M. would not be putting away anybody else's cap than her own, or in any whity-brown parcel except a paper one; nor would she, when once you know that only Mr. M., David, and Traddles are present, be supposed to have put on the bonnet of either of these gentlemen. Why, then, insert the superfluous words?) "Mr. M. took — opportunity — Traddles putting on — great-coat — slip — letter — my hand — whispered request — read it — my leisure. I also took — opportunity — holding — candle over — banisters — light them down — detain Traddles — moment — top — stairs.

"'Traddles' — I, 'Mr. M. don't mean — harm, poor fellow, but — I — you — would n't lend — anything.'

"'— dear C.' — Traddles, smiling, '— have n't — anything — lend!'

"'— have — name, you know,' — I.

"'Oh!' — Traddles, '— call *that* something — lend?' — Traddles — thoughtful look."

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Or suppose it be a case of simple narrative: —

"— evening — moon — just rising — dark — frowning walls — castle — hark! — charger's iron-shod — heard as — clatter — drawbridge. Suddenly — through — opening — forest — black knight — seen. As — flashed by — looked back — waved — sword — shouted — all — leonine ferocity — voice, 'Ah, ha! — villain — foiled again!'"

In the former passage we thus save about two thirds of the words; in the latter about half. Each of these omitted words would have taxed the eye and the brain for a definite and considerable amount of effort. It may be, however, that very rapid readers, like Macaulay "tearing out the heart of a book" at a book-stall, contrive to make some such abbreviation for themselves, snatching at the important words alone.

Of course the dashes give a rather breathless and jerky effect, at first, but we should soon get used to them. Or the printer might devise some neater way of indicating the gaps; perhaps by a period placed just above the line instead of on it, or by mere spacing.

The fact that we can get along with hearing only the important words is shown by the facility of partially deaf persons in divining our meaning from only the emphasized tones. It is shown also by the perfect ease with which two, three, or even four vivacious young ladies will understand each other when they are all talking at once. Moreover, the eye is well known to be far quicker of apprehension than the ear.

It might at least prove to be a valuable exercise for any of us to practice in this way the elimination of all but the important words from our little writings. Fewer and fewer words would gradually come to seem indispensably necessary to be said, until at last (but here I verge again on the truculent suggestion which I said should not be made) the body of our works might disappear entirely; leaving only such a final and perfected state of "brevity" as would be the "soul of wit" indeed.

An Adirondack Character.

— Old Romeo is a curious specimen of Adirondack humanity. He is silent and retiring. Shut in as he has been, during his long life, by the remoteness of his abode and his inability to read, he can scarcely be said to share the knowledge and beliefs of other men. For more than fifty years he has been an excellent house carpenter, having in a way of his own solved the difficulties of his trade without being able to decipher the figures on his iron square. It has been one of the marvels among the people that Romeo could "lay out" frames for buildings with success, and do the finishing inside with accuracy, without a knowledge of letters or arithmetic. He is not inclined to be communicative; but it is known that he has rules which he guards as sacred mysteries.

During his many years of toil, what thoughts, ideals, and changes have brightened this man's existence? There have been events which have come to my knowledge. The first of these in chronological order seems to have been an era in his estimation, for it is noticeable that he measures the flight of time from that date. In his youth, he made a journey on foot to the county town, and there saw a criminal executed. The excitement was very great, the details of the tragedy having spread through all the settlements of the wilderness. The mind of the young man was deeply impressed: he still refers to the year when Videtto was hanged as others refer to *anno Domini*.

I am not aware that this villager has ever seen the inside of a church, unless it may have been when he was helping to build it. This has been due to no lack of reverence. He is very modest and unassuming, rarely speaks when he can avoid it, and would shrink from a public service of any kind. I learn

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that he has expressed sincere religious feeling in the privacy of his family.

A noteworthy trait in Romeo is his distrust of loans, mortgages, banks, and all kinds of financial securities. He has heard of such inventions, but regards them with aversion. In his prime, he at one time accumulated a considerable sum by faithful labor in his calling. The problem of investing it troubled him, but he found a solution which revealed his character and ingenuity. His dwelling was rude and unfinished: huge posts of seasoned ash ran up the walls at the corners of the building, and were exposed to view inside. He resolved to make these his place of deposit. Having changed his money into gold, he bored deep auger-holes into the posts, and put in the coin. Then he drove a wooden pin into each hole, and sawed off the pin. The gold remained for years in this situation, being dug out as he needed it.

As already intimated, there is proof that an ideal element exists in this life, which in the main has been so realistic. It appears first in his name and that of his brothers, as if it were in the family line. When they were all living, there was a Hannibal, a Romeo, and a Horatio among the sons, and names of like quality among the daughters. But the ideal element of my hero has gone much further than an intimation. It has appeared vividly in a side pursuit, which has taken no little portion of his time, and has undoubtedly been the bright dream of his long life. Since the earliest recollection of him by his descendants it has been known that he has believed in the possibility of finding treasure. He has entertained no vulgar ideas about buried money, and perhaps never heard of Captain Kidd. His has been the larger view, justified by rumors of pearls, diamonds, mines of precious stones, and the promises which nature holds out to her children. On one side of our village flows a brook, the most attractive and beautiful I have ever known. Starting from sweet, clear springs, the whole line of its long course is a deep, delightfully shaded, and fascinating valley. This brook, braiding its amber water over the pebbles that shine through, seems to defy the rough usage and all the outrages of man. If he hacks away the foliage and clears the ground along its margin, it is still very beautiful, and with endless pertinacity the verdure immediately grows again.

It was this brook that in his youth won the heart of Romeo, and still holds it. For more than fifty years he has crept along its banks, and explored its shallows and eddies, during the bright Sunday afternoons of summer and many of the quiet hours of week-day rest. He has gathered thousands of white stones and quartz specimens, and (far down, near a beaver meadow) a few fresh-water shells. There has been no time for half a century that he has not had collections of these stored in his garret. Now and then, of a rainy day, he has crushed hundreds of the specimens, hoping to see the almost supernatural prismatic ray which he has come to believe will attest the presence of a diamond. Again, he has explored the detritus of the stream, and opened minute bivalves, expecting to see the pale light of a pearl.

With characteristic modesty, Romeo has striven to conceal his favorite pursuit, and has not allowed it to interfere with his business. When he pays the great debt of nature, as he soon must, there will remain a few white pebbles, as the sole record of the darling passion of his life. In order to appreciate the mind of this man and gain his point of view, one needs to remember that during all his prime he was shut in by the great mountains and the deep woods. They made him a dreamer and a poet "without words."

Laughter as a Mode of Expression. — Mr. Herbert Spencer's Essay on the Physiology of Laughter is an admirable account of the

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phenomenon so far as it is spontaneous and solitary. It omits, however (since it is dealing only with the natural origin), a whole side of the subject; namely, the voluntary and social side. Its explanation of the origin of laughter, it will be remembered, is, in brief, as follows: A state of mental tension is suddenly interrupted; the flow of nervous energy is pent up, and seeks escape; it finds its easiest outlet into muscular action; and those muscles most habituated to express feeling will act, in the order of frequency of exercise, for this purpose. So we have first the light muscles about the mouth relaxing into a smile; then the vocal chords vibrating in a full laugh; then the whole body, if the emotion goes so far, swayed or convulsed. It is in a similar way that the pleased dog first wags his tail, then barks, then capers about his master. Of the sources of irresistible human merriment, a good example cited is that of a loud sneeze between the *andante* and the *allegro* of a Beethoven symphony. Here a massive stream of nervous energy, steadily flowing in the listeners, is suddenly checked; the new and trivial object of attention furnishes outlet for but a small portion of the current; the pent-up remainder escapes through a burst of merriment.

This serves excellently as an explanation wherever the laughter would have occurred spontaneously to a man alone by himself. Whether the cited example of the sneeze be a case of this kind may be doubtful. Suppose a listener, for instance, to be sitting in his own chamber at an open window, close by the concert-room, but cut off from sight or hearing of the audience. It would be a matter for experiment in what precise way such a parenthetical sneeze would affect him. There are plenty of cases, however, where a man does laugh all by himself, or a group of men without any reference to each other, in which Mr. Spencer's account of the matter is satisfactory. But is there not, also, a large class of instances of smiles and laughter, and even of mirthful bodily contortions, which come under the head of voluntary means of expression?

In the first place, there is the presentation smile of society. You are presented to a lady, who not only bows to show that she puts herself at your feet, and perhaps gives her hand to show that she does not mean to pull hair or scratch (I still follow the doubtless correct evolution theory of ceremonials), but she "smiles and smiles" to show that her mood is one of sweet amiability, and that you are therefore, for the present, safe.

Then there is the pretty, pearly, rippling laugh, with which your "nut-brown" anecdote, which has been heard already twice this evening, is received. Here, certainly, there is no pent-up cascade of emotion that seeks for an outlet. The sweet lady's laugh is partly for your sake, that you may feel the soft thrill of self-applause; and partly for her own, because she knows she laughs well. She pulls it exactly as if it were a stop in an organ.

Then there is the bitter laugh of the sad, sad young man, who wishes to impress upon your mind the hollowness that all things have for him; and the well-managed smile of Jaques, the elder cynic, who thinks thus to wither your youthful aspirations, and at the same time to suggest his own unfathomed deeps of cruel disillusion.

I have always been fond of those familiar lines from the Deserted Village: —

"Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,

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The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

Living, as I do, on a village street, I have abundant opportunity to hear this "village murmur" of the poet. But alas! it is not so "sweet" to my ear. My "yonder hill" is not high enough or far enough off. If I did not think parodies were wicked, the lines would get confused in my mind, and I should spleenfully chant the "howl responsive as the hoodlum sung," the "tipsy herd that tried to cuff their young," the "playful gamblers gabbling o'er their pool," the "noisy goslings just let loose from school."

And this "loud laugh" of the street loafer — well do we know it, and cordially do we abominate it, as it fills the village air, night and day, like the laugh of a parrot, or a hyena, or an idiot. But I have doubted whether the poet's theory of the origin of this detestable phenomenon is quite sufficient. The "loud laugh" does, no doubt, denote a "vacant mind," — vacant, that is to say, of any useful ideas or civilized emotions; but is it not often, also, the intentional expression of something in the mind? If you take the trouble to observe it carefully (and it is a pity if existence in a peripheral village were not sometimes assuaged by a bit of valuable observation of the human subject in the wild state), you will notice that the street-laugh is made as loud as possible, with evident intention. The pavement hyena does not laugh from any spontaneous bubbling-up of merry emotions; *he laughs to be heard.* Generally, I think, the motive is derision. Sometimes it may be from a desire to express a sentiment of "Who's afraid?" This laugh of bravado we are acquainted with elsewhere than on the street. Perhaps, also, the drawing-room, and especially the domestic drawing-room, may not be wholly unfamiliar with the laugh of derision. But it finds its congenial atmosphere about the doors of bar-rooms, and among the sidewalk satellites of the village grocery.

Of course it may be truthfully said that these forms of artificial laughter are, after all, imitative of natural forms that go back, in the last analysis, to the origin first mentioned. But their subsequent uses for various shades of intentional expression are worth further observation.

Books within Books. — I frequently recall what a great novelist once said to me, — that there was something in her inkstand not to be commanded. No matter what form her plot had assumed before she took pen in hand, the moment the little instrument began its task new and devious ways of thought opened, and faces previously unseen presented themselves, until a tale quite different from the one first purposed took shape and would be told.

Even the reader has a touch of this experience. A book which interests him deeply often has another book grow up between the lines, and carry him along into paths unknown to the writer of the printed page. Perhaps this is the noblest tribute the mind can pay an author, to be thus animated by his work, but the reader often finds himself far afield. Points are suggested to him as salient which were far from being prominent in the writer's mind; indeed, I fancy that nothing would more surprise Shakespeare, could he return to our modern world, than the suggestions which have been derived from his text.

I have had a touch of this experience lately in reading a story called The Children of Gibeon, by Walter Besant, where he portrays two young ladies who have grown up side by side, with the same education, the one of noble family, the other of low parentage — both being unaware of their extraction. They are taken to the scenes which surrounded

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the birth of one of them. The effect produced upon the two girls offers the sharpest contrast. One draws back in horror and disgust from the life and environment of a poor sewing-girl, their sister; the other is animated by a desire to go and live near her, and help her and her companions out of the miseries which encompass them. The author does not dilate nor philosophize upon this difference, but simply discovers, when the moment arrives, that it is the lady's daughter who has gone down to live in Ivy Lane with the sewing-girls, and it is the daughter of the washerwoman who is made miserable by the sight of wretchedness.

We could easily forgive the author of this excellent story if he had enlarged upon this fact, but he does not. He leaves the moral unwritten for his readers to develop.

I wish he had said: Let us look on this picture, and see that real nobility dreads no dark places, no disease, no death; only the thought that life may not be long enough to succor those who are in misery.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. Rankell's Remains, by Barrett Wendell (Ticknor), is a decided advance on the author's previous novel, the Duchess Emilia. Mr. Wendell, when he gets fairly at work, even seems to forget the mincing gait which fills the place of style in his writing. One may take exception very properly to travesties of political events which asperse characters easily recognized by external likeness, but Mr. Wendell has at least got his figures set firmly on the earth, and does not treat us to any fantastic shows. He is skillful, too, in the braiding of his three tales, and has come near to producing a new and effective method of handling material of fiction. — The Full Stature of a Man, by Julian Warth. (Lothrop.) Here is material for a story rather than the story itself. The author has some capital ideas, and in the figure of the hero has made a good study of character. If the purpose of the book, which is a humane one, could have been more distinctly embodied in the actions of the several characters, working within the bounds of a well-defined story, it would have been more forcibly presented. What the author seems to need is the power to make his figures really work out their destiny, instead of allowing them to be the convenient stalking-horses of theories. — Roland Blake, by S. Weir Mitchell. (Houghton.) Dr. Mitchell's success with In War Time has naturally drawn him into another novel, the scene of which is also laid in the war. Whatever else one finds in his stories, one is sure to be met by a character of noble nature and high breeding. There is an air about some books which is unmistakably the air of one who sets the highest value upon true honor. — Towards the Gulf, a romance of Louisiana (Harpers), is a story which turns upon race minglings. The tale is told with bated breath, and the author, though evidently at home in the localities of which she writes, is rather afraid of her subject. — There is no timidity about G. A. Townsend's Katy of Catoctin (Appleton), which makes use of the John Brown raid and the assassination of Lincoln as the two foci of a romantic ellipse. The author writes as one who has had plenty of personal acquaintance with the scenes and persons of his story, and he has vitality enough of a certain sort, but the book is so noisy that one can hardly get at the story through the din that is kept up from first to last. — A Demigod (Harpers): an extravagant, fantastic tale, intended to celebrate the impossible virtues of a young Greek who goes back in part ancestry to an Englishman, and whose nobility is emphasized by its contrast with certain Yankee departures from demigodhood. The incidents among the brigands are lively, and the author is determined not to be dull, but the book does not succeed in getting beyond a galvanic simulation of life. — The Golden Justice, by W. H. Bishop (Houghton), is already known to readers of The Atlantic, and now appears in a neat volume. — Mrs. Amelia E. Barr has recently published two new books, The Bow of Orange Ribbon and the Squire of Sandal-Side. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) The former is a story of New York just before

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the war for independence, and the author uses very effectively the contrasting characters of Dutch and Scotch; her imagination, which is vigorous, seizes hold of details in a fashion that makes the past vivid and sharply defined. The other story deals with Cumberland folk, — even Wordsworth being introduced, — and turns upon the estrangement between the squire and his son and heir, who marries an Italian singer and has a miserable time in Italy. Mrs. Barr has a strong conception of knotty-willed people, as she has shown before, but this book has a less distinctive value than her Scotch stories. — Sir Percival, by J. H. Shorthouse. (Macmillan.) Mr. Shorthouse shows a sense of fitness in putting this story into a woman's mouth. He appears to recognize the truth that men will hear of knightliness and devotion more readily from a woman, and will believe in it more cordially. The story itself is of a young Englishman who seeks for the Holy Grail in nineteenth-century fashion. The pictures of a refined society drawn in the early part of the book are exquisite in their beauty, and, whether true or not, are as enjoyable as old family portraits are enjoyable. One can accept the grace, and let the painter's idealism refine the whole memory and knowledge. — By Woman's Wit, by Mrs. Alexander (Holt), is one of that writer's clever stories, but the cleverness is nearly all that one can praise in this case. The plot is disagreeable, and the trouble one takes to come at the necessary explanation seems hardly worth while in the end. — The Silent Workman, by Clinton Ross. (Putnams.) Mr. Ross gains nothing by introducing his story as if told by one man to another, for there is nothing whatever in the treatment to correspond with such a fiction. He has concerned himself chiefly with the psychological experience of a workman who has nearly murdered his employer. The book might almost be taken as a parable. There is a good deal of rude force in the work, but there is also much more which is merely melodrama. — In the Wrong Paradise and other stories, by Andrew Lang. (Harpers.) Mr. Lang is a curious product of the period, a classical scholar who is ambitious to materialize his classical spirits in contemporaneous savages. There is an abandon about his stories which is pretty well simulated, and a general free and easy manner which is almost his own. — Irene, or the Road to Freedom, by Sada Bailey Fowler. (H. N. Fowler & Co., Philadelphia.) Over six hundred pages of literary lunacy devoted to the redemption of the world through the abolition of marriage. — The Sentimental Calendar, by J. S. of Dale. (Scribners.) A collection of a dozen stories, told with a gritty kind of force and general contempt for sentiment, — a contempt which is apt to be a somewhat transparent mask. — Count Xavier, by Henry Gréville, translated by Mrs. Mary C. Robbins. (Ticknor.) A bright little story, in which the lightness of touch is not for anything base or ignoble. The experience of the young count with his dynamite charge is cleverly told, and the relation of the servants to their master reminds one that fidelity is not extinct — in stories, at least. — Homespun Yarns, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. (Houghton.) Eleven of Mrs. Whitney's characteristic stories, in which the weak things are made to confound the mighty. — Recent numbers of Harper's Handy Series are: In Scorn of Consequence, or My Brother's Keeper, by Theodora Corrie; Between Two Loves, by Amelia E. Barr; The Bright Star of Love, by B. L. Farjeon; Golden Bells, by R. E. Francellon; A Modern Telemachus, by Charlotte M. Yonge; Cashel Byron's Profession, by George Bernard Shaw. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are: Mohawks, by M. E. Braddon; A Wilful Young Woman; The World Went Very Well Then, by Walter Besant; John Westacott, by James Baker; The Girl in the Brown Habit, by Mrs. Edward Kennard; Dorothy Forster, by Walter Besant.

Books for Young People. — In The Story of the Nations Series (Putnams) two new volumes have been received: The Story of the Moors in Spain, by Stanley Lane-Poole, and The Story of the Saracens from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Bagdad, by Arthur Gilman. They supplement each other, and while the former has the advantage of a more localized treatment and a closer connection with what is familiar in history and travel, the latter tells a story which centres mainly about a great historical personage. Both are discreetly illustrated, and Mr. Gilman's has an excellent bibliography attached to it. — The Life of Robert Fulton and a History of Steam Navigation, by Thomas W. Knox (Putnams), is especially interesting because it connects the romance of Fulton with the later development of the application of steam to navigation. The book is one which may well be given to young people as relating the history of an idea, and emphasizing the fact of a man behind the idea. — Silent Pete, or the Stowaways, by James Otis (Harpers), is one of those stories of gamins which cover the realism of life with a veneer of sentiment. It is not necessary, however, to believe the story in order to extract from it a certain amount of manufactured sunshine. — Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor; some of the noble deeds for which the medal has been awarded, described by those who have won it, 1866–1886; collected and edited by T. F. Rodenbough. (Putnams.) Although

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not professedly a boy's book, this volume, by its style and general treatment, will be most acceptable to boys, and may well be read by them. General Rodenbough, recognizing the fact that the medals have not been given publicly, yet are witnesses to real bravery and daring, has taken pains to get at the stories which tell why in each case the medal was given. The result is a spirited and worthy book of heroic deeds.

Biography. The Two Spies, Nathan Hale and John André, by Benson J. Lossing. (Appleton.) We should hesitate a little about applying the term spy to André, though it was the honorable title worn by Hale. Mr. Lossing has brought together the facts regarding the two men, and presented them in his customary manner, which is that of a man unfailingly interested in historic anecdote and generously devoted to his country's honor. — Memoirs of the Rev. J. Lewis Diman, D. D., compiled from his letters, journals, and writings, and the recollections of his friends, by Caroline Hazard. (Houghton.) Miss Hazard has fulfilled an important task in combining that fine influence which Dr. Diman's personality effected during his lifetime. The familiar yet not too intimate narrative of a scholar's life, while it does not stir one with trumpet notes, bears a most gracious lesson and stimulus to those who, regardless of fame and worldly applause, are faithful to that call which bids them work in the upper air of philosophy and theology. Dr. Diman at the time of his death was just beginning to receive from the public that recognition which his fine powers and scholarly work had won from his peers, and had he lived a longer life the portion narrated in this book would still have had the greatest interest. Miss Hazard has shown good taste and decorous reserve in her part of the work. — Susanna Wesley, by Eliza Clarke (Roberts), a volume in the Famous Women Series. The mother of the Wesleys did not belie the common saying that mind is from the mother. She lived so long into the fame of her sons that their life is reflected somewhat in hers, and thus this volume, besides portraying the character of an uncommon woman, throws some light also on her more noted sons. The glimpses one gets of English middle-class life in the eighteenth century are very interesting, and it may be said in general that the author has shown good judgment in selecting those incidents which show the Wesleys in all their relations, and not only on the strictly religious side. — Memoir of William Henry Channing, by Octavius Brooks Frothingham. (Houghton.) The absence for many years from America of W. H. Channing, as well as the overshadowing influence of his uncle's name, have served somewhat to obscure the general fame of a notable man, and Mr. Frothingham has done well in recording his life, both for what it was in itself and for its representative character, since Channing was an important person in many social and religious reforms here and in England. The narrative contains incidentally many interesting pictures of life in Cambridge, Boston, Cincinnati, and other places during a very formative period of American society, and for this reason, if no other, will reward the reader who may have slight interest in theological matters.

History and Biography. Character Portraits of Washington, selected and arranged by W. S. Baker (R. M. Lindsay), is an admirably conceived compilation, the purpose of which is to present Washington as he was seen and known by his contemporaries, and to indicate the impression which his character has made upon later writers and students of history. The period covered is from 1778 to 1885, the first selection being from James Thacher and the last from Robert C. Winthrop. There are eighty selections in all, each of which is accompanied by a brief and carefully prepared biographical note touching the writer. The volume is handsomely printed, and completes Mr. Baker's valuable trilogy, the two previous works being Engraved Portraits of Washington and Medallic Portraits of Washington. — Dorothy Wordsworth, The Story of a Sister's Love, by Edmund Lee (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is an appreciative collection of reminiscences of an amiable and interesting woman. Unfortunately for her and us, and for Mr. Lee himself, he writes second-class English. — The Chief Periods of European History, by Edward A. Freeman (Macmillan & Co.), embraces the six lectures delivered by Mr. Freeman before the University of Oxford in 1885, supplemented by his paper on Greek Cities under Roman Rule.

Poetry. Brander Matthews's Ballads of Books (Coombes) is a delightful edition of original and selected verse on bibliographical themes; delightful so far as it goes, but it by no means exhausts the field. Every verse-lover will think of ten or twenty poems that should have place in such an anthology. For instance, there is nothing in Mr. Matthews's volume so good as Lowell's The Nightingale in the Study. — An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry, by Hiram Corson, LL. D. (Heath & Co.), is a book that will commend itself to every lover of the greatest living English poet. Professor Corson, however, is a critic to whom even Browning's faults are so many evidences of genius. — White, Stokes, and Allen have issued an exquisitely printed little volume containing the poems of Sir John Suckling, with preface and explanatory notes by Frederick A. Stokes.

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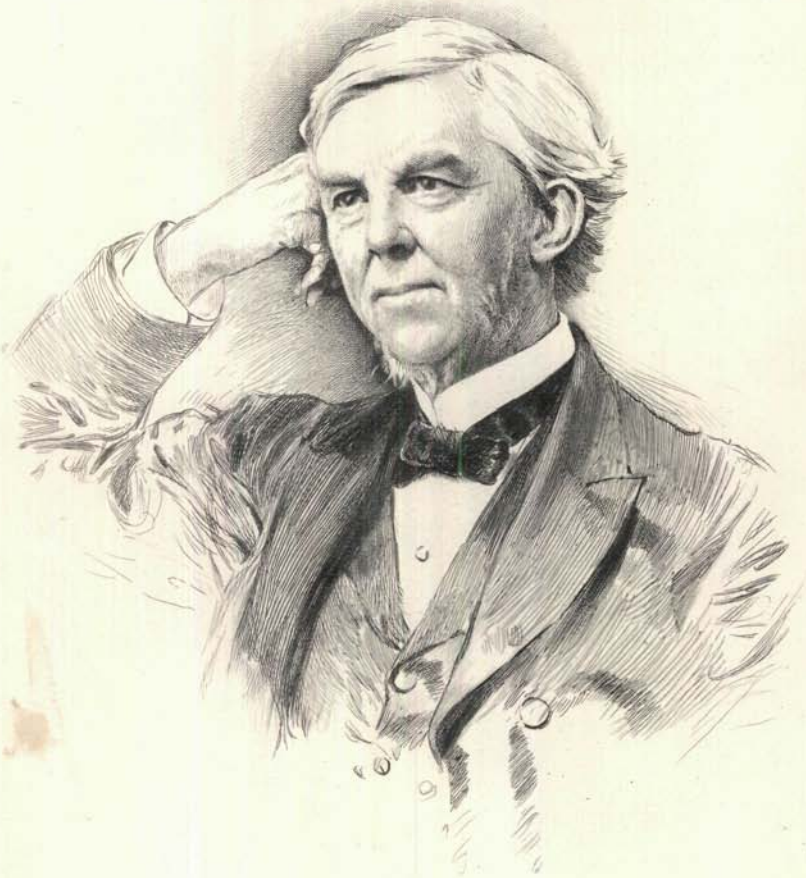

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